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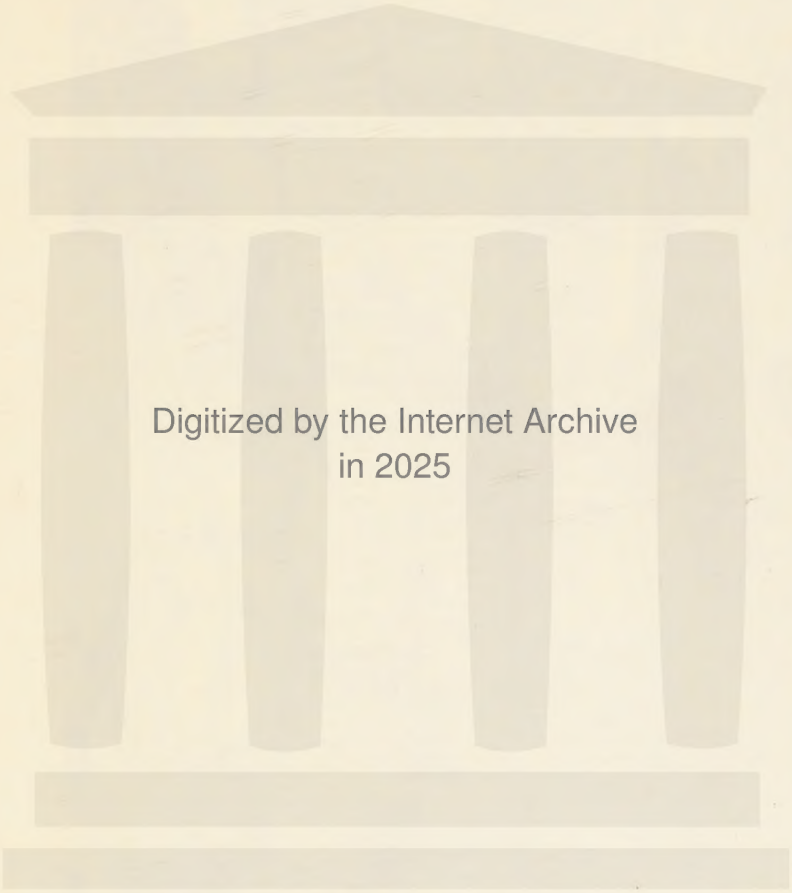
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GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

Gottfried August Bürger, a famous German lyric poet, son of a Lutheran clergyman, was born at Wolmerswende, Jan. 1, 1748; died at Göttingen, June 8, 1794. He was educated at Aschersleben and at Halle, and was twice married. He studied theology at Halle, and law at Göttingen, but neglected both for poetry. Through the influence of his friend, Boje, who was one of the members of a famous literary association to which Bürger had been admitted, he obtained a collectorship at Altengleichen. It was here that he wrote his celebrated ballad of "Lenore," which was inspired by hearing a peasant girl singing some snatches of a ghost-story song by moonlight. This ballad immediately established his reputation as a poet. Bürger essayed the dramatic style which Goethe created. He reveled in mystery and gloom, and it was his delight to conjure up ghosts and depict the terror their appearance caused. Two editions of his works were published before his death (1778–1779), a third was brought out (1796).

Lenore.

Lenore starts at daybreak's shine
From troubled dreams: "Oh say,
Art dead or faithless, Wilhelm, mine?
How long wilt thou delay?"
He'd gone with Frederic's host to wield
His sword on Prague's dread battle-field,
Nor had he sent to tell
If he were safe and well.

The monarch and the empress, tired
Of bickering brawl and feud,
To bend their stubborn wills conspired,
And peace at length conclude;
Each host with song and shouting rang,
With trumpet blast and clash and clang;
Decked with a verdant spray,
Each homeward wends his way.

And everywhere, aye, everywhere,
In road and lane and street,
Went forth the old, the young, the fair,
The shouting host to meet.
"Thank Heaven!" child and mother cried,
"O welcome!" many a promised bride.
Alas! kiss and salute
Were for Lenore mute.

To glean intelligence she sought,
Of all she asked the name,
But there was none could tell her aught,
'Mong all the host that came.
When all were passed, in dark despair,
She wildly tore her raven hair;
In rage and grief profound,
She sank upon the ground.

Her mother hastened to her side, —
"God, banish these alarms!
What is the matter, child?" she cried,
And clasped her in her arms.
"O mother, mother, all is o'er!
O world, farewell for evermore!
No mercy God doth know.
Unhappy me, O woe!"

"Have mercy, God! in thee we trust.
Child, pray a *Pater Noster!*
What God decrees is right and just,
God us with care will foster."—
"O mother, this illusion flee!
Unjust, unjust is God to me!
Availed my prayers before?
Now need I pray no more."

"Help, God! who knows the Father knows
He hears his children's prayer;
The sacrament will soothe thy woes,
And soften thy despair." —
"O mother, mother, naught will tame,
No sacrament will quench this flame,
No sacrament avails,
When death our flesh assails."

"My child, what if the faithless youth,
In Hungary's far plains,

Have cast aside his faith and truth
For other nuptial chains?
Look on his heart, my child, as dead,
'Twill bring no blessings on his head.
When soul and body part,
Flames will consume his heart." —

"O mother, mother, all is o'er!
Forever lost, forlorn!
Death, death is all that I implore,
O would I'd ne'er been born!
Go out, go out, thou life, thou spark!
Die 'midst these horrors drear and dark!
No mercy God doth know.
Unhappy me, O woe!"

"Help, God, do not thy vengeance wreak
Here on thy sickly child!
She knows not what her tongue doth speak;
O be thy judgment mild!
All earthly cares, my child, forswear,
For God and thy salvation care!
Then for thy soul's avail
A bridegroom will not fail." —

"What is salvation, mother? say!
O mother, what is hell?
Salvation is with Wilhelm, yea,
Without him is but hell.
Go out, go out, thou light, thou spark!
Die 'midst these horrors drear and dark!
Nor there, nor here on earth
Hath bliss without him worth."

Thus raged with dread omnipotence
Despair in every vein.
Blaspheming, she of Providence
Continued to complain;
She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,
Until the sun sank down to rest,
Till o'er the vaulted sphere
The golden stars appear.

Hark! tramp, tramp, tramp, without is heard
A charger in full speed!
And at the gate a rider, spurred,
Dismounts his reeking steed.

And hark! O hark! the portal's ring,
So soft, so gentle, ting-ling-ling!
Then came unto her ear
These words, distinct and clear:

"Holla! my child, come, ope the door!
Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
Lov'st thou me now as heretofore?
And dost thou laugh or weep?"
"Ah, Wilhelm, thou, so late by night?
I've wept and watched till dimmed my sight.
My grief, alas, how great!
Whence comest thou so late?"

"We saddle but at dead of night;
I from Bohemia come,
'Twas late ere I began my flight,
Now will I bear thee home."
"Ah, Wilhelm, quick, come in to me!
The wind howls through the hawthorn-tree!
Come in, my fondest, best,
And warm thee on my breast!"

"O let it howl and whistle round
The hawthorn-tree, my sweet!
The charger paws, the spurs resound,
To linger 'tis not meet.
Come, bind thy dress, spring up to me,
Behind me, for to-day I thee
A hundred leagues must bear,
My nuptial couch to share."

"Unto her bridal bed will bear
A hundred leagues thy bride?
O hark! the clock rings through the air
Its tongue eleven cried." —
"Come, dearest, come, the moon is bright,
The dead and we ride quick by night.
To-day thou shalt, I vouch,
Lie on thy nuptial couch." —

"Where is thy little chamber? where
Thy nuptial bed? relate!"
"Cool, small, and quiet, far from here,
Eight boards — two small, six great!" —
"There's room for me?" — "For me and thee.
Come, bind thy dress, spring up to me!

The guests await, and hope
Our chamber door will ope."

She tied her dress, and with a bound
  Upon the charger sprung;
Her arms of lily white around
  The faithful rider slung;
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon
In furious gallop, on, on, on!
Steed snorted, rider, too;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

On sinister and dexter hand,
  Before their eyes in sunder,
How swiftly fly mead, heath, and land!
  The bridges, how they thunder!
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear the dead?" — "Ah no,
But love, O speak not so!"

What tones are they which sweep along?
  The flapping ravens hurry.
Hark, tolling bells! Hark, wailing song!
  "The body we will bury."
A mourning train came on before,
A coffin and a bier they bore.
Their song — so croaks the frog,
Ill boding in the bog.

"At midnight bury in the tomb
  The corpse with song and wail!
I bear my youthful spouse now home,
  Come to the bride's regale!
Come, Sexton, bring the choir along,
And chant to me our nuptial song!
Speak, priest, thy blessing, ere
We to our couch repair!"

The song was hushed, the bier was gone
  Obedient to his call.
Whoop! whoop! behind the charger on
  They scoured, one and all.
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon,
In furious gallop on, on, on!
Steed snorted, rider, too;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How flew unto the right and left
  Hedge, tree, and mountain fast!
How swiftly flew, both right and left,
  Town, village, hamlet, past! —
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah, leave in peace the dead!"

See there! see there! Ha! dimly seen,
  How dance around the wheel,
Crown'd by the moonbeam's pallid sheen,
  The spectral dead their reel.
"So ho! ye rout, come here to me!
Ye rabble rout, come follow me!
And dance our wedding reel
Ere we to slumber steal."

Whoop! whoop! ho, ho! the spirits flee
  Behind with din and noise;
So with the withered hazel-tree
  The rustling whirlwind toys.
And further, further, flew they on,
In furious gallop on, on, on!
Steed snorted, rider, too;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How all beneath the moonbeam flew,
  How flew it far and fast!
How o'er their head the heavens blue,
  And stars flew swiftly past!
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah speak not of the dead!"

"Steed, steed! methinks the cock I hear;
  Nigh is the sand-glass spent.
Steed, steed! up, up! away from here!
  The morning air I scent.
At length, at length, our race is run,
The nuptial bed at length is won,
The dead ride quick by night,
Now, now will we alight."

Unto an iron gate anon
  In wild career they flew,

With slender twig one blow thereon
  Burst lock and bolt in two.
Wide open creaked the folding door,
And grave on grave they hurried o'er,
And tombstones gleamed around
Upon the moonlit ground.

Ha! look! see there! within a trice,
  Wheugh! wheugh! a horrid wonder!
The rider's jerkin, piece by piece,
  Like tinder falls asunder.
Upon his head no lock of hair,
A naked skull all grisly bare;
A skeleton, alas!
With scythe and hour-glass.

The snorting charger pranced and neighed,
  Fire from his nostrils came,
Ho, ho! at once beneath the maid
  He vanished in the flame.
And howl on howl ran through the sky,
From out the pit a whining cry;
Lenore's heart was wrung,
'Twixt life and death she hung.

Now in the moonlight danced the train
  Of phantom spirits round,
In giddy circles, in a chain;
  Thus did their howl resound:
"Forbear! forbear! though hearts should break,
Blaspheme not, lest God's wrath thou wake!
Thy body's knell we toll.
May God preserve thy soul!"

The Wives of Weinsberg.[1]

Which way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!
  'Tis sure a famous city:
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
  And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

[1] Translated by C. T. Brooks: Reprinted from "Representative German Poems" by the courtesy of Mrs. Charles T. Brooks.

King Conrad once, historians say,
Fell out with this good city;
So down he came, one luckless day, —
Horse, foot, dragoons, — in stern array, —
And cannon, — more's the pity!
Around the walls the artillery roared,
And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But naught the little town could scare;
Then, red with indignation,
He bade the herald straight repair
Up to the gates, and thunder there
The following proclamation: —
"Rascals! when I your town do take,
No living thing shall save its neck!"

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent
These tidings through the city,
To every house a death knell went;
Such murder-cries the hot air rent
Might move the stones to pity.
Then bread grew dear, but good advice
Could not be had for any price.

Then, "Woe is me!" "O misery!"
What shrieks of lamentation!
And "Kyrie Eleison!" cried
The pastors, and the flock replied,
"Lord! save us from starvation!"
"Oh, woe is me, poor Corydon —
My neck, — my neck! I'm gone, — I'm gone!"

Yet oft, when counsel, deed, and prayer
Had all proved unavailing,
When hope hung trembling on a hair,
How oft has woman's wit been there!
A refuge never failing;
For woman's wit and Papal fraud,
Of olden time, were famed abroad.

A youthful dame, praised be her name! —
Last night had seen her plighted, —
Whether in waking hour or dream,
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,
Which all the town delighted;
Which you, if you think otherwise,
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when culverin
And gun and bomb were sleeping,
Before the camp with mournful mien
The loveliest embassy were seen,
All kneeling low and weeping.
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,
But no reply save this was made: —

"The women have free leave to go,
Each with her choicest treasure;
But let the knaves their husbands know
That unto them the King will show
The weight of his displeasure."
With these sad terms the lovely train
Stole weeping from the camp again.

And when the morning gilt the sky,
What happened? Give attention: —
The city gates wide open fly,
And all the wives come trudging by,
Each bearing — need I mention? —
Her own dear husband on her back,
All snugly seated in a sack!

Full many a sprig of court, the joke
Not relishing, protested,
And urged the King; but Conrad spoke: —
"A monarch's word must not be broke!"
And here the matter rested.
"Bravo!" he cried, "Ha, ha! Bravo!
Our lady guessed it would be so."

He pardoned all, and gave a ball
That night at royal quarters.
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,
And up and down the dancers flew,
Court sprigs with city daughters.
The mayor's wife — O rarest sight! —
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray?
'Tis sure a famous city:
It must have cradled in its day
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

EDMUND BURKE.

Edmund Burke, an illustrious British statesman, orator, and essayist, born at Dublin (most probably on Jan. 12, 1729); died at his acquired estate of Beaconsfield, in England, July 8, 1797. He was the son of an attorney in large practice and of some estate. In 1743 Burke went to the Dublin University, where in 1748 he took the degree of B.A. Being destined by his father for the English bar, he went to London in 1750, to keep his terms at the Temple. But he inclined to letters rather than to law, and in 1750 began literary work. Elected to Parliament, he made his first speech in 1766; and from that date until 1790 was one of the chief guides and inspirers of the revived Whig party.

In 1788 the House of Commons voted that Warren Hastings, late Governor-General of India, should be impeached before the House of Lords for high crimes and misdemeanors, and Burke was placed at the head of the commission charged with conducting the impeachment. The trial of Hastings, formally begun in February, 1788, was protracted for more than six years, memorable in history as the era of the French Revolution.

Hastings was found Not Guilty by the House of Lords, and shortly afterward (in June, 1794) Burke gave up his seat in the House of Commons. He was broken in health, and soon suffered a severe domestic loss in the death of Richard Burke, his only surviving son. His speeches and pamphlets are still considered the most striking and suggestive manuals of political philosophy in modern times. They, with his miscellaneous writings, are all included in his "Works and Correspondence" (8 vols., 1852). Among his most important works aside from his speeches are: "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" (1756); "Reflections on the French Revolution" (1790); and "Letters on a Regicide Peace."

From the Speech on "Conciliation with America."

Sir, — It is not a pleasant consideration; but nothing in the world can read so awful and so instructive a lesson as the conduct of the Ministry in this business, upon the mischief of

THE R.T HON.BLE EDMUND BURKE

Drawn from the Life

not having large and liberal ideas in the management of great affairs. Never have the servants of the State looked at the whole of your complicated interests in one connected view. They have taken things by bits and scraps, some at one time and one pretense and some at another, just as they pressed, without any sort of regard to their relations or dependencies. They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honorably and fairly to disclaim. By such management, by the irresistible operation of feeble counsels, so paltry a sum as Threepence in the eyes of a financier, so insignificant an article as Tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe.

Do you forget that in the very last year you stood on the precipice of general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that significant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger; which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate, and to display to the world with all the parade of indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades and the possession of imperial revenues had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation — such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent which no other part of the world can furnish but America, where tea is next to a necessary of life and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India Committees have done us at least so much good as to let us know that without a more extensive sale of that article, our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are

to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed, and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the West and of the East. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principles does it stand? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance — *a preambulary tax.* It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject. . . .

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated; and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the *principle* of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your Act of 1767 asserts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America; your Act of 1769, which takes away that revenue, contradicts the Act of 1767, and by something much stronger than words asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection upon your wisdom to persist in a solemn Parliamentary declaration of the expediency of any object for which at the same time you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you, — it is very material :

that the preamble of this Act which we wish to repeal is not *declaratory of a right*, as some gentlemen seem to argue it; it is only a recital of the *expediency* of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted; an exercise you are now contending for by ways and means which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are therefore at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom, a quiddity, a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end: and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well — indeed, in most of his *general* observations I agree with him — he says that this subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not! Every hour you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you; and therefore my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay.

To restore order and repose to an empire so great and so distracted as ours, is, merely in the attempt, an undertaking that would ennoble the flights of the highest genius and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding. Struggling a good while with these thoughts, by degrees I felt myself more firm. I derived at length some confidence from what in other circumstances usually produces timidity. I grew less anxious, even from the idea of my own insignificance. For, judging of what you are by what you ought to be, I persuaded myself that you would not reject a reasonable proposition because it had nothing but its reason to recommend it. On the other hand, being totally destitute of all shadow of influence, natural or adventitious, I was very sure that if my proposition were futile or dangerous, if it were weakly conceived or improperly timed, there was nothing exterior to it of power to awe, dazzle, or

delude you. You will see it just as it is; and you will treat it just as it deserves.

The proposition is Peace. Not Peace through the medium of War; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the empire; not Peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple Peace, sought in its natural course and in its ordinary haunts. It is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears. There is nothing at all new and captivating in it. It has nothing of the splendor of the project which has been lately laid upon your table by the noble lord in the blue ribbon. It does not propose to fill your lobby with squabbling colony agents, who will require the interposition of your mace at every instant to keep the peace amongst them. It does not institute a magnificent auction of finance, where captivated provinces come to general ransom by bidding against each other, until you knock down the hammer, and determine a proportion of payments beyond all the powers of algebra to equalize and settle.

The plan which I shall presume to suggest derives, however, one great advantage from the proposition and registry of that noble lord's project. The idea of conciliation is admissible. First, the House, in accepting the resolution moved by the noble lord, has admitted — notwithstanding the menacing front of our address, notwithstanding our heavy bills of pains and penalties

—that we do not think ourselves precluded from all ideas of free grace and bounty.

The House has gone further: it has declared conciliation admissible, *previous* to any submission on the part of America. It has even shot a good deal beyond that mark, and has admitted that the complaints of our former mode of exerting the right of taxation were not wholly unfounded. That right, thus exerted, is allowed to have something reprehensible in it — something unwise, or something grievous: since in the midst of our heat and resentment we of ourselves have proposed a capital alteration, and in order to get rid of what seemed so very exceptionable have instituted a mode that is altogether new; one that is indeed wholly alien from all the ancient methods and forms of Parliament.

The *principle* of this proceeding is large enough for my purpose. The means proposed by the noble lord for carrying his ideas into execution, I think indeed are very indifferently suited to the end; and this I shall endeavor to show you before I sit down. But for the present I take my ground on the admitted principle. I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses forever that time and those chances which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide are these two: First, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. On the first of these questions we have gained (as I have just taken the liberty of observing to you) some ground. But I am sensible that a good deal more is still to be done. Indeed, sir, to enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all

our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears to me, in our present situation, no better than arrant trifling. I shall therefore endeavor, with your leave, to lay before you some of the most material of these circumstances in as full and as clear a manner as I am able to state them.

From the Speech of "The Nabob of Arcot's Debts."

That you may judge what chance any honorable and useful end of government has for a provision that comes in for the leavings of these gluttonous demands, I must take it on myself to bring before you the real condition of that abused, insulted, racked, and ruined country, though in truth my mind revolts from it; though you will hear it with horror: and I confess I tremble when I think on these awful and confounding dispensations of Providence. I shall first trouble you with a few words as to the cause.

The great fortunes made in India in the beginnings of conquest naturally excited an emulation in all the parts, and through the whole succession, of the company's service. But in the company it gave rise to other sentiments. They did not find the new channels of acquisition flow with equal riches to them. On the contrary, the high flood-tide of private emolument was generally in the lowest ebb of their affairs. They began also to fear that the fortune of war might take away what the fortune of war had given. Wars were accordingly discouraged by repeated injunctions and menaces; and that the servants might not be bribed into them by the native princes, they were strictly forbidden to take any money whatsoever from their hands. But vehement passion is ingenious in resources. The company's servants were not only stimulated but better instructed by the prohibition. They soon fell upon a contrivance which answered their purposes far better than the methods which were forbidden; though in this also they violated an ancient, but they thought an abrogated, order. They reversed their proceedings. Instead of receiving presents, they made loans. Instead of carrying on wars in their own name, they contrived an authority,

at once irresistible and irresponsible, in whose name they might ravage at pleasure; and being thus freed from all restraint, they indulged themselves in the most extravagant speculations of plunder. The cabal of creditors who have been the object of the late bountiful grant from His Majesty's ministers, in order to possess themselves, under the name of creditors and assignees, of every country in India as fast as it should be conquered, inspired into the mind of the Nabob of Arcot (then a dependant on the country of the humblest order) a scheme of the most wild and desperate ambition that I believe ever was admitted into the thoughts of a man so situated. First, they persuaded him to consider himself as a principal member in the political system of Europe. In the next place they held out to him, and he readily imbibed, the idea of the general empire of Indostan. As a preliminary to this undertaking, they prevailed on him to propose a tripartite division of that vast country — one part to the company; another to the Mahrattas; and the third to himself. To himself he reserved all the southern part of the great peninsula, comprehended under the general name of the Deccan.

On this scheme of their servants, the company was to appear in the Carnatic in no other light than as a contractor for the provision of armies and hire of mercenaries, for his use and under his direction. This disposition was to be secured by the Nabob's putting himself under the guarantee of France, and by the means of that rival nation preventing the English forever from assuming an equality, much less a superiority, in the Carnatic. In pursuance of this treasonable project (treasonable on the part of the English), they extinguished the company as a sovereign power in that part of India; they withdrew the company's garrisons out of all the forts and strongholds of the Carnatic; they declined to receive the ambassadors from foreign courts, and remitted them to the Nabob of Arcot; they fell upon, and totally destroyed, the oldest ally of the company, the king of Tanjore, and plundered the country to the amount of near five millions sterling; one after another, in the Nabob's name but with English force, they brought into a miserable servitude all the princes and great independent nobility of a vast country. In proportion to these treasons and violences, which ruined the people, the fund of the Nabob's debt grew and flourished.

Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all

heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company under the name of the Nabob of Arcot does the eastern, division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the Nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their Nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince at least his equal the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the Nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble, government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence (which they do not describe but which cannot be misunderstood) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the

arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, — fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, — enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities: but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement in this dreadful exigency were certainly liberal, and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, —whose very excess of luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, — silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by an hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting, they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers, they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that on better thoughts I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months without intermission this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally; — I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and those not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea east and west, emptied and emboweled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little farther, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much the customs, how much the land and malt tax, in order that they should charge (take it in the most favorable light) for public service, upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in the most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance? What would you call it? To call it tyranny sublimed into madness would be too faint an image; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic, when they were providing, not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin.

Every day you are fatigued and disgusted with this cant: — "The Carnatic is a country that will soon recover, and become instantly as prosperous as ever." They think they are talking

to innocents, who will believe that by sowing of dragons' teeth, men may come up ready grown and ready armed. They who will give themselves the trouble of considering (for it requires no great reach of thought, no very profound knowledge) the manner in which mankind are increased and countries cultivated, will regard all this raving as it ought to be regarded. In order that the people, after a long period of vexation and plunder, may be in a condition to maintain government, government must begin by maintaining them. Here the road to economy lies not through receipt, but through expense; and in that country nature has given no short cut to your object. Men must propagate, like other animals, by the mouth. Never did oppression light the nuptial torch; never did extortion and usury spread out the genial bed. Does any of you think that England, so wasted, would, under such a nursing attendance, so rapidly and cheaply recover? But he is meanly acquainted with either England or India, who does not know that England would a thousand times sooner resume population, fertility, and what ought to be the ultimate secretion from both, — revenue, — than such a country as the Carnatic.

The Carnatic is not by the bounty of nature a fertile soil. The general size of its cattle is proof enough that it is much otherwise. It is some days since I moved that a curious and interesting map kept in the India House should be laid before you. The India House is not yet in readiness to send it; I have therefore brought down my own copy, and there it lies for the use of any gentleman who may think such a matter worthy of his attention. It is indeed a noble map, and of noble things; but it is decisive against the golden dreams and sanguine speculations of avarice run mad. In addition to what you know must be the case in every part of the world (the necessity of a previous provision, seed, stock, capital) that map will show you that the uses of the influences of heaven itself are in that country a work of art. The Carnatic is refreshed by few or no living brooks or running streams, and it has rain only at a season; but its product of rice exacts the use of water subject to perpetual command. This is the national bank of the Carnatic, on which it must have a perpetual credit or it perishes irretrievably. For that reason, in the happier times of India, a number, almost incredible, of reservoirs have been made in chosen places throughout the whole country; they are formed for the greater part of mounds of earth and stones, with sluices of solid ma-

sonry; the whole constructed with admirable skill and labor, and maintained at a mighty charge. In the territory contained in that map alone, I have been at the trouble of reckoning the reservoirs, and they amount to upwards of eleven hundred, from the extent of two or three acres to five miles in circuit. From these reservoirs currents are occasionally drawn over the fields, and these water-courses again call for a considerable expense to keep them properly scoured and duly leveled. Taking the district in that map as a measure, there cannot be in the Carnatic and Tanjore fewer than ten thousand of these reservoirs of the larger and middling dimensions, to say nothing of those for domestic services and the uses of religious purification. These are not the enterprises of your power, nor in a style of magnificence suited to the taste of your minister. These are the monuments of real kings, who were the fathers of their people; testators to a posterity which they embrace as their own. These are the grand sepulchers built by ambition; but the ambition of an insatiable benevolence, which, not contented with reigning in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted term of human life, had strained, with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind, to extend the dominion of their bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate themselves through generations of generations, the guardians, the protectors, the nourishers of mankind.

Long before the late invasion, the persons who are objects of the grant of public money now before you had so diverted the supply of the pious funds of culture and population that everywhere the reservoirs were fallen into a miserable decay. But after those domestic enemies had provoked the entry of a cruel foreign foe into the country, he did not leave it until his revenge had completed the destruction begun by their avarice. Few, very few indeed, of these magazines of water that are not either totally destroyed, or cut through with such gaps as to require a serious attention and much cost to re-establish them, as the means of present subsistence to the people and of future revenue to the State.

What, sir, would a virtuous and enlightened ministry do on the view of the ruins of such works before them? on the view of such a chasm of desolation as that which yawned in the midst of those countries to the north and south, which still bore some vestiges of cultivation? They would have reduced all their most necessary establishments; they would have suspended the

justest payments; they would have employed every shilling derived from the producing, to re-animate the powers of the unproductive, parts. While they were performing this fundamental duty, whilst they were celebrating these mysteries of justice and humanity, they would have told the corps of fictitious creditors whose crimes were their claims, that they must keep an awful distance; that they must silence their inauspicious tongues; that they must hold off their profane, unhallowed paws from this holy work; they would have proclaimed with a voice that should make itself heard, that on every country the first creditor is the plow, — that this original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand.

This is what a wise and virtuous ministry would have done and said. This, therefore, is what our minister could never think of saying or doing. A ministry of another kind would first have improved the country, and have thus laid a solid foundation for future opulence and future force. But on this grand point of the restoration of the country, there is not one syllable to be found in the correspondence of our ministers, from the first to the last; they felt nothing for a land desolated by fire, sword, and famine; their sympathies took another direction: they were touched with pity for bribery, so long tormented with a fruitless itching of its palms; their bowels yearned for usury, that had long missed the harvest of its returning months; they felt for peculation, which had been for so many years raking in the dust of an empty treasury; they were melted into compassion for rapine and oppression, licking their dry, parched, unbloody jaws. These were the objects of their solicitude. These were the necessities for which they were studious to provide.

To state the country and its revenues in their real condition, and to provide for those fictitious claims consistently with the support of an army and a civil establishment, would have been impossible; therefore the ministers are silent on that head, and rest themselves on the authority of Lord Macartney, who in a letter to the court of directors written in the year 1781, speculating on what might be the result of a wise management of the countries assigned by the Nabob of Arcot, rates the revenues, as in time of peace, at twelve hundred thousand pounds a year, as he does those of the King of Tanjore (which had not been assigned) at four hundred and fifty. On this Lord Macartney grounds his calculations, and on this they choose to ground theirs. It was on this calculation that the ministry, in direct

opposition to the remonstrances of the court of directors, have compelled that miserable enslaved body to put their hands to an order for appropriating the enormous sum of £480,000 annually, as a fund for paying to their rebellious servants a debt contracted in defiance of their clearest and most positive injunctions.

The authority and information of Lord Macartney is held high on this occasion, though it is totally rejected in every other particular of this business. I believe I have the honor of being almost as old an acquaintance as any Lord Macartney has. A constant and unbroken friendship has subsisted between us from a very early period; and I trust he thinks that as I respect his character, and in general admire his conduct, I am one of those who feel no common interest in his reputation. Yet I do not hesitate wholly to disallow the calculation of 1781, without any apprehension that I shall appear to distrust his veracity or his judgment. This peace estimate of revenue was not grounded on the state of the Carnatic as it then, or as it had recently, stood. It was a statement of former and better times. There is no doubt that a period did exist when the large portion of the Carnatic held by the Nabob of Arcot might be fairly reputed to produce a revenue to that, or to a greater amount. But the whole had so melted away by the slow and silent hostilities of oppression and mismanagement, that the revenues, sinking with the prosperity of the country, had fallen to about £800,000 a year even before an enemy's horse had imprinted his hoof on the soil of the Carnatic. From that view, and independently of the decisive effects of the war which ensued, Sir Eyre Coote conceived that years must pass before the country could be restored to its former prosperity and production. It was that state of revenue (namely, the actual state before the war) which the directors have opposed to Lord Macartney's speculation. They refused to take the revenues for more than £800,000. In this they are justified by Lord Macartney himself, who in a subsequent letter informs the court that his sketch is a matter of speculation; it supposes the country restored to its ancient prosperity, and the revenue to be in a course of effective and honest collection. If therefore the ministers have gone wrong, they were not deceived by Lord Macartney: they were deceived by no man. The estimate of the directors is nearly the very estimate furnished by the right honorable gentleman himself, and published to the world in one of the printed reports

of his own committee; but as soon as he obtained his power, he chose to abandon his account. No part of his official conduct can be defended on the ground of his Parliamentary information.

From the Speech on "The French Revolution."

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe, undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of our old manners and opinions is not easy to say; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume that on the whole their operation was beneficial.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined: I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence even in the midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments were rather in their causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and to priesthood; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they had all continued to know their indissoluble union and their proper place! Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.

If, as I suspect, modern letters owe more than they are always willing to own to ancient manners, so do other interests which we value full as much as they are worth. Even commerce and trade and manufacture, the gods of our economical politicians, are themselves perhaps but creatures; are themselves but effects, which as first causes we choose to worship. They

certainly grew under the same shade in which learning flourished. They too may decay with their natural protecting principles. With you, for the present at least, they threaten to disappear together. Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place; but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a State may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and at the same time poor and sordid barbarians, — destitute of religion, honor, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present and hoping for nothing hereafter?

I wish you may not be going fast, and by the shortest cut, to that horrible and disgustful situation. Already there appears a poverty of conception, a coarseness and vulgarity, in all the proceedings of the Assembly and of all their instructors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.

It is not clear whether in England we learned those grand and decorous principles and manners, of which considerable traces yet remain, from you, or whether you took them from us. But to you, I think, we trace them best. You seem to me to be *gentis incunabula nostræ*. France has always more or less influenced manners in England; and when your fountain is choked up and polluted the stream will not run long, or not run clear, with us or perhaps with any nation. This gives all Europe, in my opinion, but too close and connected a concern in what is done in France. Excuse me therefore if I have dwelt too long on the atrocious spectacle of the 6th of October, 1789, or have given too much scope to the reflections which have arisen in my mind on occasion of the most important of all revolutions, which may be dated from that day, — I mean a revolution in sentiments, manners, and moral opinions. As things now stand, with everything respectable destroyed without us, and an attempt to destroy within us every principle of respect, one is almost forced to apologize for harboring the common feelings of men.

Why do I feel so differently from the Reverend Dr. Price and those of his lay flock who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse? For this plain reason — because it is *natural* I should; because we are so made as to be affected at such spectacles with melancholy sentiments upon the unstable condition of mortal prosperity, and the tremendous uncertainty

of human greatness; because in those natural feelings we learn great lessons; because in events like these our passions instruct our reason; because when kings are hurled from their thrones by the Supreme Director of this great drama, and become the objects of insult to the base and of pity to the good, we behold such disasters in the moral as we should a miracle in the physical order of things. We are alarmed into reflection; our minds (as it has long since been observed) are purified by terror and pity; our weak, unthinking pride is humbled under the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom. Some tears might be drawn from me, if such a spectacle were exhibited on the stage. I should be truly ashamed of finding in myself that superficial, theatric sense of painted distress, whilst I could exult over it in real life. With such a perverted mind, I could never venture to show my face at a tragedy. People would think the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Siddons not long since, have extorted from me, were the tears of hypocrisy; I should know them to be the tears of folly.

Indeed, the theater is a better school of moral sentiments than churches where the feelings of humanity are thus outraged. Poets, who have to deal with an audience not yet graduated in the school of the rights of men, and who must apply themselves to the moral constitution of the heart, would not dare to produce such a triumph as a matter of exultation. There, where men follow their natural impulses, they would not bear the odious maxims of a Machiavellian policy, whether applied to the attainment of monarchical or democratic tyranny. They would reject them on the modern, as they once did on the ancient stage, where they could not bear even the hypothetical proposition of such wickedness in the mouth of a personated tyrant, though suitable to the character he sustained. No theatric audience in Athens would bear what has been borne in the midst of the real tragedy of this triumphal day; a principal actor weighing, as it were in scales hung in a shop of horrors, so much actual crime against so much contingent advantage, and after putting in and out weights, declaring that the balance was on the side of the advantages. They would not bear to see the crimes of new democracy posted as in a ledger against the crimes of old despotism, and the book-keepers of politics finding democracy still in debt, but by no means unable or unwilling to pay the balance. In the theater, the first intuitive glance, without any elaborate process of reasoning, will show that this method of

political computation would justify every extent of crime. They would see that on these principles, even where the very worst acts were not perpetrated, it was owing rather to the fortune of the conspirators than to their parsimony in the expenditure of treachery and blood. They would soon see that criminal means, once tolerated, are soon preferred. They present a shorter cut to the object than through the highway of the moral virtues. Justifying perfidy and murder for public benefit, public benefit would soon become the pretext, and perfidy and murder the end; until rapacity, malice, revenge, and fear more dreadful than revenge, could satiate their insatiable appetites. Such must be the consequences of losing, in the splendor of these triumphs of the rights of men, all natural sense of wrong and right.

But the reverend pastor exults in this "leading in triumph," because truly Louis the Sixteenth was "an arbitrary monarch"; that is, in other words, neither more nor less than because he was Louis the Sixteenth, and because he had the misfortune to be born King of France, with the prerogatives of which a long line of ancestors, and a long acquiescence of the people, without any act of his, had put him in possession. A misfortune it has indeed turned out to him, that he was born King of France. But misfortune is not crime, nor is indiscretion always the greatest guilt. I shall never think that a prince, the acts of whose whole reign were a series of concessions to his subjects; who was willing to relax his authority, to remit his prerogatives, to call his people to a share of freedom not known, perhaps not desired, by their ancestors: such a prince, though he should be subjected to the common frailties attached to men and to princes, though he should have once thought it necessary to provide force against the desperate designs manifestly carrying on against his person and the remnants of his authority, — though all this should be taken into consideration, I shall be led with great difficulty to think he deserves the cruel and insulting triumph of Paris and of Dr. Price. I tremble for the cause of liberty, from such an example to kings. I tremble for the cause of humanity, in the unpunished outrages of the most wicked of mankind. But there are some people of that low and degenerate fashion of mind that they look up with a sort of complacent awe and admiration to kings who know how to keep firm in their seat, to hold a strict hand over their subjects, to assert their prerogative, and by the awakened vigilance of a severe despotism to guard against the very first approaches of freedom. Against

such as these they never elevate their voice. Deserters from principle, listed with fortune, they never see any good in suffering virtue, nor any crime in prosperous usurpation.

If it could have been made clear to me that the King and Queen of France (those I mean who were such before the triumph) were inexorable and cruel tyrants, that they had formed a deliberate scheme for massacring the National Assembly (I think I have seen something like the latter insinuated in certain publications), I should think their captivity just. If this be true, much more ought to have been done; but done, in my opinion, in another manner. The punishment of real tyrants is a noble and awful act of justice; and it has with truth been said to be consolatory to the human mind. But if I were to punish a wicked king, I should regard the dignity in avenging the crime. Justice is grave and decorous, and in its punishments rather seems to submit to a necessity than to make a choice. Had Nero, or Agrippina, or Louis the Eleventh, or Charles the Ninth, been the subject; if Charles the Twelfth of Sweden after the murder of Patkul, or his predecessor Christina after the murder of Monaldeschi, had fallen into your hands, sir, or into mine, I am sure our conduct would have been different.

If the French King, or King of the French (or by whatever name he is known in the new vocabulary of your constitution), has in his own person and that of his Queen really deserved these unavowed but unavenged murderous attempts, and those frequent indignities more cruel than murder, such a person would ill deserve even that subordinate executory trust which I understand is to be placed in him; nor is he fit to be called chief in a nation which he has outraged and oppressed. A worse choice for such an office in a new commonwealth than that of a deposed tyrant could not possibly be made. But to degrade and insult a man as the worst of criminals, and afterwards to trust him in your highest concerns as a faithful, honest, and zealous servant, is not consistent with reasoning, nor prudent in policy, nor safe in practice. Those who could make such an appointment must be guilty of a more flagrant breach of trust than any they have yet committed against the people. As this is the only crime in which your leading politicians could have acted inconsistently, I conclude that there is no sort of ground for these horrid insinuations. I think no better of all the other calumnies.

In England, we give no credit to them. We are generous enemies: we are faithful allies. We spurn from us with disgust and indignation the slanders of those who bring us their anecdotes with the attestation of the flower-de-luce on their shoulder. We have Lord George Gordon fast in Newgate; and neither his being a public proselyte to Judaism, nor his having, in his zeal against Catholic priests and all sorts of ecclesiastics, raised a mob (excuse the term, it is still in use here) which pulled down all our prisons, have preserved to him a liberty of which he did not render himself worthy by a virtuous use of it. We have rebuilt Newgate, and tenanted the mansion. We have prisons almost as strong as the Bastile for those who dare to libel the Queens of France. In this spiritual retreat let the noble libeler remain. Let him there meditate on his Talmud, until he learns a conduct more becoming his birth and parts, and not so disgraceful to the ancient religion to which he has become a proselyte; or until some persons from your side of the water, to please your new Hebrew brethren, shall ransom him. He may then be enabled to purchase, with the old hoards of the synagogue, and a very small poundage on the long compound interest of the thirty pieces of silver (Dr. Price has shown us what miracles compound interest will perform in 1790 years), the lands which are lately discovered to have been usurped by the Gallican Church. Send us your Popish Archbishop of Paris, and we will send you our Protestant Rabbin. We shall treat the person you send us in exchange like a gentleman and an honest man, as he is; but pray let him bring with him the fund of his hospitality, bounty, and charity; and depend upon it, we shall never confiscate a shilling of that honorable and pious fund, nor think of enriching the treasury with the spoils of the poor-box.

To tell you the truth, my dear sir, I think the honor of our nation to be somewhat concerned in the disclaimer of the proceedings of this society of the Old Jewry and the London Tavern. I have no man's proxy. I speak only for myself when I disclaim, as I do with all possible earnestness, all communion with the actors in that triumph, or with the admirers of it. When I assert anything else, as concerning the people of England, I speak from observation, not from authority; but I speak from the experience I have had in a pretty extensive and mixed communication with the inhabitants of this kingdom, of all descriptions and ranks, and after

a course of attentive observation begun early in life, and continued for nearly forty years. I have often been astonished, considering that we are divided from you but by a slender dike of about twenty-four miles, and that the mutual intercourse between the two countries has lately been very great, to find how little you seem to know of us. I suspect that this is owing to your forming a judgment of this nation from certain publications which do very erroneously, if they do at all, represent the opinions and dispositions generally prevalent in England. The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle, and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that after all they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Frances Hodgson Burnett, novelist, was born in Manchester, England, Nov. 24, 1849. She was educated in Manchester, and it was here that she learned the Lancashire character and dialect. In 1864 her parents came to America and settled at Knoxville, Tenn., but later removed to Newmarket, where she began to write her first stories. In 1873 she married Dr. L. M. Burnett of Knoxville, but soon after their marriage they made their residence in Washington, D.C.

"Surly Tim's Troubles," a dialect story, published in *Scribner's* (1872), in book form (1877), was the first of her stories to attract attention. "That Lass o' Lowrie's," which immediately became popular, and which was afterward dramatized both in America and England, appeared as a serial in *Scribner's* (1876), and in book form (1877). She has since published "Haworth's" (1879); "Louisiana" (1880); "A Fair Barbarian" (1881); "Through One Administration" (1882); "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1886); "The Pretty Sister of José" (1889); "Giovanni and the Other" (1892); "The One I Knew Best of All," an autobiography, (1893); "Piccino and Other Child Stories" (1894); "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress" (1895); "A Lady of Quality" (1895); "His Grace of Osmonde," a sequel to the preceding; and a drama, "The First Gentleman of Europe," with George Fleming, represented in 1897.

The Tide on the Moaning Bar.

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST.

I had never liked him. Much as I loved my lady, and long as I had labored in her service, I cannot say that I ever knew the day when I had any affection for Mr. Jack, even the slightest. There was a hard look in his black eyes from the first, and the moment I saw him, as he lay, a day-old baby, bundled up in lawns and laces, it seemed as if I saw into his future, and trembled. As he grew older, the evil spirit grew with him. He was cruel and selfish as a child, though his handsome face

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

covered his faults, as such faces are apt to do; and even my lady, who was so gentle and kindly, could see no harm in him, thought his wilful ways were only high spirit. And perhaps she was the more blind to it, because his black eyes were so like his dead father's; and she had always clung to her husband's memory so tenderly. But Mr. Jack was not like his father, though my lady fancied he was. Mr. Towther had never made an enemy in his life; and I am sure Mr. Jack never made a true friend. People flattered and feared him, and pretended to admire his beauty and high-handed ways; but no one ever liked him well enough to speak a good word for him behind his back. But for my lady's sake, people bore with him among the rest; and when she lay upon her deathbed, it was me she gave the charge of caring for him, as I had cared for her.

"Don't leave Mr. Jack, Mallon," she said to me when she could not say anything else. "Don't leave my boy. Take care of him, for my sake. I know he will always take care of you, Mallon. His father would have done it, if he had lived; and I know Jack will."

But though I promised, I knew better than expect anything like gratitude from Mr. Jack. I had watched him all his life, and never knew him to show a thoroughly unselfish impulse.

But for my sweet, dead lady's sake, I stayed with him as housekeeper, at the Manse, as the country house was called, and I tried my best to please him; so we had no disagreement, for he never interfered, so long as things were to his liking; and I may add, never even thought to give me thanks, the thanks his father and my lady had never spared. However, I stayed, and attended to the servants, and kept the house accounts; and when he came down from London with his friends, he never had to complain. And so matters went on, until the month after my lady's death, when he suddenly took a fancy that he wanted me to go with him to a little seaside town, where he had been staying for some whim or other; for, as he condescended to say then, for the first time, he "liked my ways, and liked to have me about him." So remembering my promise to his dying mother, I went, without any words; though I must admit it was rather a trial, at my time of life, to make such a change all at once; and, moreover, I could scarcely see how it was that he could require me.

I found his chambers very fine and handsomely furnished; for it was just like Mr. Jack to have everything of the hand-

somest and best. There was a large suite of them, in a big house, in the principal square, and the rest of the establishment was let to an Irish officer whose regiment was quartered in the town-barracks. Major Clangarthe, the gentleman's name was; and his family, consisting of a wife and three or four children, was with him. His rooms were not so handsome as Mr. Jack's, I discovered; and even the best of them had a queer, untidy look. Mrs. Clangarthe had been a great beauty in her day, and came of a very fine, very poor, Irish family; and on the strength of this, she used to lie on the sofa or sit in an easy-chair all day, joking with the major, and letting the children run wild. They had made away with plenty of money in their time, shabby as things seemed now; and they were as carelessly-happy, good-tempered a set as ever I saw in my life. When they had money, it flew right and left, and when they gave their gay little wine-suppers, I am sure people never enjoyed themselves more than they did; and there was never more hearty laughing than I could hear among the officers who crowded into their drawing-rooms, as if they would rather be there than attend the finest entertainment in the West End. But they were queer people, for all that.

The first I saw of them was two or three days after my arrival, when, as I was sitting at my work, there came a rap at my door, and, in answer to my "come in," it opened, and showed me a young lady standing there, laughing.

"Do you mean 'come in' really?" she said, good-naturedly. "If you don't, I can run away again."

She was a very pretty young lady, indeed, and very young; not more than seventeen; but, to my mind, she looked queer enough. She had big, round, lovely gray eyes, and crinkling, silky, black hair, hanging to a bit of a waist; but the crinkling, black hair looked as if it actually needed brushing; and it was tied back with a purple velvet ribbon, which was anything but clean. I had never seen a lovelier, more supple little figure: it was so lithe, and soft, and round; but her crimson cashmere morning-robe was soiled and frayed; and the seam on one of her shoulders had come unstitched, and showed the white skin through plainly. Even her feet — such pretty feet — were not tidy. One of her slippers had burst out, and the other had lost its rosette. But she did not seem to care about her appearance, and drew up the chair I offered her close to mine and began to talk with a careless freedom that made me almost catch my breath.

"I am Lina," she said, as unceremoniously as if she had known me for years. "Lina Clangarthe, from the rooms upstairs; and I thought I would come to see you. Mamma said I might, because we know Mr. Lowther so well. You have been housekeeper in his family ever since he was born, he says."

I told her that I had, and answered all her questions as well as I could, though she asked a great many. The fact was, she asked questions all the time, and seemed so sweet-tempered about it, that I could not help liking the poor, neglected child. And she was as ready to answer questions as she was to ask them; and to my bewilderment told me all about the family affairs, speaking just as gayly about their family troubles as if the whole affair was a joke.

"And so it is a joke," she said, "and fine fun we have out of it, sometimes. If it was n't for Lady Medora, and her lectures, and the tracts she sticks in the boxes of old finery she sends us, we should n't mind it a bit."

Lady Medora was her father's sister, I found out, and was a very rigid person. She sent them boxes of her cast-off finery, two or three times a year, and when they came, they were sure to herald a new lecture on the family frivolity, and a new supply of tracts.

"I wore one in the toe of a slipper for a week," Lina said. "Her ladyship had stuffed it in, and I never should have seen it, but that Fergus's terrier was playing with the rosette, and tore the kid, and pulled it out."

I really thought I must be dreaming, it seemed so strange that the pretty, incomprehensible creature should be revealing the family secrets so frankly; but she rattled on as gayly as if there was nothing at all remarkable in her queer confidences.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I like old ladies, and you look so nice and good-natured. I shall come in and see you often, if you don't mind. You won't mind, will you? Besides, I am glad for something else. As long as you are here, it won't be the least bit improper to talk to Mr. Jack, when I come in to borrow things. I often come in to borrow things, and I can't help talking when he begins, though I suppose it is a tiny mite improper. And mamma says I must be discreet; but the fact is, my darling Mrs. Mallon, we are not a discreet family. I often think there must be the least taste of vagabond blood in our veins, if we are Clangarthes."

I was so sorry for her, so fearful of the danger her beauty,

and ignorance, and high spirits might throw her into, that even while she laughed I felt heavy-hearted. What sort of a woman could she be, this mother, who let the pretty creature run in and out of a gentleman's private rooms, to borrow things, and listen to whatever flattering nonsense he chose to talk to her? In the liking I had taken to her, I couldn't help speaking a word or two, which I thought might serve as a motherly hint.

"I am glad I have come too, my dear," I said to her. "And I hope you won't take it hardly if I say I am glad for your sake. I hope you will come and see me often; and if you want to borrow anything, just run in here, right to me, because you are quite right in thinking it is not quite proper to apply to Mr. Jack. You are too young and pretty for such things to be quite discreet, my love."

From the bottom of my old woman's heart I felt that she was too good and innocent to be trifled with, and I knew Mr. Jack too well to hope that he meant to act honorably by her. But I did not think of the worst then. God knows I never believed his heart could be as black as it proved itself. I thought it quite likely that he might talk nonsense, and flatter her with hopes he never meant to realize; but I never went so far as to think he could mean to bring misery and despair on this pretty, ignorant young thing, whose heart was so fresh and childish.

She sat and talked to me for more than an hour, and the more she talked, the more I liked her light-hearted, affectionate ways, and the more I wished she had a better mother to guide her. It seemed a trifle curious, too, that I, with all my staid, old-womanish notions, should have taken such a fancy; but, somehow, my heart warmed toward her, and she seemed to see it. I knew that, at first, the innocent rattlebrain had only come to coax her way into my heart, for Mr. Jack's sake; but I could see plainly enough, in the end, that she was quite honest in her liking for me, and would take any motherly counsel I gave her.

I could not help thinking about her when she was gone, and wishing that she was not so ready to admire Mr. Jack's fine ways and handsome face. He was handsome enough, it cannot be denied; and he was the very style of beauty to take a girl's fancy. He was slight, and lithe-limbed, and dark as a Spaniard. Indeed, there had been, two or three centuries ago, a touch of Spanish blood in the Lowther family, and now and then it broke out again, in a pair of dense, black eyes, a slow, sweet smile, and

a graceful languor of motion. My lady's husband had possessed the dark eyes, but the rest had come to Mr. Jack, and it was easy enough to see how a girl like Lina Clangarthe would passionately admire his beauty and careless haughtiness.

WATCHED; NOT WARNED.

That night, for the first time since my arrival, Mr. Jack paid me a visit, and the moment I saw him I knew why he had come. And, after he had talked about other things for a while, he spoke out, carelessly enough.

"You had a visitor this morning, Gorish tells me," he said.

The words were quiet-sounding, to be sure, but I did not trust them; for, bold and deil-may-care as he was by nature, he did not look me in the face when he spoke. He looked down at the half-smoked cigar in his hand, so that his black lashes cast a curious shadow over his long, dark, half-closed eyes.

"Yes, I had a visitor," I answered, as brief as possible.

He smiled languidly, as he smoothed a loose leaf round the cigar with his strong, white fingers.

"A pretty one, too," he said. "However scandalized you may be with your recollection of lovely, untidy hair, and lovely, untidy figure, you will agree with me there, I am sure."

"Yes, sir," I replied, gravely, again. "A pretty one and a bright one. A bright, affectionate, loving one, with a fresh, true heart, I think."

He smiled again, lightly, touching the ash of his cigar.

"Ah!" he said, in a low, half-indifferent sort of tone; and then he put the cigar in his mouth again, and went on smoking, as if he had forgotten all about what we had been saying. It was a way of his to pass things by, and become indifferent to them in a moment. It had been so with his toys and pets, as a child; and it was so even with his friends, and his extravagant fancies.

He said nothing more to me about Miss Lina, and I was glad to find he did n't. It gave me some hope that he had not taken any great fancy to her, as I had at first imagined he had. His fancies were not pleasant things to cope with; and I knew such a fancy as this could come to no good.

But before I had been in the house many days, I found that the Major and he were great friends, and that Mrs. Clangarthe

admired him as much as her daughter did. She had a great weakness for beauty, and Mr. Jack's dark eyes won her from the first. He spent hours in their apartments, passing in and out in the queer, informal way, everybody who had dealings with them seemed to adopt; and it was plain that he was always welcome, for the Major made a great to-do over him, and Mrs. Clangarthe would laugh and talk to him in the good-natured, light-headed fashion which seemed natural to her. The Major was pretty deeply in his debt, Mr. Jack's valet, Gorish, told me, and was continually borrowing fresh supplies; but for the matter of that, Gorish added, he was in debt over head and ears, and borrowed right and left, wherever there was a chance.

As I have said before, there were plenty of visitors constantly coming to the house, most of them military men like the Major, and all of them appeared to be of one opinion regarding Miss Lina. They all admired her, and all made love to her, and I must say that I believe some of the younger ones were really in earnest. And no wonder. When she was dressed, as she was always of an evening, with her lovely figure, lovely face, lovely hair, and reckless high spirits, I am sure there was not a more beautiful creature in London. In spite of their untidy ways, the Clangarthes had a wonderful taste in dress; and what with Lady Medora's presents, and going into debt, they kept up in a way that was astonishing.

But with all the attention she received, and all the fine speeches that were poured into her pretty, ready ears, it was easy to see that Miss Lina cared for none of them but Mr. Jack. She gave way to him in an innocent, open, girlish way, and she tried to amuse him. She was just the generous young creature to be a tender, willing slave, through bitter and sweet. If she loved her husband, he might be her tyrant, if he had the will; and the more I saw, the less I fancied Mr. Jack's winning her warm, loving heart, to play the tyrant over.

I saw a great deal of the family, and had the chance to watch, because, in a short time, I found that I might be of service, in several little ways; and finally, partly through my liking for the girl, and partly at Mr. Jack's request, I fell into the habit of superintending things, here and there, and helping the servants, when they had company. And so the friendship between Miss Lina and myself was strengthened. She began to make a confidante of me, in more ways than one. She told me about her admirers, and laughed at them, in a hearty, enjoyable way which

had not a bit of deceit about it. She showed me her dresses, and came to me for help, when they wanted mending or altering; and when I did anything for her she would kneel on the carpet at my side, with her big gray eyes all a-light with wonder and gratitude. I never helped her in the least, without getting an affectionate burst of thanks, and an impulsive caress. It was her nature to overflow with gratitude and pleasure about small things, and I was the last person in the world to try to restrain her.

They were having one of their free-and-easy little suppers one night, and I had noted among the guests a gentleman I had not seen before. He was not an officer, but a civilian, and though he was well-looking enough, there was a stiffness about his manner, and a haughty pretentiousness in his blonde face, that rendered him by no means as prepossessing as the genial, finely-made, epauletted men who were so fond of thronging the rooms. "Sir Denis," I heard them call him; and I noticed that he seemed very much pleased with Miss Lina, and showed it pretty plainly, in a certain stiffly-polite fashion. It appeared, too, that he was a favorite of Mrs. Clangarthe, for she took a great deal of trouble to draw him out, and evidently wished that Lina would be attentive. But I understood Miss Lina very well by this time, and saw that she was rather uneasy. She was trying very hard to be obediently entertaining; but she was not getting along very well, and was not enjoying herself as she usually did. I had promised Mr. Jack to undertake the management of things that night, and in passing to and fro before the opened doors, I saw that, as she danced with Sir Denis, and talked to him, there was a restless look in her eyes, and a queer, little, eager color on her cheeks. She looked uncomfortable, and I guessed the reason why. Sir Denis had taken Mr. Jack's place so completely that the two had hardly spoken a word to each other; and the poor child was troubling herself about it, and fancying that he was troubled too. But he was bearing it very well, I thought. He was making himself agreeable to a tall young lady with a fine figure and an amber-satin dress, and seemed to be enjoying himself pretty well, to judge from his face, and the young lady's rather loud laughs. He did not take much notice of Miss Lina, and after a while, I think, she began to notice it, for the color in her cheeks died out, and the uneasy look in her eyes deepened. For my part, I felt almost angry. I knew what his indifference meant. He knew his power over her, and meant

to exercise it. He took the tall young lady in amber satin down to supper, and he hung over her, and talked nonsense in a half-joking way, that was torture to the poor child who sat opposite, by the side of her unceremonious admirer, the uneasy color coming and going as she listened to the burst of laughter from their side of the long, narrow table. But at last Mr. Jack got tired of the talkative young woman in amber, and handing her over to somebody else, made his way across the room, as if he was going to leave it.

I was in a room on the other side of the hall, and could see everything; and the hidden misery in Miss Lina's eyes told me that if she could not break from Sir Denis in one way, she would in another. And so she did; for in a minute more she was out in the hall and half-way down the staircase after Mr. Jack, and was speaking to him all in a wild flutter, half frightened, half daring.

"Mr. Lowther!" she said. "Jack! don't go!"

I shall never forget how she looked, just as she stood there, at that minute, the troubled red on her cheeks, the eager girl's desperateness in her big eyes. It is such girls as Lina Clangarthe, who bear misery and shame, because their hearts are tender, and the chances are against them; it is such girls who need the world's pity, and God's help, when the worst comes to the worst. A woman less ignorant of the world's ways would have known better than to let Mr. Jack see she could not bear a shadow of neglect.

"Jack! Don't go!"

A little shiver ran over me as I heard her say it. I did not know before that they had gone so far as that, and my heart quickened forebodingly as he stopped and turned to look up at her. Cruel as it may seem, I was almost ready to pray that he might not hear her, and would go on without answering. She was so pretty — so pretty! The dazzling light seemed all to shine upon her full, soft, white shoulders and arms; even the shining white billows of her silk train could not make her look anything but a child. The light was so bright that the roses that drooped in her bosom, and clung to her loose, soft hair, were as red as blood.

She was pretty enough to bring him back, whether he cared for her or not; and he came, smiling, as if nothing had happened, and stood a few steps below her, as she slipped into a sitting posture, on the stairs, looking down at him, with her soul

in her eyes and her heart's blood in her cheeks, all in a flutter of joy at his coming, and wonder at her own daring.

"Ah, Jack!" she said, "you are not vexed, are you? Not vexed with me?"

THE TIDE IS TURNING.

They were so near me that I could hear every word they said, and see every change in either face; and I saw the slow gleam of triumph grow into Mr. Jack's black eyes; the evil, handsome eyes he had inherited from that Spanish ancestor. It was only a small triumph, but it was one, and the least of triumphs pleased him. So he stood looking up at her, and smiling a little, as he leaned on the balustrade.

"You seemed to be fully occupied," he said. "I thought, perhaps, Sir Denis could fill my place; but, of course, I am not vexed. A man's not apt to be, when he sees himself thrown over for another — is he?"

All the color fell away from her face, and she broke out upon him almost piteously.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack, don't! You know — you *do* know it was n't my fault. I have been miserable all night. And, besides," turning on him with a swift little touch of pathetic reproach, "were n't you talking to Nora Delamore?"

Perhaps her prettiness and the eager appeal in her lovely eyes touched him. At all events, after an odd little pause, he spoke to her in another tone.

"Where is your cloak?" he said. "Go, and put it on, Lina, and come here to me again. I want you."

She sprang up, in a minute, as bright as could be, and went without a word; and in less time than it takes to write it, she was back again, with a bright, rose-pink opera-cloak on, her eyes shining from under its hood like diamonds.

"Is it the garden?" she said to him, slipping her hand into his arm, and laughing a happy little laugh. "Is it into the garden, Jack?"

"It is where we shall be out of the way," he answered, softening his cruel voice. "Out of the way, and together, and happy." And he slipped his treacherous arm about her little waist, and drawing her to his side, bent over, and kissed her full on her blooming lips. I knew there was little room for hope after that. Having gone so far he would go farther, if

the fancy held him; and as soon as he was tired, he would fling her away without a pang of remorse. I could not help feeling a thought bitter against the heedless woman, in the bright room near them. I could hear her laughing, and I could hear the Major laughing, too; and I could not resist an impulse of impatience at their blindness. I never have had children of my own, but I felt sure that no daughter of mine, if I had ever had one, would have been left thus, helplessly, to herself, as Lina Clangarthe was.

And this was only one occasion out of a thousand such. Every day I saw more of an imprudence, which, to my mind, seemed actually terrible. The people who visited the house were as careless and easy-going as the Clangarthes themselves; and Lina was wonderfully popular among both men and women. She was pretty enough to have drawn the world after her, and her queer, bright, high spirits, and reckless inclination and fun, were the very things to please people, who thought of nothing but how to enjoy life and amuse themselves.

"We take life easy," said Lina to me one day. "Where 's the use of taking it so hard, and fretting like Lady Medora. It only makes people ill-natured. We can't help being poor and in debt, but we can help fretting about it, can't we, Mrs. Mallon?"

There never was a lighter-hearted creature on earth than she was then. It appeared as though she was overrunning with fun and life. There was never a dull look on her bright face, or a hard word on her lip. She had a laugh and a jest for every one; and there was not a servant in the house, among all the ill-paid lot, who was not ready to do anything for Miss Lina. It is my opinion that but for her there would scarcely have been a servant on the place. When there was money in the house, she always remembered them, and when there was none, she coaxed them into a good humor. Her maid got her dresses before they were half-worn, and the cook borrowed her jewelry, quite secure in her good-nature, even if she was found out. Ill-regulated as everything was, there was something half-comical about it all. They were so good-natured and easy, and life seemed such an enjoyable affair. Even the ill-used tradesmen, who dunned them from morning till night, went away somewhat pacified, after an interview with Lina, or the Major, though there is no doubt they afterward wondered at their own indiscretion in allowing themselves to be so soothed. It

is my impression that Lady Medora herself had a sense of her own unfitness to cope with them, for though she sent box after box of old finery, and tracts enough to have converted a whole Fiji island, she never visited them.

"And all the better," said Lina, tossing over the contents of one of said boxes on its arrival. "It would only make her uncomfortable, poor soul. She would not understand us, you know, and we should n't understand her. It 's all the better, and we are very grateful to her, I am sure. It 's a blessed thing for us, though, that there 's one saint in the family to pray us all out of purgatory. Lady Medora is a very good woman, Mrs. Mallon. Dear me! I wonder where she wore this rose-colored satin dress. I am going to shake the tracts out of the trimmings, and try it on."

I often thought that, with a good mother, she would have been far different than most girls. My pretty Miss Lina, she was better as it was, in spite of her wild ways. I never heard an ill-natured word from her lips, queer as some of her speeches were, and she was generous and affectionate beyond measure. The tribe of neglected children, who tumbled about the rooms, were fonder of her than they were of any living thing; and she would give up her own pleasure any day to romp with them, when they asked her, which they were by no means chary of doing.

And through watching her, and noticing little things, I saw that her feeling for Mr. Jack was love of the intensest kind; and I saw, too, that it grew stronger every day, and that he led her on. And just as far as he chose to lead, she followed, and was ignorantly happy. He spent his evenings with her; and the Major and Mrs. Clangarthe looked on in their usual amiable, irresponsible way. He rode out with her, and the Major admired Lina's fine figure complacently, as the two cantered away, while Mrs. Clangarthe nodded them a farewell from the drawing-room window.

"Lina is like Lady Anastasia Derry, my dear. Don't you think so?" Mrs. Clangarthe was fond of saying. "You remember Lady Anastasia Derry, Major, and she was Colonel Enniskillen's daughter, and her mother was a Wexford?"

The memory of her aristocratic antecedents was a great source of pleasure to Mrs. Clangarthe, and she clung to it with whimsical pertinacity. She was anxious that Lina should make a good marriage, though I often thought she went about man-

aging the matter in a queer way. She forgot that gentlemen of position and title don't always choose their wives for a pretty face. They are a trifle more particular in these days than they were, or else the old romantic stories have very little foundation.

But it was Mrs. Clangarthe's plans that cast the first shadow over Miss Lina's life. I do not think the girl had ever known a shadow before; but a cloud came at last, and its darkness was too heavy for her. It had first showed itself the night when the tall, stiff young man they called Sir Denis followed her about, and roused Mr. Jack to making love to the young woman in amber satin; and in the course of time this same shadow became the cloud. The stiff young man came to the house pretty often, after the supper-party, and when he came he always fastened himself to Miss Lina, and kept Mr. Jack in the shade. She bore it at first good-humoredly, as she always bore disagreeable things; but after a while it began to trouble her. Whether he cared for her or not, Mr. Jack did not care to have a rival; and when Sir Denis made himself unpleasant, Lina always suffered for it. Mr. Jack did not quarrel with her, he was too wary for that; he simply let her alone, and played indifference, until the poor, warm-hearted, impulsive girl was wretched and reckless enough for anything. She was afraid of vexing him, and afraid of vexing her mother; so between the two she grew desperate. She began to fret in secret, and lost her reckless high spirits, and was only gay by fits and starts.

Mr. Jack made it worse than it was. He knew how to manage her, and by a word, dropped here and there, put it into her mind that her mother's foolish, blind persistence was unnatural cruelty, and that she would be forced to make a sacrifice which would render her wretched for life. The fact was, Mrs. Clangarthe's persistence was only weak ambition, and if Lina had been left alone, the matter would have come to its natural termination smoothly enough. But just as Mr. Jack had tortured his pets in his childhood, he tortured this poor child now, and the trouble was too much for her. She was not used to heart-pain, and at last it broke her down and made her desperate.

She came to my room almost wild, one day, after Sir Denis had left the house. He had been more than usually pretentiously officious, and Mrs. Clangarthe had encouraged him.

"I think that he will propose to you soon, Lina," she had said, after he was gone. "You are so lucky. Now, if Annette and Lucia only marry as well when they grow up, I shall be perfectly satisfied." And when, a few minutes later, Mr. Jack came in, she poured out to him her delight at Lina's success, considering that, as the friend of the family, he was the person most likely to sympathize with her.

There was a spot of flaming scarlet on Lina's cheek, and a dangerous, wild look in her eyes, when she came to me; and she had not been with me five minutes before she broke out, tortured with humiliation, and pain, and fear, telling me the whole story.

"She must be mad," she ended. "She is mad, and she is driving me mad too. I shall do something desperate and wicked, if they don't leave me alone. They cannot see that — that nothing on earth could buy me from my love."

She was sitting on a low stool, at my feet, and her long hair almost hid her face; but when she said that, she tossed the hair back, and looked up at me, with an almost defiant daring in her eyes.

"It is not right to say that, I suppose," she said. "It is not right to acknowledge that I have a true love. Women are not allowed to tell the truth about such things. But you are not blind, if all the rest are. You can see how the truth stands." And then she broke down, all in a sudden shame at herself, and sobbed like a wronged child.

A STRANGE LETTER.

A strange alteration in her manner came about after this. She was not so frank, and even over her brightest moods there was a shadow. But her trouble only made her fonder of Mr. Jack than ever, and I noticed that she was feverishly anxious to please him. I was sorry to see, too, that she put herself into his way a great deal more than was quite prudent; but she was too miserable, and too ignorant of the ways of the world, to be discreet; and so I could not blame her, though I knew she was working against herself. She met him upon the stairs half a dozen times in a day, and I knew very well that the solitary walks she took were taken only in desperate hope of seeing or speaking to him.

"I should die if I did n't see him," she broke out once to

me. "Don't tell me he'll like me the less for it, Mrs. Mallon; men can't be so cruel as that."

She had always been fond of walking on the beach, and from my window I had often watched her strolling on the waste sands, that the fishermen called the Moaning Bar, with the children, and letting them pull her about as not one girl in a dozen would have done. But she never took the children with her now. She walked out alone, though my old eyes were quite sharp enough to see she was not often alone long. Day after day Mr. Jack would follow her down to their trysting-place on the Bar, and for hours I could see them, as they sat sheltered by the rocks, Miss Lina's scarlet jacket, a bright bit of color, contrasted with sea, and sand, and sky.

And in her room upstairs Mrs. Clangarthe made herself comfortable over the success of her plans. She was fond of Lina, as every one else was; she was proud of her beauty, and wished to see her happy; and fancying a good marriage the boon most to be desired, she worked industriously in her behalf, in her own easy-natured, shiftless style. Mr. Lowther was the Major's friend, and had lent the Major money; accordingly, nothing could be more pleasantly desirable than that he should amuse Lina, and Lina should amuse him.

"I like to see young people enjoy themselves, Mrs. Mallon," she said, sweet-temperedly, to me. "And Lina always enjoys herself when she is with Mr. Lowther. She wants brightening a little, too, now, though I am sure I don't see why she should, when her prospects are so good; but she has not been in good spirits lately."

That evening Lina came in from her walk later than usual. It was so late, indeed, that the yellow fog curtained both sea and shore, and the street lamps were beginning to twinkle here and there. She did not go upstairs, but came into my room, and the moment she entered I saw that something was wrong. Her face was pale and haggard, but there was a spot on each cheek as bright as her scarlet jacket, and in her hand she held a letter.

She sat down on a footstool, as she always did. For a minute or two she did not speak. But all at once she began to tremble and cry, and pull at the collar of her sacque as if it was hurting her.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallon!" she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Mallon, just look here! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" And then

she tossed the letter into my lap, and hid her face in her hands, under her loose, fog-damped hair.

"Do you mean that I must read it, my dear?" I asked, feeling faint at heart; for just at that moment a terrible thought flashed across my mind — a thought I had never even approached before.

She nodded her head without speaking, and so I opened it; and it was from no less a person than Lady Medora Darrel herself. Lady Medora had heard rumors of Sir Denis's attention to her niece, and was so far pleased as to wish to encourage them. Sir Denis was the son of a friend of hers, and, of course, unexceptionable; and she discussed the whole matter with a queer frankness, which somehow reminded me of the Clangarthes themselves.

"A marriage like this is more than I ever looked for," she wrote. "Living as you do, you could hardly expect to make such a match. I shall write to your mother at once, and, in the meantime, you may tell her that I will extend to her all the assistance in my power, as regards your bridal *trousseau*, when you need it. After your marriage, I shall be glad to receive you at my house, and hope that a change will be effected in your hitherto frivolous life."

A strange sound, half a choked sob and half a bitter laugh, startled me as I finished reading, and I looked up to find Lina in a white heat of scornful wrath.

"When I need it?" she said. "Good, that; is n't it, Mrs. Mallon? She forgets the old adage, 'First catch your hare.' Sir Denis is n't caught yet, and beside —" She stopped, and shut her white teeth together hard.

Then she broke out, fiercely.

"Do you know what that letter will do?" she said. "It will drive me to despair. It was bad enough before, and now they will take that up as if it was the best luck in the world. They laugh at her, all of them, but they are afraid of her, for all that."

I comforted her to the best of my ability, and she tried to listen, but I saw it was of no use; before she went away I was in an agony of such doubt and fear as I had never known before in my life.

And this was not all. Just as she rose from her seat I heard the hall-door open, and the sound of Mr. Jack's footstep, and from the flash that leaped into her eye I knew that as she

brushed out she was only hurrying to meet him. She was so excited and hurried that she forgot to close the door after her, and, as it stood open, I saw her meet him at the foot of the staircase, with the letter in her hand.

"What is it, Lina?" I heard him say, half-tenderly, half-impatiently, as he caught sight of her, standing in the bright light.

She glanced up at him with a troubled face, and then all at once the fire died out of it, and left her pale as death.

"Jack," she whispered, almost breathlessly, "if you are going to save me, you must save me now." And she dropped her head upon the hand she had laid on the balustrade without another word.

I shall never understand how it was possible that, through the long weeks that followed, a mother could be so carelessly blind as Mrs. Clangarthe showed herself. She seemed to enjoy life as much as ever; she was so sweet-tempered and ready to be amused with trifles; she played hostess at the gay little suppers, and angled for Sir Denis in seeming unconsciousness of the change in the pretty young face, hitherto so cloudlessly bright. It made my heart ache to watch this change as it grew. It was no longer the face that had smiled down on Mr. Jack from the staircase. There was a feverish trouble in its eyes; its very smiles were feverish. I cannot describe the dumb pain and look of inward misery that took the place of the old light-heartedness.

But the girl said very little, though she grew paler every day. She bore up against her trouble almost defiantly, trying to make herself pretty in her lover's eyes, pretending to be gay, and even trying to tolerate Sir Denis. But she could not deceive me. My love for her had made my old eyes too quick. I think, too, that she understood this, for it was only before me that she ever gave in, and sometimes she seemed to break down, though she tried hard to make light of it, and always did it with a wretched ghost of a smile on her pale lips.

"Sir Denis was too much for me to-night," she would say, sometimes. "And — and I have a headache. It makes me look pale, I dare say. Do I look pale, Mrs. Mallon?" trying to laugh. "I feel pale."

But the time came when she ceased even trying to laugh, and would come to me, looking as white as death, trembling and crying.

"Don't tell," she would say. "Don't tell I am not well,

you know; and Lady Medora has been bothering again. Let me have my cry out, and then I shall be better."

I cannot put into words the horror of slow fear which grew upon me. I could not bear to think of it, and fought against it bitterly, trying to think it quite natural that her girlish troubles should make her hysterical and nervous; but at last I began to see a change in Mr. Jack, and this change crushed all my hopes. I began to see that he was getting tired of his amusement; and I knew him so well that I recognized the alteration as soon as it came about; as soon as Miss Lina herself did. He began to try to avoid her, as if by accident at first, but more openly in the course of time. In the end, day after day passed by in which he never entered their rooms.

I wakened earlier than usual one morning, and after dressing went to my window to look out, as I had a habit of doing. The fog was just clearing away, and as my eyes became accustomed to the then floating mist, I glanced accidentally toward the Moaning Bar. Two figures were standing near the rocks together. It did not need a second glance to tell me whose they were. I knew them in an instant; one by its attitude, the other by the scarlet jacket and long, falling hair. It was Lina Clangarthe and Mr. Jack.

He was lounging carelessly against a rock when I looked, and she seemed to be speaking to him passionately, wildly, desperately. She was holding out her hands, and clasping and wringing them as she talked; and he was listening without a gesture, simply listening and watching her.

My heart gave one fierce bound, and fairly stood still. For a moment it seemed that I scarcely breathed, and then I drew back behind the curtain, praying aloud.

"Lord, have mercy upon her! O Lord, have mercy upon her!" I cried.

It was all over when I looked again. Mr. Jack had sauntered away, and Lina was walking rapidly along the beach, toward the street. She was walking hurriedly, and seemed to steady her slight, girlish figure with some difficulty. But she was not crying, and there was not a tear in her eyes when, a few moments later, she came into the room.

"I have been out walking with Mr. Lowther," she said, in a strange, steady voice. "And we have had a bit of a quarrel, Mrs. Mallon. Lovers always have their little quarrels, don't they?"

She seated herself at the window when she entered, and she was sitting there as she spoke, and the minute the words were out of her mouth she turned suddenly and looked at me.

"If you had been at the window, you might have seen us," she said, watching me keenly. "I did not know before that any of these windows fronted the Moaning Bar so directly."

"I think I did see you," I answered, as calmly as possible. "But my old eyes are not as young as they used to be, and I might be mistaken."

That seemed to satisfy her, and for a while she sat silent; but at last she broke out again. "I am rather low-spirited this morning," she said. "Quarrels always make me miserable. I don't think I am as strong as I used to be. I wish life was n't so long. I was thinking this morning it would be an easy sort of a way to end it out there on the Moaning Bar when the tide comes in."

She spoke so deliberately and meditatively that I was startled into making a slight exclamation.

"Why, Miss Lina!" I cried out.

She started a little, looked up at me, and laughed faintly.

"Why not?" she said. "It would be easy enough if one had the courage; and it would n't need much. The tide sweeps round the Bar so suddenly. And then there is no help, and one would n't need courage. Don't be frightened, though, Mrs. Mallon! I am not going to drown myself. I am too fond of life for that; besides, I want to make-up with Jack." And she laughed again.

I was blind enough then to be deceived by her light manner, but I thought of her words afterwards, and remembered, too, her little shudder, when she said: "And then there would be no help."

After that came a change again, stranger and more deceptive than the last. She regained her spirits too rapidly to seem natural; she never said anything against Sir Denis, and was even extravagantly gay in his presence. Her mother was fairly delighted, and exerted herself to her utmost in the matter of dressing her and making her appear to advantage. They gave the little suppers two or three times a week, and at such times from my room I could hear Lina's feverish laugh ringing out above everything. She had never seemed so reckless and light-

hearted, and as the guests passed out of the house I often caught snatches of conversation among the men which showed me that even those who had known her the longest were dazzled afresh and puzzled a little.

But Mr. Jack's attentions were gradually falling off. His unceremonious visits were growing fewer and farther between. I was astonished to find that this did not seem to trouble Lina much, and was so far bewildered that I began to falter again. She did not contrive plans to meet him any longer; and when by accident they encountered each other on the stairs or in the hall, she would give him a careless little nod or a careless speech, and pass on as coolly as she might have done in the first days of their acquaintance. But one evening after she had passed him so, and the hall-door had closed upon him as he went out, I heard her feet flag somewhat in their passage up the staircase, and in a moment more there came to my listening ears the dull, dead thud of a heavy fall.

There was no other sound, nothing but the fall, and, strange to say, no one seemed to hear it but myself; and hurrying out I found lying on the mat at the foot of the stairs Lina Clangarthe in a dead faint, her white face like a stone.

I went to the kitchen-door, and, calling one of the servants as quietly as possible, made her help me to carry the prostrate figure into my room and lay it on my sofa.

"Don't say anything to the others," I commanded the girl. "It is nothing but a faint, and would only alarm Mrs. Clangarthe unnecessarily."

I sent her away before the child's eyes were opened, and then I set myself to work to restore her alone. But before I began I closed the door. I think it must have been a half an hour before she knew me, and when the great, speechful gray eyes unclosed they turned upon me in an agony, needing not a word to express itself. It seemed to me as if I could not bear it. I thought my heart would burst.

"You fell downstairs and fainted, my dear," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "I suppose your foot slipped."

She did not utter a sound, only looked at me, and then all at once at the door as if she was frightened.

"Yes, my dear," I answered, for I guessed what she was thinking of. "Yes, my dear, it's locked. You see I thought there was no need to alarm the household, and frighten your mamma. It was only a faint, and you will be over it soon.

You are almost over it now, only, of course, you feel weak and tired and don't want to talk. Take a little of this wine, and then I will sit down and you shall try to sleep."

She took the wine, but her poor hands trembled so that I had to hold the glass to her lips. She did not speak even then, and after she had swallowed it she slipped down on to the sofa-cushion with her white, young face upon her arm and her long hair half hiding it as she lay.

As for me, I set the wine glass aside and went back to my seat at the window which faced the Moaning Bar.

For two long hours I sat there with my work, looking out at the sea, and now and then glanced round at the helpless young face on the sofa. During those two hours this figure never stirred, but lay there without a movement, the white face half hidden by the heavy, loose hair. The silence was so heavy and terrible, and the time so long in its dull dragging by, that I could scarcely bear it. If I could only have helped her; if I could only have said one word of motherly comfort to her, I should have thanked God for it to the last day of my life. If this was only a girl's heartache it was a bitter one indeed, and one that called for tender words and comfort; but if it was worse, there was no words that human tongue could utter that could be too full of pity and prayer for this young creature in her desolate strait.

I got up from my chair at last and went to her, kneeling down by her side and touching her hair softly.

"Are you asleep, Miss Lina?" I asked.

She stirred a little, but she did not look up as she answered, "No."

"Do you feel better?" I said falteringly. "Fainting-fits are troublesome things, my dear; but there is not much danger in them, you know. I hope —"

I stopped there, because I could say no more. It seemed as if the spell upon her was broken, for she was beginning to shiver and tremble, and in a minute she was clinging to the cushion with both her little hands, sobbing in a wild, gasping, choking way.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallon!" she cried out again and again, "if you only knew what is in my heart to-night; if you only knew what is in my heart to-night! If you only — only — knew!"

I was trembling all over, myself, and crying, too, though I tried hard to speak quietly, as I stroked her hair and patted her shoulder to soothe her.

"Tell me, my love," I said. "Tell me, if you can, and I will try to help you. I am an old woman, my dear, and the Lord may show me how I might help you best. The Lord never fails us, you know, my dear."

But she had lost all hope of controlling herself. She only sobbed, and gasped, and panted, with her hand clenched hard against her heart.

"There is no help for me!" she cried out. "There is no help. There is nothing but death! Nothing but death! Nothing but death and despair!"

The tide had come in and gone out again into the darkness long before she was still; and then it was time for her to go upstairs, for Mrs. Clangarthe was inquiring for her. She got up from the sofa pale as death, and with a strange, hollow look about her eyes. She had worn her wild grief out, but she had not uttered a word that might tell me surely whether my terrible fear had any foundation or not.

She gave a glance at herself as she passed the mirror, and when she reached the door she turned all of a sudden in a wild, nervous way.

"You are not like other people," she said. "You are better some way. I wish you were my mother."

I wonder if the people who are used to reading stories can guess how this one of mine is going to end. I wonder, too, if the most experienced of them would not have started as I did that night on hearing Lina Clangarthe's laugh ring out among the voices in the room above. I think they would, and yet I did hear it. I heard it threading through the bursts of merriment that came from the two or three of her father's fellow-officers who were his guests for the evening, and as I heard it I trembled. She was talking to them, and even rattling off gay little French songs for them, one after the other. She was filling the whole drawing-room with her mirth.

Sir Denis was there too, one of the servants told me, and she was drawing him on and dazzling him with her daring flashes of wit. And toward the end of the evening Mr. Jack came in and went upstairs to join the party, and a few minutes later, to my bewilderment, I heard her laughing and jesting with him too.

They were always gay enough and sometimes a trifle boisterous in that light-hearted way of theirs, but I had never heard them so merry as they seemed to be this night. Peal after peal of laughter came down the staircase to my room.

"It's Miss Lina is making them laugh so," explained the Major's man. "Sure it 's in high spur'ts she is this evenin'. The ould fell'ys is houldin' their sides wid the fun in her. It 's beyutiful she looks, too, Misthress Mallon, wid a color like a rose, and a light in her eye like foire, an' me Lady Medora's ould dress lookin' new on her. Ah, but it's Sir Denis is the lost boy intirely."

Barregan was just like the rest of the servants, — he fairly adored Miss Lina, and noticed her every mood with as great an interest as if she had been a child of his own. The queer, careless ways of the family extended even to their free-and-easy intercourse with their servants.

It was later than usual when the company dispersed, perhaps because they had enjoyed themselves so well. I sat in my room for hours listening and wondering and fearing by turns, and was just setting Mr. Jack's parlor to rights and bolting the shutters before going to bed when I heard Sir Denis and Mr. Jack himself come out, Miss Lina following them on to the landing to have a last word. The parlor was quite dark, and they could not see me, but I could see them plain enough; and you may be sure my first look was at Miss Lina.

She was standing on the stairs just as she had stood the night Mr. Jack kissed her. Her soft hair was floating over her wide, white shoulders down to her bit of a waist, as she had a girl's fashion of wearing it all loose and curly; and she had on the very dress Lady Medora had given her, the rose-colored satin. It was as Barregan had said, her eyes were like fire; but just at this moment as she looked down at the two men there was scarcely a bit of color in her face, in spite of the light words she was speaking.

"And as you are going away," she was saying to Mr. Jack, "I suppose I may as well say good-by to you, and ask you to give my love to Lady Medora, if you see her, when you are in London. Don't tell any tales out of school, though, or else she won't send me any more of her old dresses, and what would I do without them?"

"And you will try the sorrel mare with me to-morrow, Miss Clangarthe?" Sir Denis said, a sort of stiff confusion mixed with his admiration of her. "She paces well, I can vouch; and we can ride past the Moaning Bar, and on to the Shingle Road, after the tide goes down."

I saw her look down at his face, for one second, with a

strange expression, just as if she had forgotten herself; but it was only for a moment; the next she answered him as gayly as ever, only with an odd, feverish, short laugh. "Yes," she said, "I 'll remember. When the tide goes down, — if nothing happens from now till then. And what could happen? After the tide goes down, then. Good-night." And she gave him a bright, little nod.

"Good-night, Miss Clangarthe," he answered, and went downstairs with his thin face all in a glow of pleasure.

In his momentary excitement he had almost forgotten his companion, but Mr. Jack called after him the next minute.

"Wait a minute, Dermot," he said. Then he turned to the bright-robed young figure on the stair above him, and, as he looked into the white young face, held out his hand.

"Good-night, Lina," he said.

She never stirred; just stood there, white and still, looking right into his evil, handsome, black eyes, without a word. She did not take his hand, or even notice it.

"Good-by," she said, at last.

That was all. Not another word; and after taking another look at her, he turned away, as if she had puzzled him a little, and he was too indifferent to care about translating her.

She watched him down the staircase, through the hall, out into the street, without stirring; and then she turned round, and walked slowly up to her own room; and the last glimpse I had of her in life showed me that queer, calm look in her girl's eyes, and that queer steadiness on her white face.

I have often thought, since then, of the wild desperateness that must have been in that poor wronged young thing's mad heart that dreadful night. I have shuddered, and cried like a child, over the picture that will sometimes force itself upon my mind, — the picture of that steadfast face, as it must have looked during the long hours that passed before daylight came. I have fancied that I could see it, and understand the depth of despair and misery which this girl of seventeen years old must have struggled with, in the silence of the midnight. There had never been a shadow on her life before, and the blackness of death had fallen upon her almost in an hour. Did she pray one short, desperate prayer, or did she face her fate, remembering nothing but what she left behind, and what life might have held for her?

A DESPERATE RESOLUTION.

I was sitting at my parlor window, just as I always did, and the tide was sweeping back, wave by wave, over the sand, and over the rocks, and over the Moaning Bar. It had been a dull, gray morning, and even now the sun was scarcely to be seen at all, as it struggled through the banks of leaden clouds. I was feeling troubled, and not very well. I had not slept much during the night, and losing rest always hurts me. But somehow, this morning, it was my mind that felt heavy, and it was so heavy that I forgot my tired old limbs altogether. I was thinking of Miss Lina, and had been thinking of her all night. I was beginning to fear something I had not thought of before; and the thought of it chilled me to the heart.

When first it struck me, I turned to the sea with a quick, cold pulse-beat, and my eyes fell on the Moaning Bar in shrinking terror. The slow, creeping waves, tossing over it now, had such a cruel, hungry look in the gray light. The tide always crept round the low barren stretch of sand just in a stealthy sort of way, and no human being who chanced to linger there a moment too late need turn his face to the higher shore again, for he had met his doom. It was a cruel place, and I had always felt a dread of it, even when the tide was down. The coast people feared it with something like superstitious horror, and told fearful stories of the maddened wails they had heard, and the stony, rigid forms that had been swept back to the shore, once or twice, at ebb of tide.

I could not bear to look at it this morning; but somehow it had a strange fascination for me, and I sat watching it until the tops of the rocks were bare. The sea was not long in creeping backward then, and before many minutes the water was falling rapidly, and the rocks stood out, bold and black, in a little cluster, that made a sheltered nook, where the seaweed always lay in heaps, tangled with white sea-shells.

There was a heap of such seaweed, lying half out of the low water now. I could see it quite plainly as it lay caught among the rocks. After my first glance I found myself staring at it, fascinated — I could not say why — curiously. The little running waves were playing with it, and lifting it lightly as they retreated.

A sound in the hall and a summons from outside roused

me. I got up from my seat, restlessly, opened the door, and confronted the Major's man, who stood upon the threshold, making his stiff, military salute.

"It 's Miss Lina I was ordhered to ax about, Misthress Mallon," he said, a trifle uneasily. "The misthress sent me to saa if she was here. Sir Denis is waitin' for her, and the misthress thought, mebbe, she had stepped into your room whin she kem in."

I stared at him blankly for a moment. Then my startled mind began to take in vaguely the strange expression on the poor fellow's face. There was actually a shade of pallor on his sunburnt skin, and his eye met mine restlessly. Something was the matter, I knew, and he was afraid to speak of it.

"Barregan," I broke out, all in a tremble, "what is the matter? You are trying to hide something from me. What is it you are trying to hide?"

I saw him turn pale then in actual earnest, and when he answered me his voice shook.

"Might I step insoide, Misthress Mallon?" he said. "I 'd like to have a wurred wid yez."

I motioned him in and shut the door.

"What is it?" I cried out sharply. "You are not afraid that" — and then I stopped short, in spite of the terrible fear that rushed upon me.

"She — she went out early," he said hoarsely, "an' she 's not come in yet, though she promised to try Sir Denis's sorrel. There 's a nasty bit of sand down on the Bar, ye know, and she always wint there. She was goin' there whin I met her, and someways she looked white and poorly, but she turned her purty, pale face to me, and says, 'Good mornin' to ye, Barregan. I 'm goin' for a little walk on the sands,' and then she looks over her shoulder at me, two or three times, before she was out of sight. I darn't say a wurred to the misthress. I darn't; I thought I 'd come here first."

The sun had struggled through the clouds at last, and as I turned to the window, shaken and strengthless, it burst forth in such sudden brightness that I could see nothing plainly. But little as I could distinguish, my blinded eyes caught a glimpse of something that made me drop into my chair, with hardly voice to speak.

"Look out there," I said to the poor stricken fellow. "There is a heap of — of seaweed, I think, caught on the rocks, on the Moaning Bar. There is not a bit of color caught among it, is

there? The sun blinds me so that I cannot see. There is n't a bit of scarlet there, is there? Look well before you speak, for God's sake!"

He did not need to look a second time. Just one glance, and he broke away, with a cry of horror, that roused the whole household, and brought servants, and master, and mistress, hurrying out of the rooms, with white, scared faces.

Just that one cry, and a few wild terror-stricken words, and the cry was echoed again, until the roof rang with its shrill horror, as Mrs. Clangarthe fell prostrate upon the staircase landing, with a face like the dead.

We raised her and carried her to her room, scarcely any one of us knew how; for the whole house was full of the cries of wailing, hurrying servants, and wailing, terrified children. There was not one of them but had loved her; there was not one of them, from the best to the worst, who was not stricken as with the hand of death.

They were all crowded about the windows, weeping aloud, as they watched the hurrying figures across the sands, toward the bit of scarlet color caught in the nook of rocks. Dozens of the coast people, men, women, and children, catching a hint of the truth, left their work in boats and huts and ran, as it were, for dear life, through the shallow water the tide had left on the low beach, joining one another by twos and threes, until a great crowd of strange figures stood about the rocks, around Sir Denis, and around the man who had first bent over the something which was not seaweed, but a dead girl's body.

Perhaps among all the crowd of rough watchers there was not one who had not a kindly remembrance of the bright, girlish face and light-hearted ways; perhaps there was scarcely one of them to whom she had not, at some time, spoken a careless, sweet-tempered word of greeting. She had been used to speak to the roughest of them when she met them, and in the most unresponsive of their half-savage moods they had felt an odd sort of liking for her and her bright beauty.

It seemed almost like Fate that they should bring her into my room, and lay her upon the sofa where she had lain through the long, silent, wretched hours only so few days before. But her face was not hidden now upon the cushion: it lay still and white, upturned to every eye; and the long hair that had veiled it was wet and dank with the salt sea, and tangled with seaweed, and sand, and shells.

If she had died to keep a secret, she had not died in vain, for no one but myself guessed that any secret existed. She must have forgotten the tide until it had crept around the Bar, and it was too late to turn back, they said among themselves; and, as they spoke, I bent over her, and smoothed her pretty, tangled hair, so that they could not see my face, and guess that I had anything to hide from them. But as I listened I understood, quite plainly, what the poor, desperate child had meant when she cried out to me, "Oh, if you only knew what is in my heart to-night!" I knew then, for her own dead lips told me, and I knew, too, what a terrible strength of resolution had kept the fire in her eye and the color in her cheeks as she jested and laughed with the rest, within the very sound of the waves which she knew would sweep over her dead body on the morrow.

"It would not take much courage, when the tide came up," she had said, and I remembered the words, shuddering at the thought of how the waves must have looked, as she watched them running up nearer and nearer, until the gray, white line was all around her, and it was too late to look back or repent.

But it was over now, and it could not have taken long to hush her cries, if she had uttered any; it could not have been many minutes, at the most, after the first gasp, in the rush of surf, before she was as quiet as she looked now, lying on my sofa, with the strange rest on her pretty face.

"She looks so calm, someway," poor Mrs. Clangarthe wailed. "And she was so pretty, too, and I was so proud of her. Oh, my poor, poor Lina! I don't think Sir Denis will ever get over it, Mrs. Mallon. He was going to propose to her this morning, and Lina had promised me she would accept him, if he did."

When the dreadful day was over, and the house was dark and quiet, I sat in my little room again, thinking sadly of the still chamber upstairs, where the slender, quiet figure lay on the bed. As I sat brooding over the fire, I heard the door open, and Mr. Jack came in, and stood on the hearth, with the stealthy, evil look in his handsome, bold, black eyes.

Whether he suspected me or not, he did not care to meet my glance; and, as he spoke, he carelessly struck a match on the mantel to light a cigar he held.

"I am going to London to-morrow," he said, "and shall not need you any longer. You can go back to Marshlands as soon as you wish. I shall not return here again."

I looked at his wicked, handsome face steadily, and for the moment hated it as I had never hated anything human before.

"Sir," I said, "have you been upstairs?"

He nodded carelessly, but changed color a little, nevertheless.

"Yes," he answered.

"And you have seen — her?"

He nodded again, flinching, I could see.

I do not know what held me up, but I felt that I must speak now, or die.

"Do you remember what we said about that dead girl, once before, in this very room?" I asked. "About her face? Do you remember what I said about its being a tender, innocent face, which knew no wrong, and held none? Do you remember?"

He started slightly, and turned, staring wildly at me.

"What the deuce" — he began.

But I stopped him. I rose from my chair and faced him, trembling in every limb, and sobbing in a grief that was too much for me. I remembered the pretty young face, as I saw it first, with the innocent light in its eye, and then I thought of how the tide had gone down on the Moaning Bar, leaving the bit of bright color lying in the nook of rocks.

"Man!" I said, "you are a villain, and God will never forgive you. The curse of a lost life will be upon you forever."

He did not say a word, fierce as was the anger that flashed into his cruel face. He had not a word to say. He knew that his sin had found him out, and that there was no defence for him, if he cared to make one. For one moment he stood and tried to brave me with a sneer, the blood flushing his dark skin, and the flare of passion in his eyes. The next, he faltered, and turned upon his heel, and so left me forever.

I did not see him again, and was thankful that I did not. I knew that, if my lady had been living, she would have absolved me from my promise, and knowing this, I was not ashamed to break it myself. I had been his faithful servant, and he had used me for an innocent creature's wrong, and so I could be faithful no longer. He went away, as he said he would, and I, returning to my home, carried, in my own heart, the secret which had been swept away and lost in the waves that went down with the tide on the Moaning Bar.

FRANCES BURNEY.

Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay), an English novelist, daughter of Charles Burney, born in King's Lynn, Norfolk, June 13, 1752; died in Bath, Jan. 6, 1840. Her father, Charles Burney, was a distinguished musician and author of an esteemed "History of Music." In 1760 he took up his residence in London, where he was introduced into the best literary and artistic society of the day. Frances (commonly known as Fanny) Burney was left to grow up much in her own way. It is said that at the age of eight she did not even know the letters of the alphabet, but at fifteen she had written several tales, without the knowledge of anyone except one of her sisters. Her first novel, "Evelina," is said to have been written while she was in her teens, but was not published until 1778, when she had entered her twenty-sixth year. It was put forth anonymously, but at once attracted public attention, and she became the favorite of the literary men of the day, especially Dr. Johnson. Her second novel, "Cecilia" (1782), was no less admired. In 1786 she was made Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte; and in 1793 she was married to M. D'Arblay, a French army officer. Her other books are: "Camilla" (1795); and "The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties" (1814). Her "Diary and Letters, edited by her niece (7 vols., 1842–1846), are entertaining.

The Vauxhall Party.

(From "Evelina.")

Holborn, *June 17th.*

Yesterday Mr. Smith carried his point of making a party for Vauxhall, consisting of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himself,—and me!—for I find all endeavors vain to escape anything which these people desire I should not.

There were twenty disputes previous to our setting out; first, as to the *time* of our going: Mr. Branghton, his son, and young Brown, were for six o'clock; and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight; the latter, however, conquered.

Then as to the *way* we should go; some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking: but the boat, at length, was decided upon. Indeed, this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The Garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and, had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it was a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavored to attach himself to me, with such officious assiduity, and impertinent freedom, that he quite sickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad, but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others, and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring, and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping: "Stopping, Ma'am!" cried he, "why, we must run on, or we shall lose the cascade!"

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden, purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a *box* in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with everything that was ordered, though not a morsel of anything was left; and the dearness of the provisions, with conjectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, "Now let's enjoy ourselves; now is the time, or never. Well, Ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton, "why, how can she help liking it? She has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for."

"For my part," said Miss Branghton, "I like it because it is not vulgar."

"This must have been a fine treat for you, Miss," said Mr. Branghton; "why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?"

I endeavored to express my satisfaction with some pleasure, yet, I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

"Miss ought to stay in town till the last night," said young Branghton; "and then, it's my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot, — and there the folks run about, — and then there's such squealing and squalling! — and there all the lamps are broke, — and the women run skimper, scamper — I declare I would not take five guineas to miss the last night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miss Branghtons said they would walk on, while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them; which, however, I declined.

"You girls may do as you please," said Madame Duval; "but as to me, I promise you, I sha'n't go nowhere without the gentlemen."

"No more, I suppose, will my *Cousin*," said Miss Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made

me, most unfortunately, request Madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it, and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the sisters agreed that they would first have a *little pleasure*, and they tittered, and talked so loud, that they attracted universal notice.

"Lord, Polly," said the eldest, "suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks!"

"Ay, do," answered she, "and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost."

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan, telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miss Branghton, "I thought how uneasy Miss would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and, quite by compulsion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallooing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides, and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely inclosed. The Miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly: our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and, for some minutes, we were kept prisoners, till at last, one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him, that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left: but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself so directly in my way, calling out, "Whither so fast, my love?" that I could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment, both my hands, by different persons, were caught hold of; and one of them, in a most familiar manner,

desired, when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed.

I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running that I could not speak, till another, advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, "For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, let me pass."

Another then rushing suddenly forward exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?"

"The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age," answered one of my persecutors.

"No, — no, — no, —" I *panted* out, "I am no actress, — pray let me go, — pray let me pass."

"By all that's sacred," cried the same voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herself!"

"Sir Clement Willoughby," cried I. "O sir, assist — assist me — or I shall die with terror!"

"Gentlemen," cried he, disengaging them all from me in an instant, "pray leave this lady to me."

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three said, "*Willoughby has all the luck!*" But one of them, in a passionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the first right to me, and would support it.

"You are mistaken," said Sir Clement; "this lady is — I will explain myself to you another time; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken."

And then, taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidst the loud acclamations, laughter, and gross merriment of his impertinent companions.

As soon as we had escaped from them, Sir Clement, with a voice of surprise, exclaimed, "My dearest creature, what wonder, what strange revolution, has brought you to such a spot as this?"

Ashamed of my situation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognized by him, I was for some time silent, and when he repeated his question, only stammered out, "I have, — I hardly know how, — lost myself from my party."

He caught my hand, and eagerly pressing it, in a passionate voice said, "O that I had sooner met with thee!"

Surprised at a freedom so unexpected, I angrily broke from him, saying, "Is this the protection you give me, Sir Clement?"

And then I saw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my sooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark alleys, instead of the place whither I meant to go.

"Good God!" I cried, "where am I? — What way are you going?"

"Where," answered he, "we shall be least observed!"

Astonished at this speech, I stopped short, and declared I would go no further.

"And why not, my angel?" again endeavoring to take my hand.

My heart beat with resentment; I pushed him away from me with all my strength, and demanded how he dared treat me with such insolence.

"Insolence!" repeated he.

"Yes, Sir Clement, *insolence;* from you, who know me, I had a claim for protection, — not to such treatment as this."

"By Heaven," cried he with warmth, "you distract me, — why, tell me, — why do I see you here? — Is this a place for Miss Anville? — these dark walks! — no party! — no companion! — by all that's good, I can scarce believe my senses!"

Extremely offended at this speech, I turned angrily from him, and, not deigning to make any answer, walked on towards that part of the garden whence I perceived the lights and company.

He followed me; but we were both some time silent.

"So you will not explain to me your situation?" said he, at length.

"No, Sir," answered I, disdainfully.

"Nor yet — suffer me to make my own interpretation?"

I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder, — and I burst into tears.

He flew to me, and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying, "Oh, Miss Anville — loveliest of women — forgive my — my — I beseech you forgive me; — if I have offended, — if I have hurt you — I could kill myself at the thought!"

"No matter, Sir, no matter," cried I, "if I can but find my friends, — I will never speak to — never see you again!"

"Good God! — good Heaven! — my dearest life, what is it I have done? — what is it I have said?"

"You best know, Sir, *what* and *why;* — but don't hold me here, — let *me* be gone; and do *you!*"

"Not till you forgive me! — I cannot part with you in anger."

"For shame, for shame, Sir!" cried I, indignantly; "do you suppose I am to be thus compelled? — do you take advantage of the absence of my friends, to affront me?"

"No, Madam," cried he, rising, "I would sooner forfeit my life than act so mean a part. But you have flung me into amazement unspeakable, and you will not condescend to listen to my request of giving me some explanation."

"The manner, Sir," said I, "in which you spoke that request made and will make me scorn to answer it."

"Scorn! — I will own to you, I expected not such displeasure from Miss Anville."

"Perhaps, Sir, if you had, you would less voluntarily have merited it."

"My dearest life, surely it must be known to you that the man does not breathe who adores you so passionately, so fervently, so tenderly, as I do! — why then will you delight in perplexing me? — in keeping me in suspense — in torturing me with doubt?"

"I, Sir, delight in perplexing you! — You are much mistaken. Your suspense, your doubts, your perplexities, — are of your own creating; and believe me, Sir, they may *offend*, but they can never *delight* me: — but, as you have yourself raised, you must yourself satisfy them."

"Good God! — that such haughtiness and such sweetness can inhabit the same mansion!"

I made no answer, but quickening my pace, I walked on silently and sullenly; till this most impetuous of men, snatching my hand, which he grasped with violence, besought me to forgive him with such earnestness of supplication, that, merely to escape his importunities, I was forced to speak, and, in some measure to grant the pardon he requested: though it was accorded with a very ill grace; but, indeed, I knew not how to resist the humility of his entreaties: yet never shall I recollect the occasion he gave me of displeasure, without feeling it renewed.

We now soon arrived in the midst of the general crowd, and my own safety being then insured, I grew extremely uneasy for the Miss Braughtons, whose danger, however imprudently incurred by their own folly, I too well knew how to tremble for. To this consideration all my pride of heart yielded, and I determined to seek my party with the utmost speed; though not with-

out a sigh did I recollect the fruitless attempt I had made, after the opera, of concealing from this man my unfortunate connections, which I was now obliged to make known.

I hastened, therefore, to the room, with a view of sending young Branghton to the aid of his sisters. In a very short time, I perceived Madame Duval, and the rest, looking at one of the paintings.

I must own to you, honestly, my dear Sir, that an involuntary repugnance seized me, at presenting such a set to Sir Clement, — he who had been used to see me in parties so different! — My pace slackened as I approached them, — but they presently perceived me.

"*Ah, Mademoiselle!*" cried M. Du Bois, "*Que je suis charmé de vous voir!*"

"Pray, Miss," cried Mr. Brown, "where's Miss Polly?"

"Why, Miss, you've been a long while gone," said Mr. Branghton; "we thought you'd been lost. But what have you done with your cousins?"

I hesitated, — for Sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

"*Pardi*," cried Madame Duval, "I sha'n't let you leave me again in a hurry. Why, here we've been in such a fright! — and all the while, I suppose, you've been thinking nothing about the matter."

"Well," said young Branghton, "as long as Miss is come back, I don't mind, for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith is gone all about a looking for you."

These speeches were made almost in a breath: but when, at last, they waited for an answer, I told them that, in walking up one of the long alleys, we had been frightened and separated.

"The long alleys!" repeated Mr. Branghton, "and, pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!"

This speech was not more impertinent to me, than surprising to Sir Clement, who regarded all the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

"But how will they get it?" cried this brutal brother; "if they've a mind to behave in such a manner as that, they ought to protect themselves; and so they may for me."

"Well," said the simple Mr. Brown, "whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after Miss Polly."

The father then interfering, insisted that his son should accompany him; and away they went.

It was now that Madame Duval first perceived Sir Clement; to whom, turning with a look of great displeasure, she angrily said, "*Ma foi*, so you are comed here, of all the people in the world! — I wonder, child, you would let such a — such a *person* as that keep company with you."

"I am very sorry, madam," said Sir Clement, in a tone of surprise, "if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; but I believe you will not regret the honor I now have of attending Miss Anville, when you hear that I have been so happy as to do her some service."

Just as Madame Duval, with her usual *Ma foi*, was beginning to reply, the attention of Sir Clement was wholly drawn from her, by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who, coming suddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my shoulders, cried, "Oho, my little runaway, have I found you at last? I have been scampering all over the gardens for you, for I was determined to find you if you were above ground. — But how could you be so cruel as to leave us?"

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him: but he had not the sense to understand me; and, attempting to take my hand, he added, "Such a demure-looking lady as you are, who'd have thought of your leading one such a dance? — Come, now, don't be so coy, — only think what a trouble I have had in running after you!"

"The trouble, Sir," said I, "was of your own choice, — not mine." And I walked round to the other side of Madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud, — but I could not endure that Sir Clement, whose eyes followed him with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal, he came up to me and, in a low voice, said, "You are not, then, with the Mirvans?"

"No, Sir."

"And pray, may I ask, — have you left them long?"

"No Sir."

"How unfortunate I am! — but yesterday I sent to acquaint the Captain I should reach the Grove by to-morrow noon! How-

ever I shall get away as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?"

"I believe not, Sir."

"And then, when you leave it, — which way — will you allow me to ask, which way you shall travel?"

"Indeed, — I don't know."

"Not know! — But do you return to the Mirvans any more?"

"I — I can't tell, Sir."

And then I addressed myself to Madame Duval, with such a pretended earnestness that he was obliged to be silent.

As he cannot but observe the great change in my situation, which he knows not how to account for, there is something in all these questions, and this unrestrained curiosity, that I did not expect from a man who, when he pleases, can be so well-bred as Sir Clement Willoughby. He seems disposed to think that the alteration in my companions authorizes an alteration in his manners. It is true, he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with so disrespectful an abruptness. This observation, which he has given me cause to make, of his *changing with the tide*, has sunk him more in my opinion than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almost have laughed when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no sooner saw me addressed by Sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he seemed to lose at once all his happy self-sufficiency and conceit: looking now at the baronet, now at himself; surveying, with sorrowful eyes, his dress, struck with his air, his gestures, his easy gayety, he gazed at him with envious admiration, and seemed himself, with conscious inferiority, to shrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown, running up to us, called out, "La, what, i'n't Miss Polly come yet?"

"Come!" said Mr. Branghton; "why, I thought you went to fetch her yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but couldn't find her; — yet I dare say I've been over half the garden."

"Half! but why did you not go over it all?"

"Why, so I will: but only I thought I'd just come and see if she was here first."

"But where's Tom?"

"Why, I don't know; for he would not stay with me, all as ever I could say: for we met some young gentlemen of his

acquaintance, and so he bid me go and look by myself; for he said, says he, 'I can divert myself better another way,' says he."

This account being given, away again went this silly young man; and Mr. Branghton, extremely incensed, said he would go and see after them himself.

"So now," cried Madame Duval, "he's gone too! Why, at this rate, we shall have to wait for one or other of them all night!"

Observing that Sir Clement seemed disposed to renew his inquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, asked M. Du Bois some questions concerning the figures.

"O, *mon Dieu!*" cried Madame Duval, "don't ask him; your best way is to ask Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenest. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare say you can tell us all about them."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, yes," said Mr. Smith, who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us with an air of assumed importance, which, however, sat very uneasily upon him, and begged to know what he should explain first; "For I have attended," said he, "to all these paintings, and know everything in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, Ma'am; and, really, I must say, I think a pretty picture is a — a very — is really a very — is something very pretty."

"So do I too," said Madame Duval, "but pray now, Sir, tell us who that is meant for," pointing to a figure of Neptune.

"That! — why that, Ma'am, is, — Lord bless me, I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but really I have forgot his name, — and yet, I know it as well as my own, too, — however, he's a *General*, Ma'am, they are all Generals."

I saw Sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

"Well," said Madame Duval, "it's the oddest dress for a General ever I see!"

"He seems so capital a figure," said Sir Clement to Mr. Smith, "that I imagine he must be *Generalissimo* of the whole army."

"Yes, Sir, yes," answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing, and highly delighted at being thus referred to, "you are perfectly right, — but I cannot for my life think of his name; — perhaps, Sir, you may remember it?"

"No, really," replied Sir Clement, "my acquaintance among the Generals is not so extensive."

The ironical tone of voice in which Sir Clement spoke entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

Diary of Madame D'Arblay.

About a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the royal family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet: —

March 8, 1798.

My dear Friend, — The queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come up stairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu! Yours most affectionately, M. Planta.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her royal highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humored pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to her royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one

almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, in which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hard-hearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D—— had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house in the neighborhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her daughter, I fancy the princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta. She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Lockes, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me all about her, — is she very good to you? — do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologized, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colors than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful! — what eyes! — do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither"; and, catching him to her for a moment and holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "O! horrid eyes!—shocking eyes!—take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new faces,—to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's right, my dear!" cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet, beautiful face to kiss!—an honor I had thought now forever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no,—you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta, "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world could I have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture — I fancy to send to the Duchess of Würtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her with my bantling. The other princesses retired to dress for Court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

A Man of the Town.

(From "Cecilia.")

At the door of the Pantheon they were joined by Mr. Arnott and Sir Robert Floyer, whom Cecilia now saw with added aversion; they entered the great room during the second act of the concert, to which, as no one of the party but herself had any desire to listen, no sort of attention was paid; the ladies entertaining themselves as if no orchestra was in the room, and the gentlemen, with an equal disregard to it, struggling for a place by the fire, about which they continued hovering till the music was over.

Soon after they were seated, Mr. Meadows, sauntering towards them, whispered something to Mrs. Mears, who, immediately rising, introduced him to Cecilia; after which, the place next to her being vacant, he cast himself upon it, and lolling as much at his ease as his situation would permit, began something like a conversation with her.

"Have you been long in town, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"This is not your first winter?"

"Of being in town, it is."

"Then you have something new to see; oh charming! how I envy you! — Are you pleased with the Pantheon?"

"Very much; I have seen no building at all equal to it."

"You have not been abroad. Traveling is the ruin of all happiness! There's no looking at a building here after seeing Italy."

"Does all happiness, then, depend upon sight of buildings?" said Cecilia, when, turning towards her companion, she perceived him yawning, with such evident inattention to her answer that, not choosing to interrupt his reverie, she turned her head another way.

For some minutes he took no notice of this; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he called out hastily, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, you were saying something?"

"No, sir; nothing worth repeating."

"Oh, pray don't punish me so severely as not to let me hear it!"

Cecilia, though merely not to seem offended at his negligence, was then beginning an answer, when looking at him as she spoke, she perceived that he was biting his nails with so absent an air that he appeared not to know he had asked any question. She therefore broke off, and left him to his cogitation.

Some time after, he addressed her again, saying, "Don't you find this place extremely tiresome, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir," said she half laughing, "it is indeed not very entertaining!"

"Nothing is entertaining," answered he, "for two minutes together. Things are so little different one from another, that there is no making pleasure out of anything. We go the same dull round forever; nothing new, no variety! all the same thing over again! Are you fond of public places, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, *soberly*, as Lady Grace says."

"Then I envy you extremely, for you have some amusement always in your own power. How desirable that is!"

"And have you not the same resources?"

"Oh no! I am tired to death! tired of everything! I would give the universe for a disposition less difficult to please. Yet, after all, what is there to give pleasure? When one has seen one thing, one has seen everything. Oh, 'tis heavy work! Don't you find it so, ma'am?"

This speech was ended with so violent a fit of yawning that Cecilia would not trouble herself to answer it: but her silence as before passed unnoticed, exciting neither question nor comment.

A long pause now succeeded, which he broke at last by saying, as he writhed himself about upon his seat, "These forms would be much more agreeable if there were backs to them. 'Tis intolerable to be forced to sit like a schoolboy. The first study of life is ease. There is indeed no other study that pays the trouble of attainment. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"But may not even that," said Cecilia, "by so much study become labor?"

"I am vastly happy you think so."

"Sir?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I thought you said — I really beg your pardon, but I was thinking of something else."

"You did very right, sir," said Cecilia, laughing, "for what I said by no means merited any attention."

"Will you do me the favor to repeat it?" cried he, taking out his glass to examine some lady at a distance.

"Oh no," said Cecilia, "that would be trying your patience too severely."

"These glasses show one nothing but defects," said he; "I am sorry they were ever invented. They are the ruin of all beauty; no complexion can stand them. I believe that solo will never be over! I hate a solo; it sinks, it depresses me intolerably."

"You will presently, sir," said Cecilia, looking at the bill of the concert, "have a full piece; and that I hope will revive you."

"A full piece! oh, insupportable! it stuns, it fatigues, it overpowers me beyond endurance! no taste in it, no delicacy, no room for the smallest feeling."

"Perhaps, then, you are only fond of singing?"

"I should be if I could hear it; but we are now so miserably off in voices, that I hardly ever attempt to listen to a song, without fancying myself deaf from the feebleness of the performers. I hate everything that requires attention. Nothing gives pleasure that does not force its own way."

"You only, then, like loud voices, and great powers?"

"Oh, worse and worse! — no, nothing is so disgusting to me. All my amazement is that these people think it worth while to give concerts at all — one is sick to death of music."

"Nay," cried Cecilia, "if it gives no pleasure, at least it takes none away; for, far from being any impediment to conversation, I think everybody talks more during the perform-

ance than between the acts. And what is there better you could substitute in its place?"

Cecilia, receiving no answer to this question, again looked round to see if she had been heard; when she observed her new acquaintance, with a very thoughtful air, had turned from her to fix his eyes upon the statue of Britannia.

Very soon after, he hastily arose, and seeming entirely to forget that he had spoken to her, very abruptly walked away.

Mr. Gosport, who was advancing to Cecilia and had watched part of this scene, stopped him as he was retreating, and said, "Why, Meadows, how's this? are you caught at last?"

"Oh, worn to death! worn to a thread!" cried he, stretching himself and yawning; "I have been talking with a young lady to entertain her! oh, such heavy work! I would not go through it again for millions!"

"What, have you talked yourself out of breath?"

"No; but the effort! the effort! — Oh, it has unhinged me for a fortnight! — Entertaining a young lady! — one had better be a galley-slave at once!"

"Well, but did she not pay your toils? She is surely a sweet creature."

"Nothing can pay one for such insufferable exertion! though she's well enough, too — better than the common run — but shy, quite too shy; no drawing her out."

"I thought that was to your taste. You commonly hate much volubility. How have I heard you bemoan yourself when attacked by Miss Larolles!"

"Larolles! Oh, distraction! she talks me into a fever in two minutes. But so it is forever! nothing but extremes to be met with! common girls are too forward, this lady is too reserved — always some fault! always some drawback! nothing ever perfect!"

"Nay, nay," cried Mr. Gosport, "you do not know her; she is perfect enough, in all conscience."

"Better not know her then," answered he, again yawning, "for she cannot be pleasing. Nothing perfect is natural, — I hate everything out of nature."

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, a Scottish poet, born near the town of Ayr, Jan. 25, 1759; died, at Dumfries, July 21, 1796. The poet's father was occupied as a gardener upon the estate of a gentleman until 1776, when he leased a farm near Ayr. At an early age Robert and his brother were sent to school at Alloway, about a mile from home. To these means of education were added the few books in the father's possession; among which was: "A Select Collection of English Songs." Of these songs Burns says: "I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced that I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

In 1786 he published a volume of poems to procure money for his passage to Jamaica, but the success of the volume caused him to remain at home, where he at once became famous and was received into the best Edinburgh society. He was made an exciseman in 1786, but his dissipated habits kept him poor and hastened his death which occurred in his thirty-eighth year.

Among the poems to which he owes his fame are: "The Cotter's Saturday Night"; "Hallowe'en"; "Tam o' Shanter" (1790); "To a Mountain Daisy"; "To a Mouse"; "Twa Dogs"; "Highland Mary." His principal collected editions are, in the order of publication: "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (1786); "The Scots' Musical Museum" (6 vols., 1787–1803); "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs . . . with Select and Characteristic Verses," which contains 100 songs by the poet. But such editions have been issued almost annually since 1805.

Tam o' Shanter.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,

An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whaur sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That eviry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, breezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in:
And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whaur ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whaur in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whaur drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whaur hunters fand the murdered bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whaur Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished
She ventured forward on the light;
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; —
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
To gi've them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl!
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ane blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But withered beldams auld and droll,
Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
That night inlisted in the core
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),

And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glow'red and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tints his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam, thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,—
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[1]
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes;
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher[2] through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,[3] blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve[4] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[5] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs[6]:

[1] Sough. [3] Fire, or fireplace. [5] Careful.
[2] Stagger. [4] By-and-by. [6] Inquiries.

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[1] that he sees or hears:
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars[2] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command,
The yonkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[3] hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk[4] or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[5] is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased, the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,[6]
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en:
The father cracks[7] of horses, pleughs, and kye:[8]
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[9] and laithfu',[10] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[11]

O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

[1] News. [2] Makes. [3] Diligent. [4] Dally. [5] Half. [6] Into the spence, or parlor. [7] Gossips. [8] Cows. [9] Bashful. [10] Sheepish. [11] Rest.

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart —
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch,[1] chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only Hawkie[2] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[3] snugly chows her cood:[4]
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained[5] kebbuck,[6] fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond[7] auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[8]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide:
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[9] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains, that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[10] a portion wi' judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets[11] the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

[1] Porridge.
[2] A white-faced cow.
[3] Wall.
[4] Chews her cud.
[5] Saved.
[6] Cheese.
[7] Twelvemonth.
[8] Flax was in flower.
[9] Gray locks.
[10] Chooses.
[11] Increases.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire:
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who, lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing." [1]
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request

[1] Pope's "Windsor Forest."

That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"[1]
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

John Anderson, My Jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,

[1] Pope's "Essay on Man."

Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Man Was Made to Mourn.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!

Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want — oh ill-matched pair! —
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor o'er-labored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish

E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend —
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my agèd limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

Is There for Honest Poverty.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that —
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[1] ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof[2] for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that —
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might —
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
  As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's comin yet, for a' that, —
That man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that!

To a Mouse

FLYING BEFORE A PLOW.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
  Wi' bick'ring brattle![3]
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
  Wi' murd'ring pattle![4]

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
  Which mak's thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
  And fellow-mortal!

[1] Spirited fellow. [2] Fool. [3] Hurrying run. [4] The plow-spade.

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave[1]
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly[2] wa's the win's are strewin'!
And naething now to big[3] a new ane
O' foggage[4] green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell[5] and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,[6]
To thole[7] the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch[8] cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane[9]
In proving foresight may be vain!
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
And lea'e us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

[1] An ear of corn in twenty-four sheaves — that is, in a thrave.
[2] Frail. [3] Build. [4] Aftermath. [5] Bitter. [6] Holding. [7] Endure. [8] Crevice. [9] Alone.

To a Mountain Daisy

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure [1]
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted [2] forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield [3]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [4] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

[1] Dust. [2] Peeped. [3] Shelter. [4] Barren.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

The Banks o' Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return!

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

John Burroughs, essayist, was born at Roxbury, N.Y., April 3, 1837. He received an academic education, and after leaving school taught for a number of years. He then became a journalist in New York City. From 1864 to 1873 he was in the Treasury Department at Washington, and was then appointed a national bank examiner. In 1873 he removed to West Park on the Hudson, where he devoted his time to literature, fruit culture, and his duties as bank examiner. His writings are chiefly on rural subjects. He has published "Walt Whitman as Poet and Person" (1867); "Winter Sunshine" (1875); "Birds and Poets" (1877); "Locusts and Wild Honey" (1879); "Pepacton" (1881); "Fresh Fields" (1884); "Wake Robin" (1885); "Signs and Seasons" (1886); "Birds and Bees" (1888); "Sharp Eyes and Other Papers" (1888); "Indoor Studies" (1889); "Riverby" (1894). Mr. Burroughs has also published a number of poems.

An Old Orchard.

(From "Winter Sunshine."[1])

The ground, the turf, the atmosphere of an old orchard seem several stages nearer to man than that of the adjoining field, as if the trees had given back to the soil more than they had taken from it; as if they had tempered the elements and attracted all the genial and beneficent influences in the landscape around.

An apple orchard is sure to bear you several crops besides the apple. There is the crop of sweet and tender reminiscences dating from childhood, and spanning the seasons from May to October, and making the orchard a sort of outlying part of the household. You have played there as a child, mused there as a youth or lover, strolled there as a thoughtful sad-eyed man. Your father, perhaps, planted the trees, or reared them from the seed, and you yourself have pruned and grafted them, and worked among them, till every separate tree has a peculiar his-

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tory and meaning in your mind. Then there is the never-failing crop of birds — robins, goldfinches, king-birds, cedar-birds, hair-birds, orioles, starlings — all nesting and breeding in its branches, and fitly described by William Flagg, as "Birds of the Garden and Orchard."

Whether the pippin and sweetbough bear, or not, the "punctual birds" can always be depended on. Indeed, there are few better places to study ornithology than in the orchard. Besides its regular occupants, many of the birds of the deeper forest find occasion to visit it during the season. The cuckoo comes for the tent-caterpillar, the jay for the frozen apples, the ruffled grouse for buds, the crow foraging for birds' eggs, the woodpecker and chickadees for their food, and the high-hole for ants. The red-bird comes too, if only to see what a friendly covert its branches form, and the wood-thrush now and then comes out of the grove near by, and nests alongside of its cousin, the robin. The smaller hawks know that this is a most likely spot for their prey, and in spring the shy northern-warblers may be studied as they pause to feed on the fine insects amid its branches. The mice love to dwell here also, and hither come from the near woods the squirrel and the rabbit. The latter will put his head through the boy's slipper noose any time for a taste of the sweet apple, and the red squirrel and chipmunk esteem its seeds a great rarity.

(From "Locusts and Wild Honey."[1])

One day in May, walking in the woods, I came upon a nest of whippoorwill, or rather its eggs, — for it builds no nest, — two elliptical whitish spotted eggs lying upon the dry leaves. My foot was within a yard of the mother-bird before she flew. I wondered what a sharp eye would detect curious or characteristic in the ways of the bird, so I came to the place many times and had a look. It was always a task to separate the bird from her surroundings, though I stood within a few feet of her, and knew exactly where to look. One had to bear on with his eye, as it were, and refuse to be baffled. The sticks and leaves, and bits of black or dark-brown bark, were all exactly copied in the bird's plumage. And then she did sit so close and simulate so well a shapeless decaying piece of wood or bark! Twice I brought a companion, and guiding his eye to the spot, noted

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how difficult it was for him to make out there, in full view upon the dry leaves, any semblance to a bird. When the bird returned after being disturbed, she would alight within a few inches of her eggs and then, after a moment's pause, hobble awkwardly upon them.

After the young had appeared, all the wit of the bird came into play. I was on hand the next day, I think. The mother-bird sprang up when I was within a pace of her, and in doing so fanned the leaves with her wings till they sprang up too; as the leaves started the young started, and, being of the same color, to tell which was the leaf and which the bird was a trying task to any eye. I came the next day, when the same tactics were repeated. Once a leaf fell upon one of the young birds and nearly hid it. The young are covered with a reddish down like a young partridge, and soon follow their mother about. When disturbed they gave but one leap, then settled down, perfectly motionless and stupid, with eyes closed. The parent bird, on these occasions, made frantic efforts to decoy me away from her young. She would fly a few paces and fall upon her breast, and a spasm like that of death would run through her tremulous outstretched wings and prostrate body. She kept a sharp eye out the meanwhile to see if the ruse took, and if it did not she was quickly cured, and moving about to some other point tried to draw my attention as before. When followed she always alighted upon the ground, dropping down in a sudden peculiar way. The second or third day both old and young had disappeared.

The whippoorwill walks as awkwardly as a swallow, which is as awkward as a man in a bag, and yet she manages to lead her young about the woods. The latter, I think, move by leaps and sudden spurts, their protective coloring shielding them most effectively. Wilson once came upon the mother-bird and her brood in the woods, and though they were at his very feet, was so baffled by the concealment of the young that he was about to give up the search, much disappointed, when he perceived something "like a slight moldiness among the withered leaves, and, on stooping down, discovered it to be a young whippoorwill, seemingly asleep." Wilson's description of the young is very accurate, as its downy covering does look precisely like a "slight moldiness." Returning a few moments afterward to the spot to get a pencil he had forgotten, he could find neither old nor young.

It takes an eye to see a partridge in the woods, motionless upon the leaves; this sense needs to be as sharp as that of smell in hounds and pointers, and yet I know an unkempt youth that seldom fails to see the bird and shoot it before it takes wing. I think he sees it as soon as it sees him, and before it suspects itself seen. What a training to the eye is hunting! To pick out the game from its surroundings, the grouse from the leaves, the gray squirrel from the mossy oak limb it hugs so closely, the red fox from the ruddy or brown or gray field, the rabbit from the stubble, or the white hare from the snow, requires the best powers of this sense. A woodchuck motionless in the fields or upon a rock looks very much like a large stone or bowlder, yet a keen eye knows the difference at a glance, a quarter of a mile away.

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures; but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights! One advantage the bird surely has; and that is, owing to the form, structure, and position of the eye, it has a much larger field of vision, — indeed, can probably see in nearly every direction at the same instant, behind as well as before. Man's field of vision embraces less than half a circle horizontally, and still less vertically; his brow and brain prevent him from seeing within many degrees of the zenith without a movement of the head; the bird, on the other hand, takes in nearly the whole sphere at a glance.

I find I see, almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flirt of the tail, are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though unquestionably the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking-fern who did not have the walking-fern in his mind. A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through.

One season I was interested in the tree-frogs, especially the tiny pipers that one hears about the woods and brushy fields — the hylas of the swamps become a denizen of trees; I had never

seen him in this new rôle. But this season having them in mind, or rather being ripe for them, I several times came across them. One Sunday, walking amid some bushes, I captured two. They leaped before me as doubtless they had done many times before, but though not looking for or thinking of them, yet they were quickly recognized, because the eye had been commissioned to find them. On another occasion, not long afterward, I was hurriedly loading my gun in the October woods in hopes of overtaking a gray squirrel that was fast escaping through the treetops, when one of these Lilliput frogs, the color of the fast-yellowing leaves, leaped near me. I saw him only out of the corner of my eye, and yet bagged him, because I had already made him my own.

Nevertheless, the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady, deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharpshooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality — that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences, — it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.

We think we have looked at a thing sharply until we are asked for its specific features. I thought I knew exactly the form of the leaf of the tulip-tree, until one day a lady asked me to draw the outlines of one. A good observer is quick to take a hint and to follow it up. Most of the facts of nature, especially in the life of the birds and animals, are well screened. We do not see the play, because we do not look intently enough.

Birds, I say, have wonderfully keen eyes. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat upon the snow in winter, and see how soon the crows will discover it and be on hand. If it be near the house or barn, the crow that first discovers it will alight near it, to make sure that he is not deceived; then he will go away and soon return with a companion. The two alight a few yards from the bone, and after some delay, during which the

vicinity is sharply scrutinized, one of the crows advances boldly to within a few feet of the coveted prize. Here he pauses, and if no trick is discovered, and the meat be indeed meat, he seizes it and makes off.

One midwinter I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house, and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a bluejay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that they came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of the trees and pecking them vigorously.

Of course the woodpecker and his kind have sharp eyes. Still I was surprised to see how quickly Downy found out some bones that were placed in a convenient place under the shed to be pounded up for the hens. In going out to the barn I often disturbed him making a meal off the bits of meat that still adhered to them.

"Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you." I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in the opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching; he flew to a tall tulip-tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me; he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it some minutes he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away. I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk then — commonly called the chicken hawk — is as provident as a mouse or squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need; but I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye to him.

An observer of the birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May and June, when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird; he goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves as silent as a pickpocket; he is robbing birds'-nests and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it, but in the fall none so quick and loud to cry "Thief, thief," as he. One December morning a troop of them discovered a little screech-owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple-tree near my house. How they found the owl out

is a mystery, since it never ventures forth in the light of day; but they did, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peeping into holes and crannies, both spring and fall. Some unsuspecting bird probably entered the cavity, prospecting for a place for next year's nest, or else looking out a likely place to pass a cold night, when it has rushed with very important news. A boy who should unwittingly venture into a bear's den when Bruin was at home could not be more astonished and alarmed than a bluebird would be on finding itself in the cavity of a decayed tree with an owl. At any rate, the bluebirds joined the jays, in calling the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that a culprit of some sort was hiding from the light of day in the old apple-tree. I heard the notes of warning and alarm and approached to within eyeshot. The bluebirds were cautious, and hovered about uttering their peculiar twittering calls; but the jays were bolder, and took turns looking in at the cavity and deriding the poor shrinking owl. A jay would alight in the entrance of the hole, and flirt and peer and attitudinize, and then fly away crying "Thief, thief, thief," at the top of his voice.

I climbed up and peered into the opening, and could just descry the owl clinging to the inside of the tree. I reached in and took him out, giving little heed to the threatening snapping of his beak. He was as red as a fox and as yellow-eyed as a cat. He made no effort to escape, but planted his claws in my forefinger and clung there with a grip that soon grew uncomfortable. I placed him in the loft of an out-house in hopes of getting better acquainted with him. By day he was a very willing prisoner, scarcely moving at all even when approached and touched with the hand, but looking out upon the world with half-closed sleepy eyes. But at night what a change; how alert, how wild, how active! He was like another bird; he darted about with wild, fearful eyes, and regarded me like a cornered cat. I opened the window, and swiftly, but as silently as a shadow, he glided out into the congenial darkness, and perhaps ere this has revenged himself upon the sleeping jay or bluebird that first betrayed his hiding-place.

SIR RICHARD BURTON.

Sir Richard Francis Burton, a British traveler and soldier, born at Borham House, Hertfordshire, England, March 19, 1821; died at Trieste, Austria, Oct. 20, 1890. He was educated in England and France. In 1842 he obtained a commission in the Indian army. He excelled as a horseman, swordsman, and shot. Disguised as an Afghan pilgrim, he visited Mecca and Medina. He afterward commanded an expedition to Somaliland, and succeeded in reaching Harar, a city previously unvisited by any European. In 1856, Burton, accompanied by Lieutenant Speke, in an expedition through Africa, discovered Lake Tanganyika.

On his return from America, he was sent as consul to the west coast of Africa. After going on a mission to the King of Dahomey, Burton was sent to South America. Here he explored the gold mines of Brazil, descended the Saô Francisco River in a canoe, and crossed the Andes to Chili and Peru.

Burton's principal works are: "Sindh, and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus" (1851); "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah" (1855); "The Lake Regions of Central Africa" (1860); "The City of the Saints" (1861); "Abeokuta, or Exploration of the Cameroon Mountains" (1863); "Narrative of a Mission to the King of Dahomey" (1864); "Exploration of the Highlands of Brazil" (1868); "Vikram and the Vampire" (1869); "Zanzibar" (1872); "Two Trips to Gorilla Land"; "Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland"; "Etruscan Bologna" (1876); "The Ruined Midianite Cities" (1878); "Camoens, his Life and Lusiads" (1881); "To the Gold Coast for Gold" (1882); and a new translation of the "Arabian Nights" (1885).

The African Rain-maker.

(From "Lake Regions of Central Africa.")

In East Africa, from Somaliland to the Cape, and throughout the interior amongst the negroids and negroes north as well as south of the equator, the *Myanga* — rain-maker or rain-doctor — is a personage of consequence; and he does not fail to turn

the hopes and fears of the people to his own advantage. A season of drought causes dearth, disease, and desolation amongst these improvident races, who therefore connect every strange phenomenon with the object of their desires — a copious wet monsoon. The enemy has medicines which disperse the clouds. The stranger who brings with him heavy showers is regarded as a being of good omen; usually, however, the worst is expected from the novel portent: he will, for instance, be accompanied and preceded by fertilizing rains, but the wells and springs will dry up after his departure, and the result will be drought or smallpox. These rumors, which may account for the Libyan stranger-sacrifices in the olden time, are still dangerous to travelers. The Mganga must remedy the evil. His spells are those of fetissists in general, the mystic use of something foul, poisonous, or difficult to procure, such as the *album græcum* of hyenas, snakes' fangs, or lions' hair; these and similar articles are collected with considerable trouble by the young men of the tribe for the use of the rain-maker. But he is a weather-wise man, and rains in tropical lands are easily foreseen. Not infrequently, however, he proves himself a false prophet; and when all the resources of cunning fail, he must fly for dear life from the victims of his delusion.

The Mganga is also a predicter and a soothsayer. He foretells the success or failure of commercial undertakings, of wars, and of kidnapping commandos; he foresees famine and pestilence, and he suggests the means of averting calamities. He fixes also, before the commencement of any serious affair, fortunate conjunctions, without which a good issue cannot be expected. He directs expiatory offerings. His word is even powerful to expedite or to delay the march of a caravan; and in his quality of augur he considers the flight of birds and the cries of beasts, like his prototype of the same class in ancient Europe and in modern Asia.

The principal instrument of the Mganga's craft is one of the dirty little *buyu* or gourds which he wears in a bunch round his waist; and the following is the usual programme when the oracle is to be consulted: The magician brings his implements in a bag of matting; his demeanor is serious as the occasion; he is carefully greased, and his head is adorned with the diminutive antelope horns, fastened by a thong of leather above the forehead. He sits like a sultan upon a dwarf stool in front of the querist, and begins by exhorting the highest possible offertory.

No pay, no predict. The Mganga has many other implements of his craft. Some prophesy by the motion of berries swimming in a cupful of water, which is placed upon a low stool surrounded by four tails of the zebra or the buffalo lashed to sticks planted upright in the ground. The *kasanda* is a system of folding triangles not unlike those upon which toy soldiers are mounted. Held in the right hand, it is thrown out, and the direction of the end points to the safe and auspicious route; this is probably the rudest application of prestidigitation. The *shero* is a bit of wood about the size of a man's hand, and not unlike a pair of bellows, with a dwarf handle, a projection like a nozzle, and in the circular center a little hollow. This is filled with water, and a grain or fragment of wood placed to float gives an evil omen if it tends toward the sides, and favorable if it veers toward the handle or the nozzle. The Mganga generally carries about with him, to announce his approach, a kind of rattle called *Sánje*. This is a hollow gourd of pine-apple shape, pierced with various holes, prettily carved and half filled with maize, grains, and pebbles; the handle is a stick passed through its length, and secured by cross-pins.

The Mganga has many minor duties. In elephant hunts he must throw the first spear, and endure the blame if the beast escapes. He marks ivory with spots disposed in lines and other figures, and thus enables it to reach the coast without let or hindrance. He loads the *kiranjozi* or guide with charms and periapts, to defend him from the malice which is ever directed at the leading man, and sedulously forbids him to allow precedence even to the Msungi, the commander and proprietor of the caravan. He aids his tribe by magical arts in wars, by catching a bee, reciting over it certain incantations, and loosing it in the direction of the foe, when the insect will immediately summon an army of its fellows, and disperse a host, however numerous. This belief well illustrates the easy passage of the natural into the supernatural. The land being full of swarms, and a man's body being wholly exposed, many a caravan has been dispersed like chaff before the wind by a bevy of swarming bees.

A Journey in Disguise.

(From "The Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.")

The thoroughbred wanderer's idiosyncrasy I presume to be a composition of what phrenologists call "inhabitiveness" and

"locality," equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, he drops into the nearest place of rest to become the most domestic of men. For a while he smokes the "pipe of permanence" with an infinite zest; he delights in various siestas during the day, relishing withal a long sleep at night; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner hour, and wonders at the demoralization of the mind which cannot find means of excitement in chit-chat or small talk, in a novel or a newspaper. But soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of *ennui* coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses appetite, he walks about his room all night, he yawns at conversations, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so or he shall die.

After about a month most pleasantly spent at Alexandria, I perceived the approach of the enemy, and as nothing hampered my incomings and outgoings, I surrendered. The world was "all before me," and there was pleasant excitement in plunging single-handed into its chilling depths. My Alexandrian Shaykh, whose heart fell victim to a new "jubbeh" which I had given in exchange for his tattered zaabut, offered me in consideration of a certain monthly stipend the affections of a brother and religious refreshment, proposing to send his wife back to her papa, and to accompany me in the capacity of private chaplain to the other side of Kaf. I politely accepted the "brüderschaft," but many reasons induced me to decline his society and services. In the first place, he spoke the detestable Egyptian jargon. Secondly, it was but prudent to lose the "spoor" between Alexandria and Suez. And thirdly, my "brother" had shifting eyes (symptoms of fickleness), close together (indices of cunning); a flat-crowned head and large ill-fitting lips, signs which led me to think lightly of his honesty, firmness, and courage. Phrenology and physiognomy, be it observed, disappoint you often among civilized people, the proper action of whose brains and features is impeded by the external pressure of education, accident, example, habit, necessity, and what not. But they are tolerably safe guides when groping your way through the mind of man in his natural state, a being of impulse in that chrysalis stage of mental development which is rather instinct than reason. But before my departure there was much to be done.

The land of the Pharaohs is becoming civilized, and unpleasantly so: nothing can be more uncomfortable than its present middle state between barbarism and the reverse. The prohibi-

tion against carrying arms is rigid as in Italy; all "violence" is violently denounced; and beheading being deemed cruel, the most atrocious crimes, as well as those small political offenses which in the days of the Mamelukes would have led to a beyship or a bowstring, receive fourfold punishment by deportation to Faizoghli, the local Cayenne. If you order your peasant to be flogged, his friends gather in threatening hundreds at your gates; when you curse your boatman, he complains to your consul; the dragomans afflict you with strange wild notions about honesty; a government order prevents you from using vituperative language to the "natives" in general; and the very donkey-boys are becoming cognizant of the right of man to remain unbastinadoed. Still the old leaven remains behind; here, as elsewhere in "morning-land," you cannot hold your own without employing your fists. The passport system, now dying out of Europe, has sprung up, or rather revived, in Egypt with peculiar vigor. Its good effects claim for it our respect; still we cannot but lament its inconvenience. *We*, I mean real Easterns. As strangers — even those whose beards have whitened in the land — know absolutely nothing of what unfortunate natives must endure, I am tempted to subjoin a short sketch of my adventures in search of a Tezkireh at Alexandria.

Through ignorance which might have cost me dear but for my friend Larking's weight with the local authorities, I had neglected to provide myself with a passport in England: and it was not without difficulty, involving much unclean dressing and an unlimited expenditure of broken English, that I obtained from the consul at Alexandria a certificate declaring me to be an Indo-British subject named Abdullah, by profession a doctor, aged thirty, and not distinguished — at least so the frequent blanks seemed to denote — by any remarkable conformation of eyes, nose, or cheek. For this I disbursed a dollar. And here let me record the indignation with which I did it. That mighty Britain — the mistress of the seas — ruler of one-sixth of mankind — should charge five shillings to pay for the shadow of her protecting wing! That I cannot speak my modernized "civis sum Romanus" without putting my hand into my pocket, in order that these officers of the Great Queen may not take too ruinously from a revenue of fifty-six millions! Oh the meanness of our magnificence! the littleness of our greatness!

My new passport would not carry me without the Zabit or Police Magistrate's counter-signature, said the consul. Next

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT

day I went to the Zabit, who referred me to the Muhafiz (Governor) of Alexandria, at whose gate I had the honor of squatting at least three hours, till a more compassionate clerk vouchsafed the information that the proper place to apply to was the Diwan Kharijiyeh (the Foreign Office). Thus a second day was utterly lost. On the morning of the third I started as directed for the place, which crowns the Headland of Figs. It is a huge and couthless shell of building in parallelogrammic form, containing all kinds of public offices in glorious confusion, looking with their glaring whitewashed faces upon a central court, where a few leafless wind-wrung trees seem struggling for the breath of life in an eternal atmosphere of clay, dust, and sun-blaze.

The first person I addressed was a Kawwas or police officer, who, coiled comfortably up in a bit of shade fitting his person like a robe, was in full enjoyment of the Asiatic "Kaif." Having presented the consular certificate and briefly stated the nature of my business, I ventured to inquire what was the right course to pursue for a visá.

They have little respect for Dervishes, it appears, at Alexandria! "M'adri" (Don't know), growled the man of authority, without moving anything but the quantity of tongue necessary for articulation.

Now there are three ways of treating Asiatic officials, — by bribe, by bullying, or by bothering them with a dogged perseverance into attending to you and your concerns. The latter is the peculiar province of the poor; moreover, this time I resolved for other reasons to be patient. I repeated my question in almost the same words. "Ruh!" (Be off) was what I obtained for all reply. By this time the questioned went so far as to open his eyes. Still I stood twirling the paper in my hands, and looking very humble and very persevering, till a loud "Ruh ya Kalb!" (Go, O dog!) converted into a responsive curse the little speech I was preparing about the brotherhood of El-Islam and the mutual duties obligatory on true believers. I then turned away slowly and fiercely, for the next thing might have been a cut with the Kurbaj [bastinado], and by the hammer of Thor! British flesh and blood could never have stood that.

After which satisfactory scene, — for satisfactory it was in one sense, proving the complete fitness of the Dervish's dress, — I tried a dozen other promiscuous sources of information, — policemen, grooms, scribes, donkey-boys, and idlers in general. At

length, wearied of patience, I offered a soldier some pinches of tobacco and promised him an Oriental sixpence if he would manage the business for me. The man was interested by the tobacco and the pence; he took my hand, and inquiring the while he went along, led me from place to place till, mounting a grand staircase, I stood in the presence of Abbas Effendi, the governor's Naib or deputy.

It was a little whey-faced black-bearded Turk, coiled up in the usual conglomerate posture upon a calico-covered divan, at the end of a long, bare large-windowed room. Without deigning even to nod the head which hung over his shoulder with transcendent listlessness and affectation of pride, in answer to my salams and benedictions, he eyed me with wicked eyes and faintly ejaculated "Minent?" Then hearing that I was a Dervish and doctor, — he must be an Osmanli Voltairian, that little Turk, — the official snorted a contemptuous snort. He condescendingly added, however, that the proper source to seek was "Taht," which, meaning simply "below," conveyed rather imperfect information in a topographical point of view to a stranger. At length however my soldier guide found out that a room in the custom-house bore the honorable appellation of "Foreign Office." Accordingly I went there, and after sitting at least a couple of hours at the bolted door in the noonday sun, was told, with a fury which made me think I had sinned, that the officer in whose charge the department was had been presented with an olive-branch in the morning, and consequently that business was not to be done that day. The angry-faced official communicated the intelligence to a large group of Anadolian, Caramanian, Bosniac, and Roumelian Turks, — sturdy, undersized, broad-shouldered, bare-legged, splay-footed, horny-fisted, dark-browed, honest-looking mountaineers, who were lounging about with long pistols and yataghans stuck in their broad sashes, head-gear composed of immense tarbooshes with proportionate turbans coiled round them, and two or three suits of substantial clothes — even at this season of the year — upon their shoulders.

Like myself they had waited some hours, but they were not patient under disappointment: they bluntly told the angry official that he and his master were a pair of idlers, and the curses that rumbled and gurgled in their hairy throats as they strode towards the door sounded like the growling of wild beasts.

Thus was another day truly Orientally lost. On the morrow however I obtained permission, in the character of Dr. Abdullah,

to visit any part of Egypt I pleased, and to retain possession of my dagger and pistols.

And now I must explain what induced me to take so much trouble about a passport. The home reader naturally inquires, Why not travel under your English name?

For this reason. In the generality of barbarous countries you must either proceed, like Bruce, preserving the "dignity of manhood" and carrying matters with a high hand, or you must worm your way by timidity and subservience; in fact, by becoming an animal too contemptible for man to let or injure. But to pass through the Holy Land you must either be a born believer, or have become one; in the former case you may demean yourself as you please, in the latter a path is ready prepared for you. My spirit could not bend to own myself a Burma, a renegade — to be pointed at and shunned and catechized, an object of suspicion to the many and of contempt to all. Moreover, it would have obstructed the aim of my wanderings. The convert is always watched with Argus eyes, and men do not willingly give information to a "new Moslem," especially a Frank: they suspect his conversion to be a feigned or a forced one, look upon him as a spy, and let him see as little of life as possible. Firmly as was my heart set upon traveling in Arabia, by Heaven! I would have given up the dear project rather than purchase a doubtful and partial success at such a price. Consequently I had no choice but to appear as a born believer, and part of my birthright in that respectable character was toil and trouble in obtaining a tezkirah.

Then I had to provide myself with certain necessaries for the way. These were not numerous. The silver-mounted dressing-case is here supplied by a rag containing a miswak, a bit of soap, and a comb — wooden, for bone and tortoise-shell are not, religiously speaking, correct. Equally simple was my wardrobe: a change or two of clothing. The only article of canteen description was a zemzemiyah, a goat-skin water-bag, which communicates to its contents, especially when new, a ferruginous aspect and a wholesome though hardly an attractive flavor of tannogelatine. This was a necessary; to drink out of a tumbler, possibly fresh from pig-eating lips, would have entailed a certain loss of reputation. For bedding and furniture I had a coarse Persian rug — which, besides being couch, acts as chair, table, and oratory, — a cotton-stuffed chintz-covered pillow, a blanket in case of cold, and a sheet, which does duty for tent and mos-

quito curtains in nights of heat. As shade is a convenience not always procurable, another necessary was a huge cotton umbrella of Eastern make, brightly yellow, suggesting the idea of an overgrown marigold. I had also a substantial housewife, the gift of a kind friend: it was a roll of canvas, carefully soiled, and garnished with needles and thread, cobblers' wax, buttons, and other such articles. These things were most useful in lands where tailors abound not; besides which, the sight of a man darning his coat or patching his slippers teems with pleasing ideas of humility. A dagger, a brass inkstand and penholder stuck in the belt, and a mighty rosary, which on occasion might have been converted into a weapon of offense, completed my equipment. I must not omit to mention the proper method of carrying money, which in these lands should never be intrusted to box or bag. A common cotton purse secured in a breast pocket (for Egypt now abounds in that civilized animal the pickpocket) contained silver pieces and small change. My gold, of which I carried twenty-five sovereigns, and papers, were committed to a substantial leathern belt of Maghrabi manufacture, made to be strapped round the waist under the dress. This is the Asiatic method of concealing valuables, and a more civilized one than ours in the last century, when Roderick Random and his companion "sewed their money between the lining and the waistband of their breeches, except some loose silver for immediate expense on the road." The great inconvenience of the belt is its weight, especially where dollars must be carried, as in Arabia, causing chafes and inconvenience at night. Moreover it can scarcely be called safe. In dangerous countries wary travelers will adopt surer precautions.

A pair of common native khurjin or saddle-bags contained my wardrobe, the "bed," readily rolled up into a bundle; and for a medicine chest I bought a pea-green box with red and yellow flowers, capable of standing falls from a camel twice a day.

The next step was to find out when the local steamer would start for Cairo, and accordingly I betook myself to the Transit Office. No vessel was advertised; I was directed to call every evening till satisfied. At last the fortunate event took place: a "weekly departure," which by-the-by had occurred once every fortnight or so, was in order for the next day. I hurried to the office, but did not reach it till past noon — the hour of idleness. A little dark gentleman, so formed and dressed as exactly to resemble a liver-and-tan bull-terrier, who with his heels on the

table was dozing, cigar in mouth, over the last Galignani, positively refused after a time, — for at first he would not speak at all, — to let me take my passage till three in the afternoon. I inquired when the boat started, upon which he referred me, as I had spoken bad Italian, to the advertisement. I pleaded inability to read or write, whereupon he testily cried "*Alle nove! alle nove!*" (At nine! at nine!) Still appearing uncertain, I drove him out of his chair, when he rose with a curse and read "8 A. M." An unhappy Eastern, depending upon what he said, would have been precisely one hour too late.

Thus were we lapsing into the real good old Indian style of doing business. Thus Indicus orders his first clerk to execute some commission; the senior, having "work" upon his hands, sends a junior; the junior finds the sun hot, and passes on the word to a "peon"; the peon charges a porter with the errand; and the porter quietly sits or dozes in his place, trusting that fate will bring him out of the scrape, but firmly resolved, though the shattered globe fall, not to stir an inch.

The reader, I must again express a hope, will pardon the egotism of these descriptions: my object is to show him how business is carried on in these hot countries — business generally. For had I, instead of being Abdullah the Dervish, been a rich native merchant, it would have been the same. How many complaints of similar treatment have I heard in different parts of the Eastern world! and how little can one realize them without having actually experienced the evil! For the future I shall never see a "nigger" squatting away half a dozen mortal hours in a broiling sun, patiently waiting for something or for some one, without a lively remembrance of my own cooling of the *calces* at the custom-house of Alexandria.

At length, about the end of May, all was ready. Not without a feeling of regret I left my little room among the white myrtle blossoms and the oleander flowers. I kissed with humble ostentation my kind host's hand in presence of his servants, bade adieu to my patients, who now amounted to about fifty, shaking hands with all meekly and with religious equality of attention, and, mounted in a "trap" which looked like a cross between a wheel-barrow and dog-cart, drawn by a kicking, jibbing, and biting mule, I set out for the steamer.

ROBERT BURTON.

Robert Burton, an English humorist, born in Leicestershire in 1577, died at Oxford in 1640. He was educated at Oxford, entered the Church, and was appointed Rector of Seagrave, in his native county. He seems, however, to have resided at Oxford. He is said to have been benevolent and upright, though whimsical and a prey to melancholy. "The Anatomy of Melancholy," which mirrors the author's own mind and temperament, appeared in 1621, and is a storehouse of quotations from Greek and Latin authors. The book went through five editions during the author's lifetime.

All Men Subject to Melancholy.

(From the "Anatomy of Melancholy.")

Melancholy, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief, passion, or perturbation of the mind; any manner of care, discontent, or thought which causeth anguish, dullness, heaviness and vexation of spirit, any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense, we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed, solitary, any way moved or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions, no man living is free, no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine, that can vindicate himself; so well composed, but more or less, some time or other, he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper, that "nothing could disturb him but going out and coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befell him" (if we may believe Plato, his disciple), was much

tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of all happiness, *Natus in florentissima totius orbis civitate, nobilissimis parentibus, corporis vivus habuit et rarissimas animi dotes, uxorem conspicuam, pudicam, fœlices liberos, consulare decus, sequentes triumphos, etc.*, "the most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honorable, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children, etc.," yet this man was not void of melancholy; he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after, by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can cure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, *ut cœlum, sic nos homines sumus: illud ex intervallo nubibus obducitur et obscuratur. In rosario flores spinis intermixti. Vita similis œri, udum modo, sudum, tempestas, serenitas; ita vices rerum sunt, præmia gaudiis, et sequaces curæ*, "as the heaven, so is our life, sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers; so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows, calumnies"; *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas*, there is a succession of pleasure and pain.

"Medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid in ipsis floribus augat."

"Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow" (as Solomon holds); even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as Austin infers in his Commentary on the 41st Psalm, there is grief and discontent. *Inter delicias semper aliquid sacri nos strangulat*, for a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encompass our life. And it is most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. . . . We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offense, with such constancy, to continue for so many ages; but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupted, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and

disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time), he knows not the condition of it, where, with a reciprocality, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring." *Exi è mundo*, get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it; there is no way to avoid it but to arm thy self with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, to suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ; as Paul adviseth, constantly to bear it.

. . . . . .

This progress of melancholy you shall easily observe in them that have been so affected, they go smiling to themselves at first, at length they laugh out; at first solitary, at last they can endure no company, or if they do, they are now dizzards, past sense and shame, quite moped, they care not what they say or do; all their actions, words, gestures, are furious or ridiculous. At first his mind is troubled, he doth not attend what is said, if you tell him a tale, he cries at last, What said you? but in the end he mutters to himself, as old women do many times, or old men when they sit alone; upon a sudden they laugh, whoop, halloo, or run away, and swear they see or hear Players, Devils, Hobgoblins, Ghosts, strike, or strut, etc., grow humorous in the end: like him in the Poet, *sæpe ducentos sæpe decem servos* [he often keeps two hundred slaves, often only ten], he will dress himself, and undress, careless at last, grows insensible, stupid or mad. He howls like a wolf, barks like a dog, and raves like *Ajax* and *Orestes*, hears Music and outcries which no man else hears. . . .

An Abstract of Melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly:
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time runs very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly:
Nought so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brookside or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly:
None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove or unknown den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly:
None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine.
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine;
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly:
None so sweet as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes —
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as Melancholy.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Horace Bushnell, an eminent Congregational minister and religious writer, was born near Litchfield, Conn., April 14, 1802; died at Hartford, Feb. 17, 1876. He was graduated at Yale in 1827, and then became literary editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*. From 1829 to 1831 he was a tutor at Yale, studying theology during this time, he having previously studied law. In 1833 he became pastor of a Congregational church in Hartford, where he remained until 1859, when failing health compelled him to resign his pastorate, though he continued his literary labors. Among his published works are: "The Principles of National Greatness," a Phi Beta Kappa oration (1837); "Christian Nurture" (1847); "God in Christ" (1849); "Christ in Theology" (1851); "Sermons for the New Life" (1858); "Work and Play" (1864); "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868); "Woman Suffrage" (1869); "Sermons on Living Subjects" (1872); "Forgiveness and Law" (1874).

"Characteristics of Christ."

(From "The Character of Jesus.")

I recollect no really great character in history, excepting such as may have been formed under Christianity, that can properly be said to have united the passive virtues, or to have considered them any essential part of a finished character. Socrates comes the nearest to such an impression, and therefore most resembles Christ in the submissiveness of his death. It does not appear, however, that his mind had taken this turn previously to his trial, and the submission he makes to the public sentence is, in fact, a refusal only to escape from the prison surreptitiously; which he does, partly because he thinks it the duty of every good citizen not to break the laws, and partly, if we judge from his manner, because he is detained by a subtle pride; as if it were something unworthy of a grave philosopher, to be stealing away, as a fugitive, from the laws and tribunals of his country. The Stoics, indeed, have it for one of their

great principles, that the true wisdom of life consists in a passive power, viz., in being able to bear suffering rightly. But they mean by this, the bearing of suffering so as not to feel it; a steeling of the mind against sensibility, and a raising of the will into such power as to drive back the pangs of life, or shake them off. But this, in fact, contains no allowance of passive virtue at all; on the contrary, it is an attempt so to exalt the active powers, as even to exclude every sort of passion, or passivity. And Stoicism corresponds, in this respect, with the general sentiment of the world's great characters. They are such as like to see things in the heroic vein, to see spirit and courage breasting themselves against wrong, and where the evil cannot be escaped by resistance, dying in a manner of defiance. Indeed it has been the impression of the world generally, that patience, gentleness, readiness to suffer wrong without resistance, is but another name for weakness.

But Christ, in opposition to all such impressions, manages to connect these nonresisting and gentle passivities with a character of the severest grandeur and majesty; and, what is more, convinces us that no truly great character can exist without them.

Observe him, first, in what may be called the common trials of existence. For if you will put a character to the severest of all tests, see whether it can bear without faltering the little common ills and hindrances of life. Many a man will go to his martyrdom, with a spirit of firmness and heroic composure, whom a little weariness or nervous exhaustion, some silly prejudice or capricious opposition, would, for the moment, throw into a fit of vexation or ill nature. Great occasions rally great principles, and brace the mind to a lofty bearing, a bearing that is even above itself. But trials that make no occasion at all, leave it to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that he is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit, in little trials as in great ones. In all the history of his life, we are not able to detect the faintest indication that he slips or falters. And this is the more remarkable, that he is prosecuting so great a work with so great enthusiasm — counting it his meat and drink, and pouring into it all the energies of his life. For when men have great works on hand, their very enthusiasm runs to impatience. When thwarted or unreasonably hindered, their soul strikes fire against the obstacles they meet, they worry

themselves at every hindrance, every disappointment, and break out in stormy and fanatical violence. But Jesus, for some reason, is just as even, just as serene, in all his petty vexations and hindrances, as if he had nothing on hand to do. A kind of sacred patience invests him everywhere. Having no element of crude will mixed with his work, he is able, in all trial and opposition, to hold a condition of serenity above the clouds, and let them sail under him, without ever obscuring the sun. He is poor, and hungry, and weary, and despised, insulted by his enemies, deserted by his friends, but never disheartened, never fretted or ruffled.

You see, meantime, that he is no Stoic; he visibly feels every such ill as his delicate and sensitive nature must, but he has some sacred and sovereign good present, to mingle with his pains, which, as it were, naturally and without any self-watching, allays them. He does not seem to rule his temper, but rather to have none; for temper, in the sense of passion, is a fury that follows the will, as the lightnings follow the disturbing forces of the winds among the clouds; and accordingly, where there is no self-will to roll up the clouds and hurl them through the sky, the lightnings hold their equilibrium, and are as though they were not.

As regards what is called preëminently his passion, the scene of martyrdom that closes his life, it is easy to distinguish a character in it which separates it from all mere human martyrdoms. Thus, it will be observed that his agony, the scene in which his suffering is bitterest and most evident, is, on human principles, wholly misplaced. It comes before the time, when as yet there is no arrest and no human prospect that there will be any. He is at large, to go where he pleases, and in perfect outward safety. His disciples have just been gathered round him in a scene of more than family tenderness and affection. Indeed it is but a very few hours since that he was coming into the city, at the head of a vast procession, followed by loud acclamations, and attended by such honors as may fitly celebrate the inaugural of a king. Yet here, with no bad sign apparent, we see him plunged into a scene of deepest distress, and racked, in his feeling, with a more than mortal agony. Coming out of this, assured and comforted, he is shortly arrested, brought to trial, and crucified, where, if there be anything questionable in his manner, it is in the fact that he is even more composed than some would have him to be, not even stooping to defend himself or vindicate his

innocence. And when he dies, it is not as when the martyrs die. They die for what they have said, and remaining silent will not recant. He dies for what he has not said, and still is silent.

By the misplacing of his agony thus, and the strange silence he observes when the real hour of agony is come, we are put entirely at fault on natural principles. But it was not for him to wait, as being only a man, till he is arrested, and the hand of death is upon him, then to be nerved by the occasion to a show of victory. He that was before Abraham must also be before his occasions. In a time of safety, in a cool hour of retirement, unaccountably to his friends, he falls into a dreadful contest and struggle of mind, coming out of it finally to go through his most horrible tragedy of crucifixion, with the serenity of a spectator!

Why now this so great intensity of sorrow? Why this agony? Was there not something unmanly in it, something unworthy of a really great soul? Take him to be only a man, and there probably was; nay, if he were a woman, the same might be said. But this one thing is clear, that no one of mankind, whether man or woman, ever had the sensibility to suffer so intensely, even showing the body, for the mere struggle and pain of the mind, exuding and dripping with blood. Evidently there is something mysterious here; which mystery is vehicle to our feeling, and rightfully may be, of something divine. What, we begin to ask, should be the power of a superhuman sensibility? and how far should the human vehicle shake under such a power? How, too, should an innocent and pure spirit be exercised, when about to suffer, in his own person, the greatest wrong ever committed?

Besides, there is a vicarious spirit in love; all love inserts itself vicariously into the sufferings and woes, and, in a certain sense, the sins of others, taking them on itself as a burden. How then, if perchance Jesus should be divine, an embodiment of God's love in the world — how should he feel, and by what signs of feeling manifest his sensibility, when a fallen race are just about to do the damning sin that crowns their guilty history; to crucify the only perfect being that ever came into the world; to crucify even him, the messenger and representative to them of the love of God, the deliverer who has taken their case and cause upon him! Whosoever duly ponders these questions will find that he is led away, more and more, from any supposition of the mere mortality of Jesus. What he looks

upon he will more and more distinctly see to be the pathology of a superhuman anguish. It stands, he will perceive, in no mortal key. It will be to him the anguish, visibly, not of any pusillanimous feeling, but of holy character itself; nay, of a mysteriously transcendent, or somehow divine character.

But why did he not defend his cause and justify his innocence in the trial? Partly because he had the wisdom to see that there really was and could be no trial, and that one who undertakes to plead with a mob only mocks his own virtue, throwing words into the air that is already filled with the clamors of prejudice. To plead innocence in such a case is only to make a protestation such as indicates fear, and is really unworthy of a great and composed spirit. A man would have done it, but Jesus did not. Besides, there was a plea of innocence in the manner of Jesus, and the few very significant words that he dropped, that had an effect on the mind of Pilate, more searching and powerful than any formal protestations. And the more we study the conduct of Jesus during the whole scene, the more we shall be satisfied that he said enough; the more admire the mysterious composure, the wisdom, the self-possession, and the superhuman patience of the sufferer. It was visibly the death scene of a transcendent love. He dies not as a man, but rather as some one might who is mysteriously more and higher. So thought aloud the hard-faced soldier, "Truly this was the Son of God." As if he had said, "I have seen men die; this is not a man. They call him Son of God; he cannot be less." Can he be less to us?

The Founders.

(From "Work and Play.")

There is a class of writers and critics in our country, who imagine it is quite clear that our fathers cannot have been the proper founders of our American liberties, because it is in proof that they were so intolerant and so clearly unrepublican often in their avowed sentiments. They suppose the world to be a kind of professor's chair, and expect events to transpire logically in it. They see not that casual opinions, or conventional and traditional prejudices, are one thing, and that principles and morally dynamic forces are often quite another; that the former are the connectives only of history, the latter its springs of life; and that if the former serve well enough as

providential guards and moderating weights overlying the deep geologic fires and subterranean heavings of the new moral instincts below, these latter will assuredly burst up at last in strong mountains of rock to crest the world. Unable to conceive such a truth, they cast about them accordingly to find the paternity of our American institutions in purely accidental causes. We are clear of aristocratic orders, they say, because there was no blood of which to make an aristocracy; independent of king and parliament, because we grew into independence under the natural effects of distance and the exercise of a legislative power; republican, because our constitutions were cast in the molds of British law; a wonder of growth in riches, enterprise, and population, because of the hard necessities laid upon us, and our simple modes of life.

There is yet another view of this question, that has a far higher significance. We do not understand, as it seems to me, the real greatness of our institutions when we look simply at the forms under which we hold our liberties. It consists not in these, but in the magnificent possibilities that underlie these forms as their fundamental supports and conditions. In these we have the true paternity and spring of our institutions; and these, beyond a question, are the gift of our founders.

We see this, first of all, in the fixed relation between freedom and intelligence, and the remarkable care they had of popular education. It was not their plan to raise up a body of republicans. But they believed in mind as in God. Their religion was the choice of mind. The gospel they preached must have minds to hear it; and hence the solemn care they had, even from the first day of their settlement, of the education of every child. And, as God would have it, the children whom they trained up for pillars in the church turned out also to be more than tools of power. They grew up into magistrates, leaders of the people, debaters of right and of law, statesmen, generals, and signers of declarations for liberty. Such a mass of capacity had never been seen before in so small a body of men. And this is the first condition of liberty — the Condensation of Power. For liberty is not the license of an hour; it is not the butchery of a royal house, or the passion that rages behind a barricade, or the caps that are swung, or the *vivas* shouted at the installing of a liberator. But it is the compact, impenetrable matter of much manhood, the compressed energy of good sense and public reason, having power to see before and after and

measure action by counsel — this it is that walls about the strength and liberty of a people. To be free is not to fly abroad as the owls of the night when they take the freedom of the air, but it is to settle and build and be strong — a commonwealth as much better compacted in the terms of reason, as it casts off more of the restraints of force.

Their word was "Reformation" — "the completion of the Reformation"; not Luther's nor Calvin's, they expressly say; they cannot themselves imagine it. Hitherto it is unconceived by men. God must reveal it in the light that breaks forth from him. And this he will do in his own good time. It is already clear to us that, in order to any further progress in this direction, it was necessary for a new movement to begin that should loosen the joints of despotism and emancipate the mind of the world. And in order to this a new republic must be planted and have time to grow. It must be rising up in the strong majesty of freedom and youth, outstripping the old prescriptive world in enterprise and the race of power, covering the ocean with its commerce, spreading out in populous swarms of industry, — planting, building, educating, framing constitutions, rushing to and fro in the smoke and thunder of travel along its mighty rivers, across its inland seas, over its mountain-tops from one shore to the other, strong in order as in liberty, — a savage continent become the field of a colossal republican empire, whose name is a name of respect and a mark of desire to the longing eyes of mankind. And then, as the fire of new ideas and hopes darts electrically along the nerves of feeling in the millions of the race, it will be seen that a new Christian movement also begins with it. Call it reformation, or formation, or by whatever name, it is irresistible because it is intangible. In one view it is only destruction. The State is loosened from the Church. The Church crumbles down into fragments. Superstition is eaten away by the strong acid of liberty, and spiritual despotism flies affrighted from the broken loyalty of its metropolis. Protestantism also, divided and subdivided by its dialectic quarrels, falls into the finest, driest powder of disintegration. Be not afraid. The new order crystallizes only as the old is dissolved; and no sooner is the old unity of orders and authorities effectually dissolved than the reconstructive affinities of a new and better unity begin to appear in the solution. Repugnances melt away. Thought grows catholic. Men look for good in each other as well as evil. The crossings of opinion by travel and

books, and the intermixture of races and religions, issue in freer, broader views of the Christian truth; and so the "Church of the Future," as it has been called, gravitates inwardly towards those terms of brotherhood in which it may coalesce and rest. I say not or believe that Christendom will be Puritanized or Protestantized; but what is better than either, it will be Christianized. It will settle thus into a unity, probably not of form, but of practical assent and love — a Commonwealth of the Spirit, as much stronger in its unity than the old satrapy of priestly despotism, as our republic is stronger than any other government of the world.

Religious Music.

As we are wont to argue the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead, from the things that are seen, finding them all images of thought and vehicles of intelligence, so we have an argument for God more impressive, in one view, because the matter of it is so deep and mysterious, from the fact that a grand, harmonic, soul-interpreting law of music pervades all the objects of the material creation, and that things without life, all metals and woods and valleys and mountains and waters, are tempered with distinctions of sound, and toned to be a language to the feeling of the heart. It is as if God had made the world about us to be a grand organ of music, so that our feelings might have play in it, as our understanding has in the light of the sun and the outward colors and forms of things. What is called the musical scale, or octave, is fixed in the original appointments of sound just as absolutely and definitely as the colors of the rainbow or prism in the optical properties and laws of light. And the visible objects of the world are not more certainly shaped and colored to us under the exact laws of light and the prism, than they are tempered and toned, as objects audible, to give distinctions of sound by their vibrations in the terms of the musical octave. It is not simply that we hear the sea roar and the floods clap their hands in anthems of joy; it is not that we hear the low winds sigh, or the storms howl dolefully, or the ripples break peacefully on the shore, or the waters dripping sadly from the rock, or the thunders crashing in horrible majesty through the pavements of heaven; not only do all the natural sounds we hear come to us in tones of music as in-

terpreters of feeling, but there is hid in the secret temper and substance of all matter a silent music, that only waits to sound and become a voice of utterance to the otherwise unutterable feeling of our heart — a voice, if we will have it, of love and worship to the God of all.

First, there is a musical scale in the laws of the air itself, exactly answering to the musical sense or law of the soul. Next, there is in all substances a temperament of quality related to both; so that whatever kind of feeling there may be in a soul — war and defiance, festivity and joy, sad remembrance, remorse, pity, penitence, self-denial, love, adoration — may find some fit medium of sound in which to express itself. And, what is not less remarkable, connected with all these forms of substances there are mathematical laws of length and breadth, or definite proportions of each, and reflective angles, that are every way as exact as those which regulate the colors of the prism, the images of the mirror, or the telescopic light of astronomic worlds — mathematics for the heart as truly as for the head.

It cannot be said that music is a human creation, and as far as the substances of the world are concerned, a mere accident. As well can it be said that man creates the colors of the prism, and that they are not in the properties of the light, because he shapes the prism by his own mechanical art. Or if still we doubt; if it seems incredible that the soul of music is in the heart of all created being; then the laws of harmony themselves shall answer, one string vibrating to another, when it is not struck itself, and uttering its voice of concord simply because the concord is in it and it feels the pulses on the air to which it cannot be silent. Nay, the solid mountains and their giant masses of rock shall answer; catching, as they will, the bray of horns or the stunning blast of cannon, rolling it across from one top to another in reverberating pulses, till it falls into bars of musical rhythm and chimes and cadences of silver melody. I have heard some fine music, as men are wont to speak — the play of orchestras, the anthems of choirs, the voices of song that moved admiring nations. But in the lofty passes of the Alps I heard a music overhead from God's cloudy orchestra, the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its fold, such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art can ever hope to raise. I stood (excuse the simplicity) calling to them, in the loudest shouts I could raise, even till my power was spent; and listening

RELIGIOUS MUSIC

From a Painting by G. Dubufe, Fils

in compulsory trance to their reply, I heard them roll it up through their cloudy worlds of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing in it as demon screams of sin, holding on upon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, minute after minute; till finally receding and rising, it trembled, as it were, among the quick gratulations of angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean. I had never any conception before of what is meant by *quality* in sound. There was more power upon the soul in one of those simple notes than I ever expect to feel from anything called music below, or ever can feel till I hear them again in the choirs of the angelic world. I had never such a sense of purity, or of what a simple sound may tell of purity by its own pure quality; and I could not but say, O my God, teach me this! Be this in me forever! And I can truly affirm that the experience of that hour has consciously made me better able to think of God ever since — better able to worship. All other sounds are gone; the sounds of yesterday, heard in the silence of enchanted multitudes, are gone; but that is with me still, and I hope will never cease to ring in my spirit till I go down to the slumber of silence itself.

JOSEPH BUTLER.

Joseph Butler, an English prelate and theologian, born at Wantage, Berkshire, May 18, 1692; died at Bath, June 16, 1752. His father, wishing him to enter the Presbyterian ministry, placed him in a Dissenting academy; but in 1714, having resolved to join the Church of England, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, and soon afterward took holy orders. In 1718 Butler was appointed preacher at the Chapel of the Rolls, where he delivered his remarkable sermon "On Human Nature," published with others in 1726. After eight years of retirement at the rectory of Stanhope, he became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot. In 1736 he published his great work, "The Analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed to the Course and Constitution of Nature." On the appearance of the "Analogy," Butler was appointed chaplain to Queen Caroline, wife of George II., and after her death became successively bishop of Bristol, Dean of St. Paul's, Clerk of the Closet to the King, and in 1750, Bishop of Durham. He did not long survive his last promotion. He was buried in the cathedral of Bristol. In obedience to his orders all of his manuscripts were destroyed.

The Government of God a Scheme Incomprehensible.

(From "The Analogy of Religion.")

Upon a supposition that God exercises a moral government over the world, the analogy of his natural government suggests and makes it credible that his moral government must be a scheme quite beyond our comprehension; and this affords a general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it. It is most obvious, analogy renders it highly credible, that, upon supposition of a moral government, it must be a scheme: for the world, and the whole natural government of it, appears to be so: to be a scheme, system, or constitution whose parts correspond to each other, and to a whole, as really as any work of art, or as any particular model of a civil constitution and government. In this great scheme of the natural world, individuals have various peculiar relations to other individuals

of their own species. And whole species are, we find, variously related to other species upon this earth. Nor do we know how much further these kinds of relations may extend. And, as there is not any action or natural event, which we are acquainted with, so single and unconnected as not to have a respect to some other actions and events, so, possibly, each of them, when it has not an immediate, may yet have a remote, natural relation to other actions and events, much beyond the compass of this present world. There seems, indeed, nothing from whence we can so much as make a conjecture, whether all creatures, actions, and events, throughout the whole of nature, have relations to each other. But, as it is obvious that all events have future unknown consequences, so if we trace any, as far as we can go, into what is connected with it, we shall find that if such event were not connected with somewhat further in nature unknown to us, somewhat both past and present, such event could not possibly have been at all. Nor can we give the whole account of any one thing whatever; of all its causes, ends, and necessary adjuncts; those adjuncts, I mean, without which it could not have been. By this most astonishing connection, these reciprocal correspondences and mutual relations, everything which we see in the course of nature is actually brought about. And things seemingly the most insignificant imaginable are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance; so that any one thing whatever may, for aught we know to the contrary, be a necessary condition to any other.

The natural world, then, and the natural government of it, being such an incomprehensible scheme, so incomprehensible that a man must, really, in the literal sense, know nothing at all who is not sensible of his ignorance in it; this immediately suggests and strongly shows the credibility, that the moral world and government of it may be so, too. Indeed, the natural and moral constitution and government of the world are so connected as to make up together but one scheme; and it is highly probable that the first is formed and carried on merely in subserviency to the latter; as the vegetable world is for the animal, and organized bodies for minds. But the thing intended here is, without inquiring how far the administration of the natural world is subordinate to that of the moral, only to observe the credibility, that that one should be analogous or similar to the other: that therefore every act of divine justice and goodness

may be supposed to look much beyond itself and its immediate object; may have some reference to other parts of God's moral administration and to a general moral plan; and that every circumstance of this his moral government may be adjusted beforehand with a view to the whole of it. . . . And supposing this to be the case, it is most evident that we are not competent judges of this scheme, from the small parts of it which come within our view in the present life: and therefore no objections against any of these parts can be insisted upon by reasonable men.

. . . . . .

Now, from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand he has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and of our not acting at all; and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow; we may learn, that we are at present actually under his government, in the strictest and most proper sense; in such a sense, as that he rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience, that we are thus under his government: under his government, in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior, be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to his having at once contrived and executed his own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanction of their laws take place, without interposing at all, after they had passed them; without a trial, and the formalities of an execution: if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then, as we are now; but in a much higher degree, and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves, upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading

the general thing here intended, without denying all final causes. For, final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too, as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions; and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then he not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies, suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves, be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction; this is altogether as much an instance of his punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under his government, as declaring, by a voice from heaven, that if we acted, so he would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it whether it be greater or less.

Thus we find, that the true motion or conception of the Author of Nature, is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of his moral attributes. The fact of our case, which we find by experience, is, that he actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them.

And thus the whole analogy of Nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows, that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion, that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter; nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing, for the whole course of nature is a present instance of his exercising that government over us, which implies in it rewarding and punishing.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, an English satirical poet, born at Strensham, Worcestershire, in February, 1612; died Sept. 25, 1680. He was educated at the college school of Worcester, and is said to have studied in one of the Universities. After leaving school, he served for some time as justice's clerk, acquiring familiarity with legal terms and processes, and giving his leisure hours to the study of music and poetry. He then entered the service of the Countess of Kent, where he had access to a good library. We next find him employed, perhaps as tutor, by Sir Samuel Luke, a zealous Puritan and colonel in the Parliamentary army, who is supposed to have been the original of Hudibras, and whose family and associates probably supplied Butler with material for his satire. Immediately after the Restoration he was appointed secretary to Lord Carberry, the steward of Ludlow Castle. In 1663 he published the first part of "Hudibras," the object of which was to ridicule the Puritans. The second part appeared in 1664, and the third in 1678. It attained immediate and wide popularity, but it brought its author little money. He died in poverty, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. After his death, his miscellaneous writings were collected and published under the title, "The Genuine Remains of Mr. Samuel Butler." Among them is a collection of "Characters" in prose.

The general design of "Hudibras" was derived from "Don Quixote." The situations of the mock epic are few but ludicrous, and the whole canvas is embellished with imagination, raillery, subtle casuistry, brilliant epigrams, and sparkling wit. "Hudibras" consists of 10,000 verses, and is one of the most frequently quoted books in the language. The standard edition by Dr. Z. Grey (1744) has frequently been reprinted. Butler's next important works are: "The Elephant in the Moon," a satire on the Royal Society; a series of prose "Characters"; and an "Ode to Duval," the famous highwayman.

Hudibras Described.

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears

Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but Chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howso'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool:
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;

As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and southwest side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
And this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnèd pedants much affect.
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone
As if h' had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebblestones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
  In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
  Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.

All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duns;
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways, beyond them all:
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishèd.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catched
The itch, on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Although by woeful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it. . . .
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.

All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks:
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free will they one way disavow
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend — plum porridge;

Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.
  Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward;
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus;
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face.
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey;
The nether orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of scepters and of crowns:
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall.
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Mauger all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last,
But, when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. . . .
His back, or rather burden, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire,
Upon his shoulders, thro' the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back:
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cram'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cup-board, where he kept his meat.
  His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
  His breeches were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well-known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise.
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,

They stoutly in defense on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink
Because when thorough deserts vast
And regions desolate they pass'd . . .
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record:
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight;
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
Round table, like a farthingal,
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,

It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddlebow,
Two agèd pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged and from four legged foes.
Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,

That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
    But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For what was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had plowed;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not stay his course.
    A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.

Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with meter safe
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valor
He had laid in; by birth a tailor;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crooked
With — To and from my love — it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loath
To look a gift horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth:
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:

Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none can see but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eavesdropper can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse;
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four legged oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:

He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he professed,
He had First Matter seen undressed:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied;
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet play.
He could foretell whats'ever was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That used to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robbed a house below;

Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole and who received the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill.
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
What gains, or losses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
  Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valors, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.

An Antiquary.

(From "Characters.")

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their ability but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He is a great timeserver, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old that he may truly say to dust and worms, "You are my father," and to rottenness, "Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backward. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

William Allen Butler, an American writer, born at Albany, N.Y., in 1825. He was graduated at the University of New York, and entered upon the practice of law. Before beginning the practice of his profession, he traveled extensively, and contributed to the "Art-Union Bulletin" a series of papers on "Cities of Art and Early Artists," and to the "Literary World" another series entitled "Out of the Way Places in Europe." In 1857 he put forth anonymously "Nothing to Wear," a satire on fashionable women, which attracted much attention, and the authorship of which was absurdly claimed by another person. He subsequently published several other satires, and a "Sketch of Martin Van Buren." In 1871 he published "Lawyer and Client, Their Relation, Rights and Duties," and in 1886 a prose satire, "Domesticus"; "Oberammergau," a poem (1890); and "Mrs. Limber's Raffle" (1894).

Nothing to Wear.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind — above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;

Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern —
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin;
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal:
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of.
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes;
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, *if* any,
And a very large diamond, imported by Tiffany.

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball —
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe —
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her — as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual — I found (I won't say, I caught) her
Intent on the pier glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.
She turned, as I entered — "Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"

"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now, will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear!"
"Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon." She turned up her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson brocade."
(Second turn up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy;" "Your pink" —
"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch," —
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown moire-antique" — "Yes, and look like a Quaker:"
"The pearl-colored," — "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"
(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut* ——" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen;"
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
That superb point d'aguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine" —
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet which you sported
In Paris last Spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously turned up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"
Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretense — why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I have nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),
"I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot;
You're a brute and a monster, and — I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words — Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed,
To express the abusive; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too.
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew how —
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?
Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,
Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent Street,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare —
Spoiled children of Fashion — you've nothing to wear!

And, oh! if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,

Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

The Forms of Domesticus.

(From "Domesticus.")

The Little Lady kept up courageously ringing her bell, and Domesticus kept making his appearance, in all the wonderful, inexhaustible variety of his forms. Sometimes he would come in what seemed to be personified slowness, and then everything was irretrievably behind time, whereat the Prince was greatly exercised, because Punctuality was a prime virtue of Dry Goods, and Domesticus, with his ally Procrastination, the thief of Time, made a pair better fitted for a Penitentiary than a Palace. Then he would appear in a tearing, slashing shape, so that the Prince and Princess were whirled along the courses of a meal as though they were eating for a wager depending on the speed of the performance. The next incumbent would be of a pattern so small that the evening lamps could not be lighted without the aid of chairs, or the tall windows locked without step-ladders; to be replaced, anon, by some stalwart figure, marching and countermarching as if trained in the ranks of Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons. One day, it would be stupidity, in densest form, under whose confusing misdirection Princes, and Princesses, and other notables, would be left standing in the vestibule, while vagrants, in disguise, were ceremoniously ushered into the inner precincts, whence they could slyly retire with any chance souvenir available to their thievish touch. The next incumbent would possess a rarely endowed intelligence, coupled, perhaps, with an undiscovered and undiscoverable mystery, given to the rehearsing of dramatic and lyric fragments in the stilly night, in close proximity to speaking tubes or furnace flues, quite too high strung and high toned for daily service. But how often did Domesticus delight in tormenting and tantalizing the Little Lady with some well-seeming maiden form,

fair to see, full of sweetest promise and shortest-lived performance, making the household work, for the time, a delightsome thing and forecast of permanent peace, but presently loving the youthful green-grocer or the stalwart butcher, not wisely but too well, and thereupon becoming as limp as one of her own dishcloths, and losing all working or waking sense in Love's young dream. . . .

Domesticus could assume any nationality at pleasure, and change, as he saw fit, his name, his country, or his skin, as well as his spots, which he was always changing, for he no sooner got comfortably into one than he was uncomfortably on the outlook for another. He was an arch cosmopolitan. His dragnet was thrown over every nook and corner of the globe; it seemed to the Princess as if her premises were a sort of rendezvous for all its races. Now it was *Domesticus Anglicanus*, who had stood in state behind Dukes and Earls, and had come, at last, to assert his supremacy as a sovereign among his fellow-citizens of Magna Patria. Now it was *Domesticus Gallicus*, whose *cordon bleu* was the unfailing symbol of revolution and anarchy below stairs. Then it was *Domesticus Scotus*, as obstinately resolute to upset all preëxisting order at a single blow as was Jenny Geddes to topple over the Papacy with a toss of her wooden stool. Again, it was *Domesticus Germanicus*, whose coming and going were like blasts from the forests of Norseland, and the hidden things of whose culinary compounds no one could discover or digest. But chiefly, and at all times, it was *Domesticus Hibernicus*, the most constant and the most centrifugal of all the forces that Labor ever contrived for the service and discipline of mankind, and let loose upon unsuspecting householders, with its conversation of destructive energy; its readiness to make or mar; its possibilities of chance success and its illimitable incapacity, alike unendurable and indispensable; the two-edged, unsheathed sword of the adversary, always sharpened with ready wit and pointed for instant action, and poised for cut or thrust — at once a social defense and a social terror.

The Prince Tells The Princess of His Ruin.

He crossed the threshold of his palace — his no longer — and went straight, as his custom was, to the apartment of the Princess, where he had always been sure of a smile and a wel-

come, whatever storms might be raging without. He had prepared no phrases in which to set before her the calamity that had befallen him. He could hardly, in his own thoughts, grasp its fearful meaning, much less clothe it with words. What filled him with alarm and terror was the apprehension of the effect the evil tidings might have on her. He thought she would be crushed to the earth; she might be struck senseless and speechless; she might die, and then what should he do? But he could not keep away from her, and when he came into her sight with a tottering step — for he was almost prostrated by the strain to which he had been subjected during those long morning hours — and with a haggard face, which told the whole sad story before he had uttered the broken words of which — "ruined" — was all she caught, he was in her embrace, and she was ready with all the aid and comfort a loving heart could give.

"I feared it would come to this," she said, softly, as she made him sit beside her, with his hand in hers, "and now, dearest, I hope it may not be as bad as you have dreaded." The Princess had not been crushed to the earth, nor struck speechless, nor was she going to die. The Prince's fears, for her relieved, turned upon himself again.

"It is as bad as can be; I have lost everything."

"Not your good name, I am sure; not your wife, for she is beside you; not your children, for they are all safe at home."

"They will be beggars," said the Prince.

"Not while we have strength to do a day's work for them, or they for us."

"You must give up your chariots and horses," said the Prince.

"It will do us all good to walk."

"We must quit the palace."

"We can be just as happy in a smaller house, and with far less care."

"You will have to do your own housework."

"It will be a real pleasure. We shall have a final riddance of Domesticus."

"You will have a broken-down husband on your hands."

"It will be the sweetest duty of my life to care for him."

"You will be expelled from the circle of Societas."

"We shall have the inner and more sacred circle of home."

"I shall no longer be a Prince."

"Then you will be an ex-Prince."

And the Little Lady burst into laughter, for it had always seemed to her, when the Prince introduced ex-Consuls, ex-Prætors and ex-Ediles, a most ridiculous thing that the more a man was out of office the more he held on to any title that had ever belonged to it, as to a kind of perpetual perquisite. Her laughter was always contagious, and the Prince could hardly help responding with a smile, but he clung to the dismal shadow which he brought with him into the palace, and he was beginning to feel a little disappointed that the Princess was not enveloped in its black folds as completely as he was himself.

"You really do not seem to care very much for my misfortunes," said he.

"It is because I care for you so very much more than for all else — good fortune, bad fortune, or anything in the whole world," she said, drawing him still nearer to her, "that I will not be made sad while you and the children are left to me. Wherever we are all together, there will be home and happiness, whether we have much or little." . . .

"You are sure you are not putting all this on, just to keep me up," said the poor Prince, still clinging to the shadow.

"Perfectly sure," said the Princess, rising and standing before him, her whole presence taking on an air of dignity he had never seen so marked before. "I am as honest in this as I have always been in everything. Did I not take you for richer or poorer, and of what use am I if, when poverty comes, I cannot help you to bear it? I do not care how bad things may be. Your home shall always be happy, if my heart and hands can make it so. All I ask is your love to make my labor light."

"That shall never fail you," said the Prince, rising, in his turn, and clasping her in his arms.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner, an American novelist, born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1842; died in 1893, in Boston, Mass., where he was librarian of the Boston Law Library. He was the author of short stories, and of several novels, including, "Tritons" (Boston, 1878); "Agnes Surriage" (1886); "Penelope's Suitors" (London, 1887); "The Begum's Daughter" (1890); and "Zachary Phips" (1892). Mr. Bynner was endowed with a rare conversational faculty, abounding in witticisms, and clever repartee. He was a conscientious student of the historic subjects, vividly and truthfully pictured in his historic novels.

Fight of the Constitution and Guerrière.[1]

(From "Zachary Phips.")

Although when the Constitution sailed out of Annapolis the whole country was buzzing with rumors of British cruisers hovering along the coast, a week passed without their meeting a sail, — a week in which a mob of recruits was quickly changed into a disciplined crew, in which the ignorance and trepidation of the novice gave place to something akin to the self-reliance and precision of the veteran.

The interval was all too short. Every precious moment of that preparatory time was needed and improved, for the ordeal was close at hand.

Sailing northward, one afternoon, along the coast, the look-out suddenly announced "four sail on the northern board, heading to westward." The sensation caused by this report had hardly abated when a fifth sail hove in sight in the northeast. In the blinding light of the setting sun shining on a dead level with their eyes, the character of the strangers could not be made out. Neither was Zach at all clear whether it was due to design or a shifting of the wind that the Constitution, with stay-sails and studding-sails set, wore slowly around to the eastward, so as to approach the last comer.

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The situation was in the highest degree dramatic, while, as if to complete and prolong the suspense, night fell like a curtain upon the scene. Presently through the gathering darkness there resounded the fierce roll of the drum calling the men to quarters for action. Heard for the first time, it had a blood-curdling sound, and Zach felt his pulses beat and his muscles grow limp. It proved, however, only a precautionary measure. Nothing definite was yet known of the stranger. She might prove a friend. To clear up the uncertainty, signals were repeatedly shown by the Constitution, but without result.

The night was long-drawn and anxious. Sleep was unthought of. At daylight the solitary vessel was only half a mile distant on the port tack, the others had disappeared.

So said the lookout, but the report proved illusory. Hardly had the anxious watchers drawn a breath of relief, when there came the startling announcement that the squadron had reappeared in the offing, and were exchanging signals with the solitary stranger!

All doubt was now at an end; their character was revealed: they were all members of the same fleet. Clear, too, was the situation. Like a pack of hounds hot upon the scent, five of the best cruisers of the British navy were trimming sail to run down and destroy one poor Yankee frigate. It was to be a race for life.

For life! Let history tell, and tell again to each succeeding age, how vastly greater was the issue; how it was a race for a nation's honor, a people's welfare, a race run over a boundless course, with no chance of refuge nor hope of succor from heaven or earth, save in the resources of one stout-hearted man!

With bated breath Zach looked at that man. Absorbed, he stood apart upon the quarter-deck, noting every detail of the situation, and silently measuring himself against its uttermost perils, yet with no telltale mark of its strain upon him save the feverish brightness of his eye and the grim resolution of his mouth.

His plan laid, the orders came quick and sharp: a twenty-four pounder was brought up from the main deck and run out aft, reënforced by two long guns thrust through the cabin windows; the whole forming a bristling row of teeth against the bold enemy who should press too near.

Then there fell a calm. All life and motion died out of sea and sky. Pursuers and pursued alike stood paralyzed and

impotent, stock-still upon the glassy sea, though frantic with eagerness to go on. It was not for long; the watchful Hull, with a sweeping glance at the sky, ordered out the boats to go ahead and tow. Zach had command of one of these boats, and in his excitement swore like a veteran at his struggling crew, as they strove to drag their noble vessel from yonder sea-hound's pursuing grip. Hour after weary hour they tugged like galley-slaves at their task, spurred on from time to time by the boom of cannon from behind, which showed that the enemy was on their track. For all their toil, the heavy frigate moved but at a snail's pace.

At last there is an order from the vessel; the boats are called alongside; a breeze is coming. Gladly the weary sailors obey the signal. The alert captain has the studding-sails already spread when they come up the side.

Alack, it proves a false alarm. The promised breeze is but a puff, an infant's breath. Instantly the order comes, the sails are furled; the whole maneuver has been executed like the opening and shutting of an umbrella.

Again — there is no help for it — the exhausted men are ordered into the boats. It is a struggle against great odds, and notwithstanding every nerve is strained, the enemy begins to gain. Zach looks on with anguish of heart. He glances in despair at the captain. That steadfast official is not yet at the end of his resources.

"Run out a kedge, — quick!" is his order to the sailing-master.

"Forecastlemen, get up a kedge!" bawls the sailing-master, jumping down on the deck. "Pass it on to the first launch! Run up hawser from below and bend it on. Run out ahead! Bear a hand, you lubbers! Jump for your lives!"

The thing is done as if it had been rehearsed. In a trice an anchor is run out far ahead, and the vessel dragged by stalwart hands silently and swiftly over the waveless sea. Again and again the movement is repeated. The expedient avails. Perceptibly they regain lost ground, and the exultant Hull, as he glides away, resists not firing a derisive salute at his pursuers.

His exultation is premature. The watchful enemy quickly catch the trick, and fail not to follow suit. They, too, row, and tow, and kedge, putting, withal, the force of the whole squadron to the task of thrusting forward one ship to grapple with the Yankee.

In the face of a force so overwhelming, the issue could not long be in doubt. It seemed in truth already a foregone conclusion. Again Hull, with unruffled composure, made ready for action. His intent was clear: that of turning upon his nearest pursuer before the others could come to her aid.

Contrary to all hope and expectation, a little wind sprang up. The American drew away. Again, as through the livelong day, a lurking demon in the clouds above mocked them with vain hopes. The wind was but his cheating breath, and lasted only long enough to raise their hearts.

At last, in the midst of all this doubt and suspense, the interminable day wore to an end. Night came, but brought no rest. The fugitives felt that their enemy, like a tiger in the jungle, was ever crouching and creeping in their rear. They dared not rest a moment on their oars. All through the windless summer night they rowed and kedged, while on the deck the captain kept sleepless watch.

As the third day dawned, the wind freshened; it was like breath in the nostrils of a fainting creature. As if refreshed and strengthened, the frigate pulled ahead, the persistent enemy following hard upon her trail. For the first time the wind fulfilled its promise, for the first time the vessel had a chance to show her mettle. Faithfully she did her part. Steadily she kept her lead. Longer and longer grew the stretch of ruffled water between her and the pursuing fleet. Hope rose high on board the frigate.

Still the unflagging enemy followed on, ready to take instant advantage of any blunder or mishap. They were wise. A crucial moment was at hand. Far to the west a black spot appeared in the sky. The jaded, haggard captain of the Constitution did not fail to note it. The ship was made ready, the officers warned, every man stationed at his post, and not a sail was furled until the squall was fairly upon them. It came and went like a flash, and as it whistled away over the blackened water, out flew the fore and main topgallant sails, and away sped the frigate beyond all possibility of capture.

As the day wore on, one by one the baffled pursuers, outsailed, out-footed, out-maneuvered, faded away like ghosts upon the vapory line of the horizon.

After her hairbreadth escape, the Constitution, still keeping a northward course, made for the nearest port. Upon hearing that Boston was their purposed destination, Zach had an odd

sensation of shrinking, caused, doubtless, by the ghost of the old culprit feeling still haunting his memory. Whatever its source, it grew upon him more and more, as, winding up among the shoals and islands of the harbor, they drew near to the town. Unconsciously he fixed an anxious look upon the various harbor-craft they met, as though upon each advancing deck he expected to see the avenging forms of Master Tileston and Marm Dinely.

His suspense, however, was short, for directly after coming to anchor, it was announced by the first lieutenant that their stay in port was to be brief, and that none of the crew were to be allowed to go ashore.

As they lay at a safe distance from land, Zach borrowed a glass and tried to make out his old home. Despite certain obtruding new buildings, he flattered himself that he could distinguish a bit of the southern gable of the house in Salutation Alley and the green swaying tops of the apple-trees in the garden behind. For the rest, the town was at once changed and familiar, what with the disappearance of Beacon Hill Monument, of divers old landmarks in the shape of windmills, and the erection of several churches and many large buildings towards the South End.

Protected by the stars and stripes waving above him, and by bristling rows of guns beneath, Zach apparently recovered his equanimity, but it was noted that he heaved a deep sigh of relief when, their visit over, they at last weighed anchor and stood down the bay.

Turning northward, they ran along the coast of Maine and skirted the Bay of Fundy, whence, standing out to sea, they presently fell in with a British packet bound for Halifax. Having quickly overhauled and captured her, a prize crew was put on board, and her papers, valuables, and three cabin passengers were transferred to the frigate.

Zach was standing listlessly near the gangway, leaning on the bulwarks, when the prisoners came on board. He barely suppressed an outcry. Nobody, however, heeded his agitation, for his shipmates were too much taken up with the examination of their new prize, the first they had captured. Besides, nothing especially noteworthy had happened: a half-grown girl had quietly walked up the gang-way led by a stalwart sailor and followed by a maid and a tall, middle-aged man, in whom Zach had recognized old acquaintances.

With an assurance partly national and partly individual, Falconer, having comforted his daughter, addressed himself at once to Captain Hull, claiming that he was a private citizen engaged in his own business, protesting that this detention would work him great damage, and demanding that he be allowed to proceed on his way.

Captain Hull might have been excused for smiling at this request, but save for a sly twinkle in his eye, he showed no sense of any humor in the situation as he bluntly expressed his regret, pleaded the exigencies of war, and tendered the hospitality of his cabin to his enforced guests. Falconer showed himself a man of the world by recognizing the situation, accepting the proffered hospitality, and making the best of a bad bargain. Sylvia, the while, stood by, regarding the captain with an expression of unfeigned horror.

After the interview, the trio were shown below. They passed close to Zach. At their approach a deep flush overspread his face, and a wistful, expectant look shone in his eyes. Preoccupied with their own position, the prisoners included him only in the sweeping general glance they cast about the vessel, and passed on without recognition. Zach gazed after them with a dazed look.

It was late in the afternoon, and Sylvia did not appear again that day. To his surprise, and much to the bewilderment of his notions on the relations of captor and captive, however, Zach saw Falconer in the evening pacing the quarter-deck, and engaged in amicable conversation with Captain Hull.

Next morning, Zach was on duty directing the cleaning of the guns in the after-division, when Sylvia appeared on the main deck. Evidently she had already lost her fear of the captain, and was deep in his good graces, for she held him by the hand, and was chattering away with the utmost freedom, to the manifest delight of the bluff seaman. The pair seemed to be making a survey of the vessel, and the indulgent officer was patiently answering the flood of questions prompted by the girl's eager curiosity.

As they approached the spot where Zach stood, he was seized with an impulse to fly. The unconscious stress of discipline prevailed; he stood by his post and went on with his work.

The two came nearer. Now Zach could hear their voices, now distinguish their very words. It was Sylvia who was talking.

"Truly, are you a Yankee?"

"Yes."

"Then you must oe a bad man."

"Why so?"

"All the Yankees are bad."

"What do they do that is so bad?"

"They cheat, and steal, and never tell the truth."

"Humph!"

"Yes, and now they are fighting the king's army and navy; but they will get beaten."

"The poor Yankees! so they are going to be beaten?"

"Yes, because they are such cowards: they always run away."

"It serves them right to be beaten, then

"Oh, yes, and the king is going to send out some big, strong ships, and catch all the Yankee ships and burn them."

"Whew! and where did you hear all this?"

"In London; everybody there knows it, and papa says so too; so you had better look out. But I hope they won't catch you!"

"Why not?"

"Because you are not like a Yankee. You are like an Englishman!"

"God forbid!"

"Besides, I don't want them to catch you,—I like you!" pursued the confiding little maiden.

"Good, good, my dear! Let us strike hands on that! You and I will be friends, and leave the king and the Yankees to fight it out between themselves. Give way there, Phips, and let us pass!"

This command was given to Zach, who stood bending over his task with his back to the approaching pair. Instantly he drew aside, stood erect, and saluted. With a casual glance at him, Sylvia passed along. Presently she turned back for a second look, then stopped and studied him with a scowl of perplexity. Zach colored to the roots of his hair. A flash of intelligence lighted up the girl's face; she flew towards him, crying,—

"Zach! Zach! Papa! Come quick and see. Here is our Zach!"

Overjoyed at the greeting, but abashed by the presence of the captain, Zach stood, receiving the caresses of his old play-

mate, unable to answer a word to the incoherent questions she poured forth.

"Why, Zach! Oh, Zach, how came you here? Oh, you are grown up so — *so* big, I didn't know you; and — your hair is cut off so short, — and you have that funny cap on; and did you bring Sandy, too? When did you come away? And where is Elaine? Oh, I am so glad! But" — she suddenly checked her enthusiasm, as a thought struck her, — "what are you doing on this ship? Are *you* a prisoner, too? Oh, Zach, have *you* gone and turned a Yankee?"

This appalling suspicion so affected her that she paused, and fixed upon her old friend a withering glance of accusation.

The charge of being a turncoat so touched Zach's pride that he found his tongue speedily enough and answered bluntly, —

"No, I ain't turned anything. I am a Yankee, I always was a Yankee, and I always shall be a Yankee."

Shocked to her heart's core by this avowal, Sylvia stood unable to say a word. The captain, meanwhile, who had looked on with quiet amusement, now interposed.

"So you know Phips, then, my dear?"

"He isn't Phips, he is Zach. He used to live with us at Basswood, and sail the yacht, he and Sandy; but he was a little boy then, and had long hair, but" — she paused and her lip trembled — "I — I didn't know he was a Yankee!"

Overcome by the shock of this discovery, Sylvia burst into tears, gazing with reproachful eyes upon Zack, as though he had willfully transformed himself into a monster.

Taken quite aback by this outburst, Zach stood, at a loss what to do or say. His perplexity was increased by the unexpected behavior of Hull.

"What do you mean?" he cried, turning upon Zach, "by being a Yankee? Shame upon you! — explain yourself, sir!"

Deceived by the mock severity of the captain's tone, — he had not heeded his words, — Zach began to stammer.

"Tut! tut! don't try to excuse yourself! You ought to be ashamed, I say, of such behavior. Take yourself off, sir, and don't let it happen again!"

Awaking tardily to the humor of the situation, Zach was, yet, a little in doubt how to treat his superior's grotesque command. Evidently he thought it better to err on the safe side, for, saluting awkwardly, he turned to move away. Directly, Sylvia interposed.

"Don't send him away; don't let him go, Captain Hull. I didn't mean to say it. I'm sorry, Zach! Perhaps you can't help it. I hope Elaine hasn't turned a Yankee, too."

At this moment Falconer appeared upon deck, and Sylvia ran to drag him to the spot, crying eagerly, —

"Come here, come here quick, papa. What do you think? Here is Zach!"

Showing neither surprise nor pleasure at the announcement, the planter surveyed the well-grown boy in his neat sailor rig deliberately, making the identification complete before speaking.

"So! I'm sorry to see him in this business," with a glance at Captain Hull.

Zach compressed his lips, and strove to dissemble his mortification.

Thereupon, assuming a tone of kindly interest, Falconer asked some general questions about his life and movements since leaving Basswood, and sauntered away, leaving the young midshipman with an indescribable feeling of having been thrust down unnumbered degrees in the social scale by his passing interview with the planter. Unable clearly to analyze this feeling or detect the true causes of it, he yet looked after his old employer with feelings oddly compounded of respect, humiliation, and resentment.

Luckily, Sylvia gave him no opportunity to brood upon this. As of old she demanded his whole attention. If possible, she had grown more despotic than ever, while on his side Zach fell straightway into his former attitude of subjection. Indeed, he evidently welcomed and found comfort in the yoke, and cast wistful glances about when his exacting little friend was long absent from the deck.

Thus for a few days life blossomed again into beauty and sweetness on board this vessel of war. His intercourse with his old playmate was marked by a new element of satisfaction to Zach. He felt and valued the dignity belonging to his new station. The old sense of dependence upon her father had gone, and thus his habitual gravity was mingled with a becoming touch of pride. This little episode was too sweet to last, and accordingly one day it all came to an end, like the shutting of a door.

Having explored the northern waters to no purpose, Captain Hull by and by turned southward. The day after altering his course, the lookout announced a sail in the offing. Whoever

she might be, the stranger seemed bent on coming to closer acquaintance. Her identity was soon revealed: to Hull's unfeigned delight, she proved to be the Guerrière, one of the most formidable of the fleet which had so recently given him chase.

Directly, the man was transfigured,— his eyes glowed with exultation, his muscles grew tense against the coming strain. It was at once one of the effects of his temperament and the secrets of his power that his officers and crew in critical moments seemed fired with his spirit.

The drum beat to quarters. Every man hurried to his station. Meantime the two vessels, like athletes in the arena, stripped as it were for action. The Guerrière backed her main topsail; the Constitution took in her topgallant sails, staysails, and flying jib, took a second reef in her topsails, hauled the courses up, and sent down the royal yards.

With one last glance at the enemy, who, bristling with menace, was awaiting their approach, Zach hurried below to the main deck, where he had charge of one of the guns. In the portentous pause before the conflict began, he bethought him of the prisoners, and remembered with a sigh of relief that an hour before, greatly to the indignation of the planter, they had been ordered to the hold.

Meantime a dull boom announced that the action had begun. Shut in between the decks, with no point of observation but his port-hole, Zach stood rigid with expectation. The suspense was intolerable. Luckily it was short-lived. Presently there came a terrific roar; the vessel shook from stem to stern. For a moment the earth seemed to have stopped in space and the frigate to be sinking. The enemy, at short range, had simply poured in a broadside.

Zach was appalled. His ears were deafened, his brain ceased to act, a sickening nausea paralyzed heart and hand. In the midst of it all a hoarse cry resounded. Zach's stunned ears could not make out the words. He stared wildly about. Luckily his men heard and obeyed the order. An answering roar was heard: the Constitution trembled from stem to stern as she returned, with deadly effect, the enemy's fire. The sound, the action, brought the young officer to his senses, and from that moment he served his gun like a veteran.

Shut in between decks, he could see nothing of what was taking place. He had but to stand and wait. Meantime the frigate, wearing to gain advantage, or yawing to avoid a broad-

side, seemed like a vast whirling teetotum. By turns, through the port-holes, he caught a glimpse of the enemy's bow or stern, now near at hand, now vanishing from sight.

As the fight went on, every element of doubt and terror combined to dismay the young midshipman: the confused cries and orders and rushing of feet from the upper deck, the crash of spars, timber, and rigging, the shrieks of the wounded, the dread booming of the cannon, the continuous roar of the sea, which, as if eager to join the carnival of violence, boiled up from the depths, filled the port-holes with blinding spray, and fell with a sizzling sound upon the heated guns.

In the culminating awfulness of the moment Zach lost all sense of fear. One instinct alone possessed him: the old brutish instinct to fight. Directly it acquired sway, he became insensible to every other consideration.

The scene yet lacked a climax. Through the pandemonium, rising above the deafening tumult, eclipsing every other terror, came the cry,—

"Fire! Fire!"

Directly a cloud of smoke from the direction of the cabin confirmed the report. In the tumult, the first lieutenant near the companion-way vainly shouted orders which could not be heard. Forgetful of special duties in that dire emergency, Zach ran to help. He arrived, so it seemed, none too soon. In the dim light a row of black figures could be seen handing buckets from pumps on the main deck. Fighting his way upwards through the blinding smoke and drenching floods which deluged the companion-way was a tall figure with a burden in his arms. Half-way up, he stumbled on the slippery ladder and fell. Zach sprang down and took the burden from his arms. He looked hopelessly about for a place of refuge in which to deposit it. There was no spot of safety or quiet in all that hell of conflict. A man passing with a bucket of water, at Zach's request, flung a handful in Sylvia's face. She revived and opened her eyes, but at the sight of Zach bending over her, his face streaming with sweat, blackened with gunpowder, and smeared with blood, she straightway swooned again.

At this moment Falconer appeared. Without a word, Zach thrust the unconscious girl into his arms and darted away.

Even in the few minutes he had been gone, the situation had changed. Close up against his port-hole lay the Guerrière,

her ponderous guns at pistol-range. Before he had time to reach his place, fire belched from all these iron throats, the air was filled with cries and groans, the deck was strewn with dying men, flying splinters, disjointed gun-carriages, and an obscene and ghastly litter, while the smoke, heat, and stench in the confined space were well-nigh intolerable.

It was a soul-trying moment. There and then Zach received his baptism of fire, and it is much to say that he came forth from the ordeal alive and sane.

Brushing the obstacles from his path, he flew to his deserted post. Half his own men had been swept away. The gun next him was silenced. The lieutenant in command had fallen. It was no time to hesitate, or wait for orders. There was but one thing to do: to return the blow of the enemy before she could wear out of range.

With the aid of his half-disabled men, he loaded and pointed the two guns. The British frigate, fearing the coming retribution, was struggling with might and main to escape, but as if for the moment animated by a malign intelligence, the Constitution held her fast in a death-grapple.

Opportunely, a new officer arrived. The word was given, the match applied, a sheet of flame for a moment lit up the doomed vessel. Then came a crash. A cheer resounded from the upper deck. The cry was echoed through the vessel, —

"Down goes her mizzen-mast!"

Another trampling was heard above. A chorus of oaths and shouts and orders from the sailing-master and the first lieutenant filled the interval.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Give her hell!"

"Helm aport!"

"Down goes her main yard!"

"Hurrah!"

"Man the starboard guns!"

"Fire! Fire! Look out for her bowsprit! Foul again! Stand by to board!"

"Marines repel boarders!"

"Fire!"

"Boarders away!"

A sharp rattle of musketry, a rush of feet, and then came louder cheers. The triumphant cry reached the anxious gunners below.

"He's down!"

"Who?"

"The British cap'n!"

"Dacres?"

"Ay! ay!"

"The day is ours!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The two ships, working around, fell apart. Directly, the Guerrière's foremast and mainmast tumbled overboard on the starboard side, leaving her a helpless wreck.

The fight was over. The Constitution ran off to the eastward and lay to. With nimble hands the tired but victorious crew fell to work repairing the havoc done to their stanch frigate.

On the quarter-deck, the panting hero who commanded her stood mopping his forehead and casting back a significant look upon his victim. Secure now of possession, he took his time, and not until order was in some sort restored, stood under her lee to receive the formal surrender.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, an English poet, born in London, Jan. 22, 1788; died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824. The future poet was born with a malconformation of one foot and ankle — some say of both. Notwithstanding this physical defect, he grew up to be a respectable athlete: a fair cricketer, a clever boxer, and a capital swimmer. After attending a private school for some time, Byron was sent, in 1801, to the great public school at Harrow, where he remained until 1805, when he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he kept up an irregular attendance for three years. However — being a peer of the realm — he was enabled to take his degree in 1808. On coming of age he formally took possession of his seat in the House of Peers.

Byron had before this time begun his career of authorship. As early as 1806 he printed a few copies of a little volume of poems for private circulation. These copies were canceled, and he replaced them by a larger collection, which he entitled "Hours of Idleness."

Byron had already planned an extensive tour abroad. This tour occupied about two years. He returned to London in 1811 and soon after published "Childe Harold." Early in January, 1815, he was married to Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke.

The marriage was an unhappy one from the first. Byron was overwhelmed in debt, and he showed a notable faculty for getting deeper in. More serious trouble followed later, and he was formally repudiated by his wife. A storm of indignation arose, and Byron left England never to return. He went to Brussels, thence to Switzerland, and finally to Venice, where he remained for eight years. The uprising of the Greeks against the Turkish sway began early in 1821. In 1823 Byron agreed to embark in the enterprise, finally reaching Missolonghi in February, 1824. His constitution had long been seriously impaired, and his health suffered among the marshes at Missolonghi. On the 9th of April he took a long ride, and was drenched in a heavy shower. He was seized by shiverings and violent pain; rheumatic fever set in. He grew rapidly worse, and became delirious. He died on the morning of the 19th, at the age of thirty-six years and three months. The

dates of issue of a few of the most celebrated single works are as follows: "Hours of Idleness" (1807); "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (1809); "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (1812–1818); "The Giaour" (1813); "The Bride of Abydos" (1813); "The Corsair" (1814); "Lara" (1814); "Hebrew Melodies" (1815); "The Prisoner of Chillon" (1816); "Manfred" (1817); "The Lament of Tasso" (1817); "Don Juan" (1819–1824); "Marino Faliero" (1820); "The Two Foscari" (1821); and "Cain" (1821).

The Isles of Greece.

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung, —
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet, —
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet —
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung"

From a Painting by L. Alma-Tadema

Another despot of the kind!
Such claims as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samian's marbled steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

The Dying Gladiator.

The seal is set. — Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud roared applause,

As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
What matter where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thundershower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay —
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

To Rome.

O Rome, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and empires, ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka! it is clear—"
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection: all beside, decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

Venice.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here,
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The Battle of Waterloo.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes!
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

Mazeppa's Ride.

(From "Mazeppa.")

The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed;

MAZEPPA'S RIDE

From a Painting by Alexander Wagner

It vexes me — for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorched and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought, that day of pain
When, launched as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They played me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I played them one as frank —
For time at last sets all things even —
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

. . . . . .

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,

And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Not faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he passed —
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still —
A woman piqued — who has her will.

. . . . . .

Onward we went — but slack and slow:
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went. . . .
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet;
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable —
His first and last career is done!

The Irish Avatàr.

Ere the Daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherished Isle which he loved like his — bride.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betrayed not, or crushed not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags;
The castle still stands, and the senate's no more;
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore — where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
Like a goodly leviathan rolled from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part —
But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!
Could the green in his *hat* be transferred to his *heart!*

Could that long-withered spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise —
Then might Freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were he God — as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow —
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride;
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted, endued,
And his rival of victor in all he possessed.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequaled, preceded, the task was begun;
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the savior, the *one!*

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny, listening, sate melted or mute,
And corruption shrunk scorched from the glance of his mind.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
Feasts furnished by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
When a week's Saturnalia hath loosened her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendor thy wreck can afford
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace. Lo! Erin, thy Lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
Must what terror or policy wring forth be classed
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature; a king's is to *reign*, —
To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascalliest, sweetest *young* prince!"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
Till like Babel the new royal dome hath arisen!
Let thy beggars and Helots their pittance unite —
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

Spread — spread for Vitellius the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors called "George"!

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flowed, and which yet has to flow.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone —
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers!

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawled from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race —
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did — let her long-boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring:
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flushed,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a King!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! O Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right:
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free;
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee!*

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land;
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

For happy are they now reposing afar, —
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who for years were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeemed, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day, —
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamped in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy — thy *dead.*

Or if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

The Dream.

I.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power —
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not — what they will,
And make us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows.— Are they so?

Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? — The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; — the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had looked
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects; — he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,

And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother — but no more: 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race. — It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not — and why?
Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of: then he leaned
His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion — then rose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed

From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way,
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer.
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? — she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? — she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,

Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind — a specter of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was returned. — I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The star-light of his boyhood; — as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced — and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reeled around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been —
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love — oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own luster, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy: but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,

And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compassed round
With hatred and contention; pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide,
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality — the one
To end in madness — both in misery.

She Walks in Beauty.

(From "Hebrew Melodies.")

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Prometheus.

I.

Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise:

What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
  Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
  Until its voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
  Between the suffering and the will,
  Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die;
The wretched gift eternity
  Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
  But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
  To render with thy precepts less
  The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance and repulse
  Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
  A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign

To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentered recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

A Summing-Up.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee, —
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, — nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo: in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me, —
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things; — hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

On This Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth Year.

Missolonghi, *January 22, 1824.*

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*, and 'tis not *here*,
Such thoughts should shake my soul — nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte.

I.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshiped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of saber sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld, abandoned power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —

Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?

Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his byword to thy brow.

XV.

That Timour! in his captive's cage
  What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
  But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
  Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

From "The Devil's Drive."

The Devil returned to hell by two,
  And he stayed at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,
  And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew —

And bethought himself what next to do,
"And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
I walked in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favorites thrive.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then —
"If I followed my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a wagon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnished again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poached away.

"I have a state coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
By driving my favorite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of the race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance."
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepped across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hovered a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perched on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blushed like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laughed he:
"Methinks they have here little need of *me!*"

. . . . . .

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing;
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,

Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying —
As round her fell her long fair hair;
And she looked to heaven with that frenzied air,
Which seemed to ask if a God were there!
And, stretched by the wall of a ruined hut,
With its hollow cheeks, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,
And the fall of the vainly flying!

The Prisoner of Chillon.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied; —
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns massy and gray,

Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest

CASTLE OF CHILLON

I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls.
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave inthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked,
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laughed — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,

And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear —
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too;
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,

As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
It was not night — it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —
  It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,

For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;

It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE.

George Washington Cable, an American novelist, was born in New Orleans, Oct. 12, 1844. When about fifteen years of age, he left school and became a clerk in a store; and in 1863 he enlisted as a Confederate volunteer in the Fourth Mississippi cavalry. He was wounded, and, returning to New Orleans, became an errand-boy in a store. He studied continually, and having acquired a knowledge of civil engineering, he went from place to place with a surveying party. Then he began to send criticisms and humorous papers and poems to the "Picayune," signing himself "Drop Shot;" and soon he was engaged as an editor. He had maintained his religious integrity, and had scrupulously followed the dictates of conscience; and when he was asked to furnish theatrical reports for the paper, he resigned and went to keeping books for a cotton dealer. In 1879, being left by his employer's death without employment, and having already met with success in the publication of sketches of Creole life in *The Century*, he determined to depend upon his pen for support. He also lectured successfully, reading extracts from his own writings, and singing to the people of the North the plantation songs of the far South. In 1879 he took up his residence in the North, living in Connecticut and in Northampton, Mass. In 1897 he assumed the editorial supervision of *Current Literature*. In 1898 he made a visit to England, where his fame had preceded him, and was warmly welcomed. Mr. Cable's published books include "Old Creole Days" (1879); "The Grandissimes" (1880); "Madame Delphine" (1881); "Dr. Sevier" (1884); "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884); "The Silent South" (1885); "Bonaventure" (1888); "The Negro Question" (1888); "Stories of Louisiana" (1889); "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" (1889); "Busy Man's Bible" (1891); "John March, Southerner" (1894).

"Posson Jone'."

(From "Old Creole Days," by George Washington Cable, Copyrighted, 1896, by D. Appleton & Co., and quoted by special permission of the publishers.)

To Jules St.-Ange — elegant little heathen — there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school.

and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round — for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese-world already at twenty-two.

He realized this as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti Streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body-servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and *tante's* pin-money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily-enumerated resorts: to go to work — they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else — why not? — to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and, besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money, not expert at cards or dice, but, as one would say, willing to learn, one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the night. The weed-grown tile-roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Up-street, and across the Rue du Canal, one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste.-Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain-water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key cracked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great importing-house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passers

below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St.-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent *cafés* the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St.-Ange remarked to his servant, without turning his head, that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those *bons* that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bull-fight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bull-fight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bull-fight — not an ordinary bull-fight with sick horses, but a buffalo-and-tiger fight. I would not miss it — "

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner, and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others followed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward — can the Creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, San Domingo refugees, and other loungers — can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side-streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air, trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"*Personne*," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick' it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an *Américain* — a West-Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

"To who is he speak — ?"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!"

Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant, good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that, as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little Creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top of the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the *Américain* anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank-notes. The crowd laughed, the West-Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dengerous to make your money expose like that, Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'dyou know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the Creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of West-Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging-house, and present and future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on busi*ness* for Bethesdy Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah — his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special provi*dence*. — Jools, do you believe in a special provi*dence?*"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square, old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as "d'body-sarvant of d'Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descanted upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton-growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special prov*idence* again' cotton untell folks quits a pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"*Je dis*," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah-plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah — I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop*. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy-water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with *quitte*.' I ged the holy-water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id broughd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. *Parce que*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"— falling back —"*Mais* certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy-water?" asked the parson.

"*Mais*, what could make it else? Id could not be the *quitte*, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique, mais*" — brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew — "not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones — "where's Colossus? Oh! all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in. Colossus

and this boy can go to the kitchen. — Now, Colossus, what *air* you a-beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go 'way!" said the parson with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alley-way with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"O Mahs Jimmy, I — I's gwine; but" — he ventured nearer — "don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you most of been dosted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy. — Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life — which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"*Mais*, he is a sassy; I would sell him, me," said the young Creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson; "though there is people in Bethesdy who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company" — they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know — whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half his length upon the damp board, continued:

"As a p'inciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors.

De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolut'on of de Sabbath, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of by-words, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience; an' if any man sin de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man.—Ain't that so, boss?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Neberdeless, mind you"—here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye—"mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body-sarvants, can take a *leetle* for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus's eloquence must not mislead us; this is the story of a true Christian; to wit, Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St.-Ange declared he could not touch; it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in—"

"Oh, yes!" cried St.-Ange, "conscien'; thad is the bez, Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismatique;* you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee—well,' then, it *is* wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price—well, then, it *is* wrong; I thing it is right—well, then, it *is* right; it is all 'abit; *c'est tout.* What a man thing is right, *is right;* 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith! do you thing I would go again my conscien'? *Mais allons*, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain't the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "*c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cockfight Sunday evening. I think it is all 'abit. *Mais*, come, Posson Jone'; I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe—always like to see friend; *allons*, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shame-faced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded Creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visite?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church-members," said Parson Jones.

"*Mais*," said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church-member'—certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expired for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"*Mais*, the church is right yonder at Miguel', yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez — me, I like the *Catholique* rilligion the bez — for me it *is* the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West-Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the *banquette*, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe — everybody, I thing — *mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk — "Jools, I *don't* want to lose my niggah."

"You will not lose him. With Baptiste he *cannot* ged loose."

But Colossus's master was not re-assured.

"Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church — "

"Posson Jone'," said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"*Allons*, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by and by turned into a cross street. The parson

stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon 'twa'n't him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flag-pole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theater, honey-combed with gambling-dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St.-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw! Mister Jools simply mistaken the house, thinkin' it was a Sabbath-school! No such thing, saw; I *ain't* bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'! I hev a right to my opinion; I reckon I'm *a white man*, saw! No saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do *not* know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot, ef you dare! You can kill me, but you cayn't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St.-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet for me. I didn't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St.-Ange's replies were in *falsetto* and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"*Mais oui!* 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid me, the same."

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrny, you know."

"If I could make jus' *one* bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place, fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing — *mais* I did not soupspicion this from you, Posson Jone' — "

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No! Posson Jone'."

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"*Mais certainement!* But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscien' — me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a-doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast-pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty, and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead. a tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant loads, leaving Jule St.-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild Creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus-ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great, white fleets drawn off upon the horizon — "see — heaven smiles upon the bull-fight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheater sat the

gayly-decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métaries* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Américains*, too — more's the shame — from the upper rivers — who will not keep their seats — who ply the bottle, and who will get home by and by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans, too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder, in that quieter section, are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls — and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women, and there is — but he vanishes — Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The mariners of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look black and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull, the bull! — hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling — standing head and shoulders above the rest — calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little Creole in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flat-boatmen, ha-ha-ing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, through some shameful knavery of the men, into whose hands he has fallen, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of

his own nation — men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flat-boatmen singing the ancient tune of Mear. You can hear the words —

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul"

— from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from singers who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats; the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans —

"He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth, and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness, that — "

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie-life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass pours down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the *mêlée*, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore — and all the people shouted at once when they saw it — the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against his belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting:

"The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together! You dah to say they shayn't and I'll comb you with this varmint

from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together. They *shell!* Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler *shell* lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife-drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's-play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flat-boatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat was cut and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus, and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing *Américains*. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the *calaboza*.

When Parson Jones awoke a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ring-bolt in the center of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone'," said the visitor, softly.

"O Jools!"

"*Mais*, w'at de matter, Posson Jone'?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah! Posson Jone', is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? *Mais*, if a man keep *all the time* intoxicate, I think that is again' the conscien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened — oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone', never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don' know w'ere — *mais* he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jools?" asked Parson Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone', you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man — *mais* Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the Isabella schooner. Poor Smyrny!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone'," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'it is a specious providence.'

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone'," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull-ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theater St. Philippe. Hah! You is the moz brave that I never see, *mais* ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? *Mais*, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.

"*Bien*, Posson Jone', I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you I come right off at M. De Blanc's house to get you let out of the calaboose; M. De Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering —'Ah! Jules, me boy, juz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone', it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank-notes, *bons*, and due-bills.

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take the effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The Creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for two reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws, and ought to stand the penalty; and secondly — you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but

the pass has been got onfairly, I'm afeerd. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I muss stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of moral heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "*Mais*, Posson Jone'!" — in his old *falsetto* — "de order — you cannot read it, it is in French — compel you to go hout, sir!"

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face — "is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but, though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live-oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St. Jean.

With the first beam came the West-Floridian and the Creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddle-bags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad, blue rings, and one cheek-bone bore the official impress of every knuckle of Colossus's left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge. At mention of the negro he became wild, and, half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point; he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes; he was almost certain; in fact, he thought so.

There was a clicking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the Isabella, moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loath to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you — I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal" — he set foot upon the gang-plank — "but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money — w'at I win las' night? Well, I win' it by a specious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

'Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

"Ah!" cried the Creole, "*c'est* very true. I ged dis money in the mysterieuze way. *Mais*, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to de dev'," said the sweetly-smiling young man.

The schooner-captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid *it?*"

"Any thing!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man" —

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hondred dollar' — 'twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"*Mais*, it was!"

"No!"

"It *was* me fault! I *swear* it was me fault! *Mais*, here is five hondred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money. — Oh, my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said:

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguidened friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, and bless you for your good intentions — oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson. "I'm in the Lord's haynds, and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!" — the schooner swung slowly off before the breeze — "good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself.

"Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow *dis* promise: you never, never, *never*, will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the Creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith'! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little Creole almost wept. He ran down the tow-path, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire *personnel* and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further demonstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"An' now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, backslidin' jackace of a parson and this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de *money!*" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully-mourned and honestly-prayed-for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the gesticulative, silent applause of St.-Ange and the schooner-men, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be"—cried Jones.

"*Amen!*" reiterated the negro.

"A-a-amen!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a moment upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rolling eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laughter and cheers that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes and hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And when he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-Ange tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell to their poles.

. . . . . .

M. Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vessel as it now disappeared, now re-appeared beyond the tops of the high undergrowth; but when an arm of the forest hid it finally from sight, he turned townward, followed by that fagged-out spaniel, his servant, saying, as he turned, "Baptiste."

"*Miché?*"

"You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money?"

"*Non, m'sieur.*"

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay hall my debts! *Allons!*"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweetheart was a wine-bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones's after-life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him even in his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father an honest man.

JULIUS CÆSAR

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Caius Julius Cæsar, a Roman statesman, soldier, and orator, born July 12, 100 B.C.; died March 15, 44 B.C. He sprang from a famous Roman family; distinguished himself as an orator, and was held by his contemporaries as second only to Cicero. The commencement of his political life may be properly dated at 74 B.C., when he was elected Pontifex. In 66 B.C. he was elected to the curule ædileship. In 60 B.C. Cæsar was elected Consul.

Upon the expiration of his consulship, Cæsar received the governorship of the provinces of Gaul. Beginning in 58 B.C. Cæsar conducted for nine years the series of splendid military campaigns, of which he himself is the historian, and which have given him a place as one of the greatest generals of antiquity. At the close of this period Cæsar was by all odds the most powerful man in the Roman State. The Senate ordered Cæsar to disband his army, upon pain of being declared an enemy of the State. Upon his refusing to do so, war was declared against him, and Pompey was placed at the head of the forces. Cæsar thereupon crossed the Rubicon — about the middle of January, 49 B.C. Pompey was worsted at every point, and in six months Cæsar was undisputed master of Rome, and was formally invested with all the highest functions of State, which he exercised for four years. A conspiracy was formed against him, and he was assassinated in the forum.

Cæsar was a voluminous author. The only works of his, however, of which more than fragments remain, are the "Commentaries on the Gallic" and "The Civil Wars."

Cæsar Worsted by the Gauls at Geryovia.

(From "The Gallic Wars.")

The town wall was 1,200 paces distant from the plain and foot of the ascent, in a straight line, if no gap intervened; whatever circuit was added to this ascent, to make the hill easy, increased the length of the route. But almost in the middle of the hill the Gauls had previously built a wall six feet high, made of large stones and extending in length as far as the nature

of the ground permitted, as a barrier to retard the advance of our men; and, leaving all the lower space empty, they had filled the upper part of the hill, as far as the wall of the town, with camps very close to one another. The soldiers, on the signal being given, quickly advance to this fortification, and passing over it make themselves masters of the separate camps. . . .

Cæsar, having accomplished the object which he had in view, ordered the signal to be sounded for a retreat; and the soldiers of the tenth legion, by which he was then accompanied, halted. But the soldiers of the other legions, not hearing the sound of the trumpet, because there was a very large valley between them, were however kept back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants, according to Cæsar's orders; but being animated by the prospect of speedy victory, and the flight of the enemy, and the favorable battles of former periods, they thought nothing so difficult that their bravery could not accomplish it; nor did they put an end to the pursuit until they drew nigh to the wall of the town and the gates. But then, when a shout arose in every quarter of the city, those who were at a distance, being alarmed by the sudden tumult, fled hastily from the town, since they thought that the enemy were within the gates. The matrons began to cast their clothes and silver over the wall, and bending over as far as the lower part of the bosom, with outstretched hands, beseech the Romans to spare them, and not to sacrifice to their resentment even women and children, as they had done at Avaricum. . . .

In the meantime those who had gone to the other part of the town to defend it, aroused by hearing the shouts, and afterward by frequent accounts that the town was in possession of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry, and hastened in larger numbers to that quarter. As each first came he stood beneath the wall, and increased the number of his countrymen in action. When a great multitude of them had assembled, the matrons, who a little before were stretching their hands from the walls to the Romans, began to beseech their countrymen, and, after the Gallic fashion, to show their disheveled hair, and bring their children into the public view. Neither in position nor in numbers was the contest an equal one to the Romans; at the same time, being exhausted by running and the long continuation of the fight, they could not easily withstand fresh and vigorous troops.

Cæsar, when he perceived that his soldiers were fighting on unfavorable ground, and that the enemy's forces were increasing, being alarmed for the safety of his troops, sent orders to Titus Sextius, one of his lieutenants, whom he had left to guard the smaller camp, to lead out his cohorts quickly from the camp, and post them at the foot of the hill, on the right wing of the enemy; that if he should see our men driven from the ground, he should deter the enemy from following too closely. He himself, advancing with the legion a little from that place where he had taken his post, awaited the issue of the battle. . .

Our soldiers, being hard pressed on every side, were dislodged from their position, with the loss of forty-six centurions; but the tenth legion, which had been posted in reserve on ground a little more level, checked the Gauls in their eager pursuit. It was supported by the cohorts of the thirteenth legion, which, being led from the smaller camp, had occupied the higher ground. The legions, as soon as they reached the plain, halted and faced the enemy. Vercingetorix led back his men from the part of the hill within the fortifications. On that day little less than seven hundred of the soldiers were missing.

On the next day, Cæsar, having called a meeting, censured the rashness and avarice of his soldiers, "In that they had judged for themselves how far they ought to proceed, or what they ought to do, and could not keep back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants"; and stated, "what the disadvantages of the ground could effect, what opinion he himself had entertained at Avaricum, when, having surprised the enemy without either general or cavalry, he had given up a certain victory, lest even a trifling loss should occur in the contest, owing to the disadvantage of position. That, as much as he admired the greatness of their courage, since neither the fortifications of the camp, nor the height of the mountain, nor the wall of the town, could retard them; at the same degree he censured their licentiousness and arrogance, because they thought that they knew more than their general concerning victory, and the issue of actions: and that he required in his soldiers forbearance and self-command not less than valor and magnanimity.

Final Defeat of Vercingetorix.

The Gauls having been twice repulsed with great loss [in their assault upon the Roman lines encircling the stronghold of

Alesia], consult what they should do: they avail themselves of the information of those who were well acquainted with the country; from them they ascertain the position and fortification of the upper camp. There was on the north side a hill which our men could not include in their works, on account of the extent of the circuit, and had necessarily made their camp on ground almost disadvantageous, and pretty steep. Caius Antistius Reginus, and Caius Caninius Rebelius, two of the lieutenants, with two legions, were in possession of this camp. The leaders of the enemy, having reconnoitered the country by the scouts, select from the entire army 60,000 men belonging to those states which bear the highest character for courage: they privately arrange among themselves what they wished to be done, and in what manner; they decide that the attack should take place when it should seem to be noon. They appoint over their forces Vergasillaunus, the Avernian, one of the four generals, and a near relative of Vercingetorix. He, having issued from the camp at the first watch, and having almost completed his march a little before the dawn, hid himself behind the mountain, and ordered his soldiers to refresh themselves after their labor during the night. When noon now seemed to draw nigh, he marched hastily against that camp which we have mentioned before; and at the same time the cavalry began to approach the fortifications in the plain, and the rest of the forces to make a demonstration in front of the camp.

Vercingetorix, having beheld his countrymen from the citadel of Alesia, issues forth from the town; he brings forth from the camp long hooks, movable pent-houses, mural hooks, and other things which he had prepared for the purpose of making a sally. They engage on all sides at once, and every expedient is adopted. They flocked to whatever part of the works seemed weakest. The army of the Romans is distributed along their extensive lines, and with difficulty meets the enemy in every quarter. The shouts which were raised by the combatants in their rear had a great tendency to intimidate our men, because they perceived that their danger rested on the valor of others: for generally all evils which are distant most powerfully alarm men's minds.

Cæsar, having selected a commanding situation, sees distinctly what is going on in every quarter, and sends assistance to his troops when hard pressed. The idea uppermost in the minds of both parties is that the present is the time in which

they would have the fairest opportunity of making a struggle: the Gauls despairing of all safety unless they should succeed in forcing the lines; the Romans expecting an end to all their labors if they should gain the day. The principal struggle is at the upper lines, to which, we have said, Vergasillaunus was sent. The least elevation of ground, added to a declivity, exercises a momentous influence. Some are casting missiles; others, forming a testudo, advance to the attack; fresh men by turns relieve the wearied. The earth, heaped up by all against the fortifications, gives the means of ascent to the Gauls, and covers those works which the Romans had concealed in the ground. Our men have no longer arms or strength.

Cæsar, on observing these movements, sends Labienus with six cohorts to relieve his distressed soldiers; he orders him, if he should be unable to withstand them, to draw off his cohorts and make a sally, but not to do this except through necessity. He himself goes to the rest, and exhorts them not to succumb to the toil; he shows them that the fruits of all former engagements depend on that day and hour. The Gauls within, despairing of forcing the fortifications in the plains, on account of the greatness of the works, attempt the places precipitous in ascent; hither they bring the engines which they had prepared; by the immense numbers of their missiles they dislodge the defenders from the turrets: they fill the ditches with clay and hurdles, then clear the way; they tear down the rampart and breastwork with hooks.

Cæsar sends at first young Brutus, with six cohorts, and afterward Caius Fabius, his lieutenant, with seven others; finally, as they fight more obstinately, he leads up fresh men to the assistance of his soldiers. After renewing the action, and repulsing the enemy, he marches in the direction in which he had sent Labienus, drafts four cohorts from the nearest redoubt, and orders part of the cavalry to follow him, and part to make the circuit of the external fortifications, and attack the enemy in the rear. Labienus, when neither the ramparts nor ditches could check the onset of the enemy, informs Cæsar by messengers of what he intended to do. Cæsar hastens to share in the action.

His arrival being known from the color of his robe, and the troops of cavalry and the cohorts which he had ordered to follow him being seen, as those low and sloping grounds were plainly visible from the eminences, the enemy join battle. A

shout being raised by both sides, it was succeeded by a general shout along the ramparts and whole line of fortifications. Our troops, laying aside their javelins, carry on the engagement with their swords. The cavalry is suddenly seen in the rear of the Gauls: the other cohorts advance rapidly; the enemy turn their backs; the cavalry intercept them in their flight, and a great slaughter ensues. Sedulius, the general and chief of the Lemovices, is slain; Vergasillaunus, the Avernian, is taken alive in the flight; seventy-four military standards are brought to Cæsar; and few out of so great a number return safe to their camp. The besieged, beholding from the town the slaughter and flight of their countrymen, despairing of safety, lead back their troops from the fortifications. A flight of the Gauls from the camp immediately ensues on hearing this disaster, and had not the soldiers been wearied by sending frequent reënforcements, and the labor of the entire day, all the enemy's forces might have been destroyed. Immediately after midnight the cavalry are sent out and overtake the rear; a great number are taken or cut to pieces; the rest by flight escape in different directions to their respective states.

Vercingetorix, having convened a council the following day, declares, "That he had undertaken that war, not on account of his own exigencies, but on account of the general freedom; and since he must yield to fortune, he offered himself to them for either purpose, whether they should wish to atone to the Romans by his death, or surrender him alive." Ambassadors are sent to Cæsar on this subject. He orders their chieftains delivered up. He seats himself at the head of the lines in front of the camp. The Gallic chieftains are brought before him. They surrender Vercingetorix, and lay down their arms. Reserving the Ædui and Arverni, to try if he could gain over, through their influence, their respective states, he distributes one of the remaining captives to each soldier throughout the entire army as plunder.

After making these arrangements, he marches into the country of the Ædui and recovers that state. To this place ambassadors are sent by the Arverni, who promise that they will execute his commands. He demands a great number of hostages. He sends the legions to winter quarters; he restores about twenty thousand captives to the Ædui and Arverni. . . . A supplication of twenty days is decreed by the Senate at Rome, on learning these successes from Cæsar's dispatches.

Of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Gauls and Germans.

Since we have come to this place, it does not appear to be foreign to our subject to lay before the reader an account of the manners of Gaul and Germany, and wherein these nations differ from each other. In Gaul there are factions not only in all the States, and in all the cantons and their divisions, but almost in each family; and of these factions those are the leaders who are considered according to their judgment to possess the greatest influence, upon whose will and determination the management of all affairs and measures depends. And that seems to have been instituted in ancient times with this view, that no one of the common people should be in want of support against one more powerful; for none of those leaders suffers his party to be oppressed and defrauded, and if he do otherwise, he has no influence among his party. This same policy exists throughout the whole of Gaul; for all the States are divided into two factions.

When Cæsar arrived in Gaul, the Ædui were the leaders of one faction, the Sequani of the other. Since the latter were less powerful by themselves, inasmuch as the chief influence was from of old among the Ædui, and their dependencies were great, they had united to themselves the Germans and Ariovistus, and brought them over to their party by great sacrifices and promises. And having fought several successful battles and slain all the nobility of the Ædui, they had so far surpassed them in power that they brought over from the Ædui to themselves a large portion of their dependants, and received from them the sons of their leading men as hostages, and compelled them to swear in their public character that they would enter into no design against them; and held a portion of the neighboring land, seized on by force, and possessed the sovereignty of the whole of Gaul. Divitiacus, urged by this necessity, had proceeded to Rome to the Senate for the purpose of entreating assistance, and had returned without accomplishing his object. A change of affairs ensued on the arrival of Cæsar: the hostages were returned to the Ædui, their old dependencies restored, and new ones acquired through Cæsar (because those who had attached themselves to their alliance saw that they enjoyed a better state and a milder government); their

other interests, their influence, their reputation were likewise increased, and in consequence the Sequani lost the sovereignty. The Remi succeeded to their place, and as it was perceived that they equaled the Ædui in favor with Cæsar, those who on account of their old animosities could by no means coalesce with the Ædui, consigned themselves in clientship to the Remi. The latter carefully protected them. Thus they possessed both a new and suddenly acquired influence. Affairs were then in that position, that the Ædui were considered by far the leading people, and the Remi held the second post of honor.

Throughout all Gaul there are two orders of those men who are of any rank and dignity: for the commonalty is held almost in the condition of slaves, and dares to undertake nothing of itself and is admitted to no deliberation. The greater part, when they are pressed either by debt, or the large amount of their tributes, or the oppression of the more powerful, give themselves up in vassalage to the nobles, who possess over them the same rights, without exception, as masters over their slaves. But of these two orders, one is that of the Druids, the other that of the knights. The former are engaged in things sacred, conduct the public and the private sacrifices, and interpret all matters of religion. To these a large number of the young men resort for the purpose of instruction, and they [the Druids] are in great honor among them. For they determine respecting almost all controversies, public and private; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if murder has been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, if any about boundaries, these same persons decide it; they decree rewards and punishments; if any one, either in a private or public capacity, has not submitted to their decision, they interdict him from the sacrifices. This among them is the most heavy punishment. Those who have been thus interdicted are esteemed in the number of the impious and criminal: all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from their contact; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed on them. Over all these Druids one presides, who possesses supreme authority among them. Upon his death, if any individual among the rest is preëminent in dignity, he succeeds; but if there are many equal, the election is made by the suffrages of the Druids; sometimes they even contend for the presidency with arms. These assemble

at a fixed period of the year in a consecrated place in the territories of the Carnutes, which is reckoned the central region of the whole of Gaul. Hither all who have disputes assemble from every part and submit to their decrees and determinations. This institution is supposed to have been devised in Britain, and to have been brought over from it into Gaul; and now those who desire to gain a more accurate knowledge of that system generally proceed thither for the purpose of studying it.

The Druids do not go to war, nor pay tribute together with the rest; they have an exemption from military service and a dispensation in all matters. Induced by such great advantages, many embrace this profession of their own accord, and many are sent to it by their parents and relations. They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they regard it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adopted for two reasons: because they neither desire their doctrines to be divulged among the mass of the people, nor those who learn, to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men that in their dependence on writing they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of the memory. They wish to inculcate this as one of their leading tenets: that souls do not become extinct, but pass after death from one body to another; and they think that men by this tenet are in a great degree excited to valor, the fear of death being disregarded. They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many things respecting the stars and their motion; respecting the extent of the world and of our earth; respecting the nature of things; respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods.

The other order is that of the knights. These, when there is occasion and any war occurs (which before Cæsar's arrival was for the most part wont to happen every year, as either they on their part were inflicting injuries or repelling those which others inflicted on them), are all engaged in war. And those of them most distinguished by birth and resources have the greatest number of vassals and dependants about them. They acknowledge this sort of influence and power only.

The nation of all the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites; and on that account they who are troubled with unusually severe diseases, and they who are engaged in battles and dangers, either sacrifice men as victims, or vow that they will sacrifice them, and employ the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices; because they think that unless the life of a man be offered for the life of a man, the mind of the immortal gods cannot be rendered propitious, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. Others have figures of vast size, the limbs of which formed of osiers they fill with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish enveloped in the flames. They consider that the oblation of such as have been taken in theft, or in robbery, or any other offense, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class is wanting, they have recourse to the oblation of even the innocent.

They worship as their divinity Mercury in particular, and have many images of him, and regard him as the inventor of all arts; they consider him the guide of their journeys and marches, and believe him to have very great influence over the acquisition of gain and mercantile transactions. Next to him they worship Apollo, and Mars, and Jupiter, and Minerva; respecting these deities they have for the most part the same belief as other nations: that Apollo averts diseases, that Minerva imparts the invention of manufactures, that Jupiter possesses the sovereignty of the heavenly powers; that Mars presides over wars. To him, when they have determined to engage in battle, they commonly vow those things which they shall take in war. When they have conquered, they sacrifice whatever captured animals may have survived the conflict, and collect the other things into one place. In many States you may see piles of these things heaped up in their consecrated spots; nor does it often happen that any one, disregarding the sanctity of the case, dares either to secrete in his house things captured, or take away those deposited; and the most severe punishment, with torture, has been established for such a deed.

All the Gauls assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down by the Druids. For that reason they compute the divisions of every season, not by the number of days, but of nights; they keep birthdays and the beginnings of months and years in such an order that the day follows the night. Among the other usages

of their life, they differ in this from almost all other nations; that they do not permit their children to approach them openly until they are grown up so as to be able to bear the service of war; and they regard it as indecorous for a son of boyish age to stand in public in the presence of his father.

Whatever sums of money the husbands have received in the name of dowry from their wives, making an estimate of it, they add the same amount out of their own estates. An account is kept of all this money conjointly, and the profits are laid by; whichever of them shall have survived the other, to that one the portion of both reverts, together with the profits of the previous time. Husbands have power of life and death over their wives as well as over their children: and when the father of a family born in a more than commonly distinguished rank has died, his relations assemble, and if the circumstances of his death are suspicious, hold an investigation upon the wives in the manner adopted towards slaves; and if proof be obtained, put them to severe torture and kill them. Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly; and they cast into the fire all things, including living creatures, which they suppose to have been dear to them when alive; and a little before this period, slaves and dependants who were ascertained to have been beloved by them were, after the regular funeral rites were completed, burnt together with them.

Those States which are considered to conduct their commonwealth more judiciously have it ordained by their laws, that if any person shall have heard by rumor and report from his neighbors anything concerning the commonwealth, he shall convey it to the magistrate and not impart it to any other; because it has been discovered that inconsiderate and inexperienced men were often alarmed by false reports and driven to some rash act, or else took hasty measures in affairs of the highest importance. The magistrates conceal those things which require to be kept unknown; and they disclose to the people whatever they determine to be expedient. It is not lawful to speak of the commonwealth except in council.

The Germans differ much from these usages, for they have neither Druids to preside over sacred offices nor do they pay great regard to sacrifices. They rank in the number of the gods those alone whom they behold, and by whose instrumentality they are obviously benefited, — namely, the sun, fire, and

the moon; they have not heard of the other deities even by report. Their whole life is occupied in hunting and in the pursuits of the military art; from childhood they devote themselves to fatigue and hardships. Those who have remained chaste for the longest time receive the greatest commendation among their people; they think that by this the growth is promoted, by this the physical powers are increased and the sinews are strengthened. And to have had knowledge of a woman before the twentieth year they reckon among the most disgraceful acts; of which matter there is no concealment, because they bathe promiscuously in the rivers and only use skins or small cloaks of deer's hides, a large portion of the body being in consequence naked.

They do not pay much attention to agriculture, and a large portion of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh; nor has any one a fixed quantity of land or his own individual limits; but the magistrates and the leading men each year apportion to the tribes and families who have united together, as much land as, and in the place in which, they think proper, and the year after compel them to remove elsewhere. For this enactment they advance many reasons — lest seduced by long-continued custom, they may exchange their ardor in the waging of war for agriculture; lest they may be anxious to acquire extensive estates, and the more powerful drive the weaker from their possessions; lest they construct their houses with too great a desire to avoid cold and heat; lest the desire of wealth spring up, from which cause divisions and discords arise; and that they may keep the common people in a contented state of mind, when each sees his own means placed on an equality with [those of] the most powerful.

It is the greatest glory to the several States to have as wide deserts as possible around them, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider this the real evidence of their prowess, that their neighbors shall be driven out of their lands and abandon them, and that no one dare settle near them; at the same time they think that they shall be on that account the more secure, because they have removed the apprehension of a sudden incursion. When a State either repels war waged against it or wages it against another, magistrates are chosen to preside over that war with such authority that they have power of life and death. In peace there is no common magistrate, but the chiefs of provinces and cantons administer justice and determine con-

troversies among their own people. Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each State bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and of preventing sloth. And when any of their chiefs has said in an assembly that "he will be their leader; let those who are willing to follow give in their names," they who approve of both the enterprise and the man arise and promise their assistance and are applauded by the people; such of them as have not followed him are accounted in the number of deserters and traitors, and confidence in all matters is afterwards refused them.

To injure guests they regard as impious; they defend from wrong those who have come to them for any purpose whatever, and esteem them inviolable; to them the houses of all are open and maintenance is freely supplied.

And there was formerly a time when the Gauls excelled the Germans in prowess, and waged war on them offensively, and on account of the great number of their people and the insufficiency of their land, sent colonies over the Rhine. Accordingly, the Volcæ Tectosăges seized on those parts of Germany which are the most fruitful and lie around the Hercynian forest (which I perceive was known by report to Eratosthenes and some other Greeks, and which they call Orcynia), and settled there. Which nation to this time retains its position in those settlements, and has a very high character for justice and military merit: now also they continue in the same scarcity, indigence, hardihood, as the Germans, and use the same food and dress; but their proximity to the Province and knowledge of commodities from countries beyond the sea supplies to the Gauls many things tending to luxury as well as civilization. Accustomed by degrees to be overmatched and worsted in many engagements, they do not even compare themselves to the Germans in prowess.

The breadth of this Hercynian forest which has been referred to above is, to a quick traveler, a journey of nine days. For it cannot be otherwise computed, nor are they acquainted with the measures of roads. It begins at the frontiers of the Helvetii, Nemetes, and Rauraci, and extends in a right line along the river Danube to the territories of the Daci and the Anartes; it bends thence to the left in a different direction from the river, and owing to its extent, touches the confines of many nations; nor is there any person belonging to this part of Germany who

says that he either has gone to the extremity of that forest, though he had advanced a journey of sixty days, or has heard in what place it begins. It is certain that many kinds of wild beast are produced in it which have not been seen in other parts; of which the following are such as differ principally from other animals and appear worthy of being committed to record.

There is an ox of the shape of a stag, between whose ears a horn rises from the middle of the forehead, higher and straighter than those horns which are known to us. From the top of this, branches, like palms, stretch out a considerable distance. The shape of the female and of the male is the same; the appearance and the size of the horns is the same.

There are also animals which are called elks. The shape of these, and the varied color of their skins, is much like roes, but in size they surpass them a little and are destitute of horns, and have legs without joints and ligatures; nor do they lie down for the purpose of rest, nor if they have been thrown down by any accident, can they raise or lift themselves up. Trees serve as beds to them; they lean themselves against them, and thus reclining only slightly, they take their rest; when the huntsmen have discovered from the footsteps of these animals whither they are accustomed to betake themselves, they either undermine all the trees at the roots, or cut into them so far that the upper part of the trees may appear to be left standing. When they have leant upon them, according to their habit, they knock down by their weight the unsupported trees, and fall down themselves along with them.

There is a third kind, consisting of those animals which are called uri. These are a little below the elephant in size, and of the appearance, color, and shape of a bull. Their strength and speed are extraordinary; they spare neither man nor wild beast which they have espied. These the Germans take with much pains in pits and kill them. The young men harden themselves with this exercise, and practice themselves in this kind of hunting, and those who have slain the greatest number of them, having produced the horns in public to serve as evidence, receive great praise. But not even when taken very young can they be rendered familiar to men and tamed. The size, shape, and appearance of their horns differ much from the horns of our oxen. These they [the Gauls] anxiously seek after, and bind at the tips with silver, and use as cups at their most sumptuous entertainments.

The Two Lieutenants.

In that legion there were two very brave men, centurions, who were now approaching the first ranks, — T. Pulfio and L. Varenus. These used to have continual disputes between them which of them should be preferred, and every year used to contend for promotion with the utmost animosity. When the fight was going on most vigorously before the fortifications, Pulfio, one of them, says: "Why do you hesitate, Varenus? or what better opportunity of signalizing your valor do you seek? This very day shall decide our disputes." When he had uttered these words, he proceeds beyond the fortifications, and rushes on that part of the enemy which appeared the thickest. Nor does Varenus remain within the rampart, but respecting the high opinion of all, follows close after. Then, when an inconsiderable space intervened, Pulfio throws his javelin at the enemy, and pierces one of the multitude who was running up, and while the latter was wounded and slain, the enemy cover him with their shields, and all throw their weapons at the other and afford him no opportunity of retreating. The shield of Pulfio is pierced and a javelin is fastened in his belt. This circumstance turns aside his scabbard and obstructs his right hand when attempting to draw his sword: the enemy crowd around him when thus embarrassed. His rival runs up to him and succors him in this emergency. Immediately the whole host turn from Pulfio to him, supposing the other to be pierced through by the javelin. Varenus rushes on briskly with his sword and carries on the combat hand to hand; and having slain one man, for a short time drove back the rest: while he urges on too eagerly, slipping into a hollow, he fell. To him in his turn, when surrounded, Pulfio brings relief; and both, having slain a great number, retreat into the fortifications amidst the highest applause. Fortune so dealt with both in this rivalry and conflict, that the one competitor was a succor and a safeguard to the other; nor could it be determined which of the two appeared worthy of being preferred to the other.

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE.

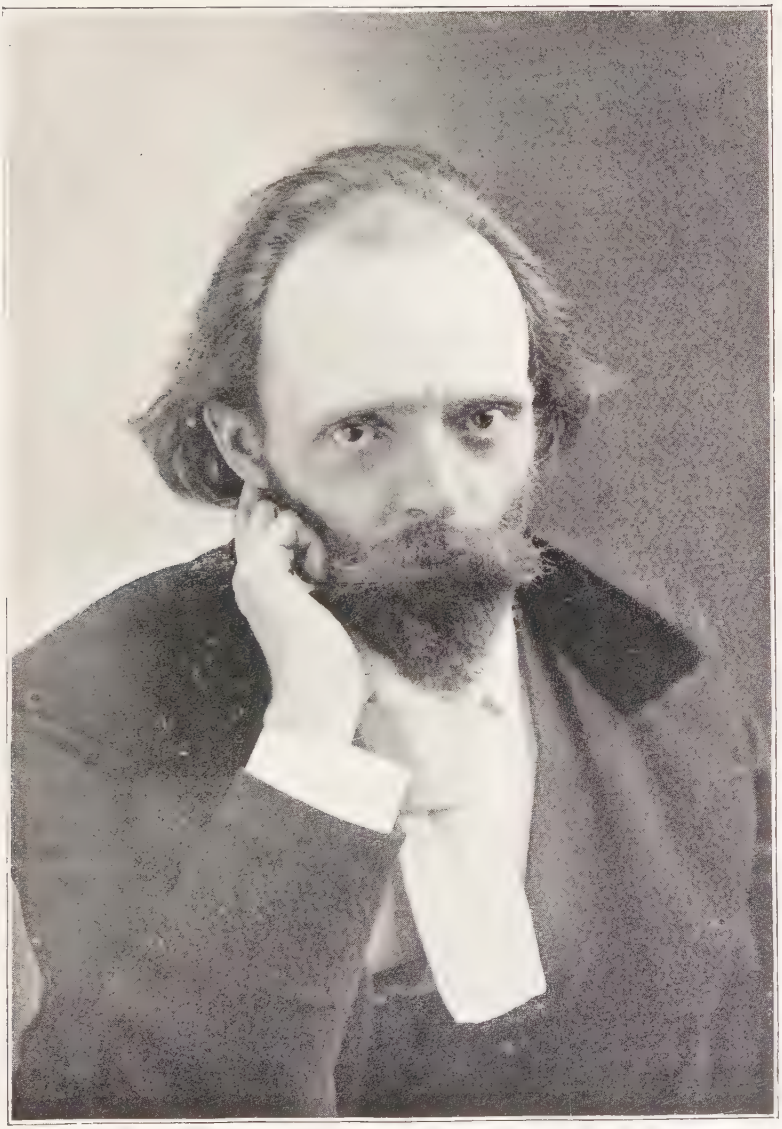
THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE, an English novelist and dramatist of Manx parentage, commonly known as "Hall Caine," was born in Runcorn, Cheshire, England, Aug. 14, 1853. He was educated for an architect and began the practice of his profession at Liverpool, and from being a frequent contributor to the *Builder, Building News,* and other architectural periodicals, he entered journalism and became a member of the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury.* In 1880 he abandoned his profession of an architect, to devote himself to literature. In 1881 he went to London, living at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, until the death of Rossetti in 1882. Previous to the publication of his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime" (1885), he had published "Recollections of Rossetti" and "Sonnets of Three Centuries" (1882), and "Cobwebs of Criticism" (1883). His most recent and important works are: "A Son of Hagar" and "Life of Coleridge" (Great Writers Series, 1886); "The Deemster," a story of the Isle of Man (1887); "The Bondman" (1888); "The Scapegoat" (1889); "The Little Manx Nation," three lectures giving a history of the Manx kings, bishops, and people (1891); "The Last Confession" and "The Blind Mother" (1890); "Captain Davy's Honeymoon" (1892); "The Manxman" (1893); "The Christian" (1897). With Mr. Wilson Barrett he has written two plays, "Ben-my-Chree," dramatized from "The Deemster," and "Good Old Times."

In the fall of 1895 Mr. Caine came to America in the interests of the Canadian Copyright Law.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN.

(From "The Deemster.")

NOW the facts of this history must stride on some six years, and in that time the Deemster had lost nearly all the little interest he ever felt in his children. Mona had budded into womanhood, tender, gracious, quiet — a tall, fair-haired maiden of twenty, with a drooping head like a flower, with a voice soft and low, and the full blue eyes with their depths of love and



HALL CAINE

sympathy shaded by long fluttering lashes as the trembling sedge shades the deep mountain pool. It was as ripe and beautiful a womanhood as the heart of a father might dream of, but the Deemster could take little pleasure in it. If Mona had been his son, her quiet ways and tractable nature might have counted for something; but a woman was only a woman in the Deemster's eyes, and the Deemster, like the Bedouin chief, would have numbered his children without counting his daughter. As for Ewan, he had falsified every hope of the Deemster. His Spartan training had gone for nothing. He was physically a weakling; a tall, spare youth of two and twenty, fair-haired, like his sister, with a face as spiritual and beautiful, and hardly less feminine. He was of a self-torturing spirit, constantly troubled with vague questionings, and though in this regard he was very much his father's son, the Deemster held his temperament in contempt.

The end of all was that Ewan showed a strong desire to enter the Church. The Deemster had intended that his son should study the law and follow him in his place when his time came. But Ewan's womanly temperament coexisted with a manly temper. Into the law he would not go, and the Church he was resolved to follow. The Bishop had then newly opened at Bishop's Court a training college for his clergy, and Ewan sought and obtained admission. The Deemster fumed, but his son was not to be moved even by his wrath. This was when Ewan was nineteen years of age, and after two more years the spirituality of his character overcame the obstacle of his youth, and the Bishop ordained him at twenty-one. Then Ewan was made chaplain to the household at Bishop's Court.

Hardly had this been done when Ewan took another step in life. With the knowledge of the Bishop, but without consulting the Deemster, he married, being now of age, a pretty child of sixteen, the daughter of his father's old foe, the vicar of the parish. When knowledge of this act of unwisdom reached the Deemster his last remaining spark of interest in his son expired, and he sent Mona across to Bishop's Court with a curt message saying that Ewan and his wife were at liberty, if they liked, to take possession of the old Ballamona. Thus he turned his back upon his son, and did his best to wipe him out of his mind.

Ewan took his young wife to the homestead that had been the place of his people for six generations, the place where he

himself had been born, the place where that other Ewan, his good grandfather, had lived and died.

More than ever for these events the Deemster became a solitary man. He kept no company; he took no pleasures. Alone he sat night after night in his study at Ballamona, and Ballamona was asleep before he slept, and before it awoke he was stirring. His daughter's presence in the house was no society for the Deemster. She grew beside him like her mother's youth, a yet fairer vision of the old days coming back to him hour by hour, but he saw nothing of all that. Disappointed in his sole hope, his son, whom truly he had never loved for love's sake, but only for his own sorry ambitions, he sat down under his disappointment a doubly-soured and thrice-hardened man. He had grown noticeably older, but his restless energy suffered no abatement. Biweekly he kept his courts, but few sought the law whom the law did not first find, for word went round that the Deemster was a hard judge, and deemed the laws in rigor. If men differed about money, they would say, "Och, why go to the Deemster? It's throwing a bone into the bad dog's mouth," and then they would divide their difference.

The one remaining joy of the Deemster's lonely life was centered in his brother's son, Dan. That lusty youth had not disappointed his expectations. At twenty he was a braw, brown-haired, brown-eyed lad of six feet two inches in stature, straight and upright, and with the thews and sinews of an ox. He was the athlete of the island, and where there was a tough job of wrestling to be had, or a delightful bit of fighting to be done, there was Dan in the heart of it. "Aw, and middling few could come anigh him," the people used to say. But more than in Dan's great stature and great strength, the little Deemster took a bitter pleasure in his daring irreverence for things held sacred. In this regard Dan had not improved with improving years. Scores of tricks his sad pugnacity devised to help the farmers to cheat the parson of his tithe, and it added not a little to the Deemster's keen relish of freaks like these that it was none other than the son of the Bishop who perpetrated them. As for the Bishop himself, he tried to shut his eyes to such follies. He meant his son to go into the Church, and, in spite of all outbursts of spirits, notwithstanding wrestling matches and fights, and even some tipsy broils of which rumor was in the air, he entered Dan as a student at the college he kept at Bishop's Court.

In due course the time of Dan's examination came, and then all further clinging to a forlorn hope was at an end. The Archdeacon acted as the Bishop's examining chaplain, and more than once the little man had declared in advance his conscientious intention of dealing with the Bishop's son as he would deal with any other. The examination took place in the library of Bishop's Court, and besides the students and the examiner there were some six or seven of the clergy present, and Ewan Mylrea, then newly ordained, was among them. It was a purely oral examination, and when Dan's turn came the Archdeacon assumed his loftiest look, and first tackled the candidate where he was known to be weakest.

"I suppose, sir, you think you can read your Greek Testament?"

Dan answered that he had never thought anything about it.

"I dare say for all your modesty that you have an idea that you know it well enough to teach it," said the Archdeacon.

Dan hadn't an idea on the subject.

"Take down the Greek Testament, and imagine that I'm your pupil, and proceed to expound it," said the Archdeacon.

Dan took the book from the bookcase and fumbled it in his fingers.

"Well, sir, open at the parable of the tares."

Dan scratched his big head leisurely, and he did his best to find the place. "So I'm to be tutor—is that it?" he said, with a puzzled look.

"That is so."

"And you are to be the pupil?"

"Precisely — suppose yourself my tutor — and now begin."

At this Ewan stepped out with a look of anxiety. "Is not that a rather difficult supposition, Archdeacon?" he said, timidly.

The Archdeacon glanced over his grandson loftily and made no reply.

"Begin, sir, begin," he said, with a sweep of his hand toward Dan, and at that he sat down in the high-backed oak chair at the head of the table.

Then on the instant there came into Dan's quick eyes a most mischievous twinkle. He was standing before the table with the Greek Testament open at the parable of the tares, and he knew too well he could not read the parable.

"When do we change places, Archdeacon?" he asked.

"We have changed places — you are now the tutor — I am your pupil — begin, sir."

"Oh! we have changed places, have we?" said Dan, and at that he lifted up the Archdeacon's silver-tipped walking-cane which lay on the table and brought it down again with a bang. "Then just you get up off your chair, sir," he said, with a tone of command.

The Archdeacon's russet face showed several tints of blue at that moment, but he rose to his feet. Thereupon Dan handed him the open book.

"Now, sir," he said, "first read me the parable of the tares."

The clergy began to shuffle about and look into each other's faces. The Archdeacon's expression was not amiable, but he took the book and read the parable.

"Very fair, very fair indeed," said Dan, in a tone of mild condescension — "a few false quantities, but very fair on the whole."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is going too far," said one of the clergy.

"Silence, sir," said Dan, with a look of outraged authority.

Then there was dire confusion. Some of the clergy laughed outright, and some giggled under their breath, and some protested in white wrath, and the end of it all was that the examination came to a sudden termination, and, rightly or wrongly, wisely or foolishly, Dan was adjudged to be unfit for the ministry of the Church.

When the Bishop heard the verdict his pale face whitened visibly, and he seemed to see the beginning of the end. At that moment he thought of the Deemster with bitterness. This blow to his hopes did not cement the severed lives of the brothers. The forces that had been dividing them year by year since the days of their father appeared to be drawing them yet wider apart in the lives and fortunes of their children. Each felt that the other was frustrating his dearest expectations in his son, and that was an offense that neither could forgive. To the Deemster it seemed that the Bishop was bearing down every ambition of his life, tearing him up as a naked trunk, leaving him a childless man. To the Bishop it seemed that the Deemster was wrecking the one life that was more to him than his own soul, and standing between him and the heart that with all its follies was dearer than the world beside. From this time of Ewan's marriage and Dan's disgrace the Bishop and the Deem-

ster rarely met, and when they passed on the road they exchanged only the coldest salutation.

But if the fates were now more than ever fostering an unnatural enmity between the sons of old Ewan, they were cherishing at the same time the loves of their children. Never were cousins more unlike or more fondly attached. Between Dan, the reckless scapegrace, and Mona, with the big soft eyes and the quiet ways, the affection was such as neither understood. They had grown up side by side, they had seen each other daily, they had scampered along the shore with clasped hands, they had screamed at the sea-gulls with one voice, and still they were boy and girl together. But once they were stooking the barley in the glebe, and, the day being hot, Mona tipped back her white sun bonnet, and it fell onto her shoulders. Seeing this, Dan came stealthily behind and thought very craftily to whisk it away unobserved; but the strings by which it was tied caught in her hair and tugged at its knot, and the beautiful wavy shower fell rip-rip-rippling down her back. The wind caught the loosened hair and tossed it about her, and she stood up erect among the corn with the first blush on her cheeks that Dan had ever brought there, and turned full upon him all the glorious light of her deep blue eyes. Then, then, oh then, Dan seemed to see her for the first time a girl no longer, but a woman, a woman, a woman! And the mountains behind her were in one instant blotted out of Dan's eyes, and everything seemed to spin about him.

When next he knew where he was, and what he was doing, behold, there were Mona's rosy lips under his, and she was panting and gasping for breath.

But if the love of Dan and Mona was more than cousinly, though they knew it not as yet, the love of Ewan for Dan was wonderful and passing the love of women. That pure soul, with its vague spiritual yearnings, seemed to have nothing in common with the jovial roysterer, always fighting, always laughing, taking disgrace as a duck takes water, and losing the trace of it as easily. Twenty times he stood between the scapegrace and the Bishop, twenty times he hid from the good father the follies of the son. He thought for that thoughtless head that never had an ache or a care under its abundant curls; he hoped for that light heart that hoped for nothing; he trembled for the soul that felt no fear. Never was such loyalty between man and man since David wept for Jonathan. And Ewan's mar-

riage disturbed this affection not at all, for the love he bore to Dan was a brotherly passion for which language has yet no name.

Let us tell one story that shall show this friendship in its double bearings — Ewan's love and temper and Dan's heedless harshness and the great nature beneath it, and then we will pass on with fuller knowledge to weightier matters.

Derry, the white-eyed collie that had nestled on the top of his master's bed the night Dan sneaked home in disgrace from the Oiel Verree, was a crafty little fox, with cunning and duplicity bred in his very bones. If you were a tramp of the profession of Billy the Gawk, he would look up at you with his big innocent eyes, and lick your hand, and thrust his nose into your palm, and the next moment he would seize you by the hindmost parts and hold on like a leech. His unamiable qualities grew as he grew in years, and one day Dan went on a long journey, leaving Derry behind, and when he returned he had another dog with him, a great shaggy Scotch collie, with bright eyes, a happy phiz, and a huge bush of a tail. Derry was at the gate when his master came home, and he eyed the new-comer with looks askance. From that day Derry turned his back on his master, he would never answer his call, and he did not know his whistle from the croak of a corn-crake. In fact, Derry took his own courses, and forthwith fell into all manner of dissolute habits. He went out at night alone, incognito, and kept most unchristian hours. The farmers around complained that their sheep were found dead in the field, torn and worried by a dog's teeth. Derry was known to be a dog that did not live a reputable life, and suspicion fell on him. Dan took the old fox in hand, and thenceforward Derry looked out on the world through a rope muzzle.

One day there was to be a sheep-dog match, and Dan entered his Scotch collie, Laddie. The race was to be in the meadow at the foot of Siieu Dhoo, and great crowds of people came to witness it. Hurdles were set up to make all crooks and cranks of difficulty, and then a drift of sheep were turned loose in the field. The prize was to the dog that would, at the word of its master, gather the sheep together and take them out at the gate in the shortest time. Ewan, then newly married, was there, and beside him was his child-wife. Time was called, and Dan's turn came to try the mettle of his Laddie. The dog started well, and in two or three minutes he had driven the

whole flock save two into an alcove of hurdles close to where Ewan and his wife stood together. Then at the word of his master Laddie set off over the field for the stragglers, and Dan shouted to Ewan not to stir a hand or foot, or the sheep would be scattered again. Now, just at that instant who should pop over the hedge but Derry in his muzzle, and quick as thought he shot down his head, put up his paws, threw off his muzzle, dashed at the sheep, snapped at their legs, and away they went in twenty directions.

Before Ewan had time to cry out Derry was gone, with his muzzle between his teeth. When Dan, who was a perch or two up the meadow, turned round and saw what had happened, and that his dog's chances were gone, his anger overcame him, and he turned on Ewan with a torrent of reproaches.

"There — you've done it with your lumbering — curse it."

With complete self-possession Ewan explained how Derry had done the mischief.

Then Dan's face was darker with wrath than it had ever been before.

"A pretty tale," he said, his lip curled in a sneer. He turned to the people around. "Anybody see the dog slip his muzzle?"

None had seen what Ewan affirmed. The eyes of everyone had been on the two stragglers in the distance pursued by Dan and Laddie.

Now, when Ewan saw that Dan distrusted him, and appealed to strangers as witness to his word, his face flushed deep, and his delicate nostrils quivered.

"A pretty tale," Dan repeated, and he was twisting on his heel, when up came Derry again, his muzzle on his snout, whisking his tail, and frisking about Dan's feet with an expression of quite lamb-like simplicity.

At that sight Ewan's livid face turned to a great pallor, and Dan broke into a hard laugh.

"We've heard of a dog slipping his muzzle," he said, "but who ever heard of a dog putting a muzzle on again?"

Then Ewan stepped from beside his girl-wife, who stood there with heaving breast. His eyes were aflame, but for an instant he conquered his emotion, and said, with a constrained quietness, but with a deep pathos in his tone, "Dan, do you think I've told you the truth?"

Dan wheeled about. "I think you've told me a lie," he said, and his voice came thick from his throat.

All heard the word, and all held their breath. Ewan stood a moment as if rooted to the spot, and his pallid face whitened every instant. Then he fell back, and took the girl-wife by the hand and turned away with her, his head down, his very heart surging itself out of his choking breast. And, as he passed through the throng, to carry away from that scene the madness that was working in his brain, he overheard the mocking comments of the people. "Aw, well, well, did ye hear that now? — called him a liar, and not a word to say agen it." "A liar! Och, a liar? and him a parzon, too!" "Middling chicken-hearted anyways — a liar! Aw, well, well, well!"

At that Ewan flung away the hand of his wife, and, quivering from head to foot, he strode toward Dan.

"You've called me a liar," he said, in a shrill voice that was like a cry. "Now, you shall prove your word — you shall fight me — you shall, by God."

He was completely carried away by passion.

"The parzon, the parzon!" "Man alive, the young parzon!" the people muttered, and they closed around.

Dan stood a moment. He looked down from his great height at Ewan's quivering form and distorted face. Then he turned about and glanced into the faces of the people. In another instant his eyes were swimming in tears; he took a step toward Ewan, flung his arms about him, and buried his head in his neck, and the great stalwart lad wept like a little child. In another moment Ewan's passion was melted away, and he kissed Dan on the cheek.

"Blubbering cowards!" "Aw, blatherskites!" "Och, man alive, a pair of turtle-doves!"

Dan lifted his head and looked around, raised himself to his full height, clinched his fists, and said:

"Now, my lads, you did your best to make a fight, and you couldn't manage it. I won't fight my cousin, and he sha'n't fight me; but if there's a man among you would like to know for himself how much of a coward I am, let him step out — I'm ready."

Not a man budged an inch.

. . . . . .

On the day before Christmas Day there was to be a plowing match in a meadow over the Head, and Ewan stood pledged by an old promise to act as judge. The day came, and it was a

heavy day, with snow-clouds hanging overhead, and misty vapors floating down from the hills and up from the Curraghs, and hiding them. At ten in the morning Mona muffled herself in a great cloak, and went over to the meadow with Ewan. There a crowd had already gathered, strong men in blue pilots, old men in sheepskin coats, women with their short blue camblet gowns tucked over their linen caps, boys and girls on every side, all coming and going like shadows in the mist. At one end of the meadow several pairs of horses stood yoked to plows, and a few lads were in charge of them. On Ewan's arrival there was a general movement among a group of men standing together, and a respectful salutation to the parson. The names were called over of the plowmen who had entered for the prize — a pound note and a cup — and last of all, there was a show of hands for the election of six men to form a jury.

Then the stretch was staked out. The prize was to the plowman who would make the stretch up and down the meadow in the shortest time, cutting the furrows straightest, cleanest, and of the most regular depth.

When all was ready, Ewan took up his station where the first furrow would be cut into the field, with Mona at his side, and the six jurors about him. The first plowman to bring up his plow was a brawny young fellow with a tanned face. The plowman had brought up his horses in front of the stake, and had laid hands on his plow-handles, and was measuring the stretch with his eye for a landmark to sight by, when Jarvis Kerruish came into the meadow, and walked through the crowd, and took up a place by Mona's side. There were audible comments, and some racy exclamations as he pushed through the crowd, not lifting an eye to any face; but he showed complete indifference, and began to talk to Mona in a loud, measured tone.

"Ah! this is very gratifying," he was saying, "to see the peasantry engaged in manly sports — useful sports — is, I confess, very gratifying to me."

"My gough!" said a voice from one side.

"Hurroo!" said a voice from the other side.

"Lawk-a-day!" came from behind, in a shrill female treble. "Did ye ever see a grub turn butterfly?"

Jarvis seemed not to hear. "Now there *are* sports — " he began; but the plowman was shouting to his horses, "Steady, steady," the plow was dipping into the succulent grass, the

first swish of the upturned soil was in the air, and Jarvis's wise words were lost.

All eyes were on the bent back of the plowman plodding on in the mist. "He cuts like a razor," said one of the spectators. "He bears his hand too much on," said another. "Do better yourself next spell," said a third.

When the horses reached the far end of the stretch the plowman whipped them round like the turn of a wheel, and in another moment he was toiling back, steadily, firmly, his hand rigid, and his face set hard. When he got back to where Ewan, with his watch in his hand, stood surrounded by the jurors, he was covered with sweat. "Good, very good — six minutes ten seconds," said Ewan, and there were some plaudits from the people looking on, and some banter of the competitors who came up to follow.

Jarvis Kerruish, at Mona's elbow, was beginning again, "I confess that it has always been my personal opinion — " but in the bustle of another pair of horses whipped up to the stake no one seemed to be aware that he was speaking.

Five plowmen came in succession, but all were behind the first in time and cut a less regular furrow. So Ewan and the jurors announced that the prize was to the stranger. Then as Ewan twisted about, his adjudication finished, to where Mona stood with Jarvis by her side, there was a general rush of competitors and spectators to a corner of the meadow, where, from a little square cart, the buirdly stranger who was victor proceeded to serve out glasses of ale from a small barrel.

While this was going on, and there was some laughter and shouting and singing, there came a loud *Hello!* as of many voices from a little distance, and then the beat of many irregular feet, and one of the lads in the crowd, who had jumped to the top of the broad turf hedge, shouted, "It's the capt'n — it's Mastha Dan."

In another half-minute, Dan and some fifty or sixty of the scum of the parish came tumbling into the meadow on all sides — over the hedge, over the gate, and tearing through the gaps in the gorse. They were the corps that Dan had banded together toward the Manx Fencibles, but the only regimentals they yet wore were a leather belt, and the only implement of war they yet carried was the small dagger that was fitted into the belt. That morning they had been drilling, and after drill they had set off to see the plowing match, and on the way they had passed

the "Three Legs," and being exceedingly dry, they had drawn up in front thereof, and every man had been served with a glass, which had been duly scored off to the captain's account.

Dan saw Mona with Ewan as he vaulted the gate, but he gave no sign of recognition, and in a moment he was in the thick of the throng at the side of the cart, hearing all about the match, and making loud comments upon it in his broadest homespun.

"What!" he said, "and you've let yourselves be bate by a craythur like that. Hurroo!"

He strode up to the stranger's furrow, cocked his eye along it, and then glanced at the stranger's horses.

"Och, I'll go bail I'll bate it with a yoke of oxen."

At that there was a movement of the crowd around him, and some cheering, just to egg on the rupture that was imminent.

The big stranger heard all, and strode through the people with a face like a thunder-cloud.

"Who says he'll bate it with a yoke of oxen?" he asked.

"That's just what I'm afther saying, my fine fellow. Have you anything agen it?"

In half a minute a wager had been laid of a pound a side that Dan, with a pair of oxen, would beat the stranger with a pair of horses in two stretches out of three.

"Davy! Davy!" shouted Dan, and in a twinkling there was Davy Fayle, looking queer enough in his guernsey, and his long boots, and his sea-cap, and withal his belt and his dagger. Davy was sent for a pair of oxen to where they were leading manure, not far away. He went off like a shot, and in ten minutes he was back in the meadow, driving the oxen before him.

Now, these oxen had been a gift of the Bishop to Dan. They were old, and had grown wise with their years. For fifteen years they had worked on the glebe at Bishop's Court, and they knew the dinner hour as well as if they could have taken the altitude of the sun. When the dinner bell rang at the Court at twelve o'clock, the oxen would stop short, no matter where they were or what they were doing, and not another budge would they make until they had been unyoked and led off for their midday mash.

It was now only a few minutes short of twelve, but no one took note of that circumstance, and the oxen were yoked to a plow.

"Same judge and jury," said the stranger, but Ewan excused himself.

"Aw, what matter about a judge," said Dan, from his plow-handles; "let the jury be judge as well."

Ewan and Mona looked on in silence for some moments. Ewan could scarce contain himself. There was Dan, stripped to his red flannel shirt, his face tanned and glowing, his whole body radiant with fresh life and health, and he was shouting and laughing as if there had never been a shadow to darken his days.

"Look at him," whispered Ewan, with emotion, in Mona's ear. "Look! this good-nature that seems so good to others is almost enough to make me hate him."

Mona was startled, and turned to glance into Ewan's face.

"Come, let us go," said Ewan, with head aside.

"Not yet," said Mona.

Then Jarvis Kerruish, who had stepped aside for a moment, returned and said:

"Will you take a wager with me, Mona — a pair of gloves?"

"Very well," she answered.

"Who do you bet on?"

"Oh, on the stranger," said Mona, coloring slightly, and laughing a little.

"How lucky," said Jarvis, "I bet on the captain."

"I can stand it no longer," whispered Ewan, "will you come?" But Mona's eyes were riveted on the group about the oxen. She did not hear, and Ewan turned away, and walked out of the meadow.

Then there was a shout, and the oxen started with Dan behind them. On they went through the hard, tough ground, tranquilly, steadily, with measured pace, tearing through roots of trees that lay in their way as if nothing could stop them in their great strength.

When the oxen got back after the first stretch the time was called — five minutes thirty seconds — and there was a great cheer, and Mona's pale face was triumphant.

The stranger brought up his horses, and set off again, straining every muscle. He did his stretch in six minutes, four seconds, and another cheer — but it was a cheer for Dan — went up after the figures were called.

Then Dan whipped round his oxen once more, and brought them up to the stake. The excitement among the people was

now very great. Mona clutched her cloak convulsively, and held her breath. Jarvis was watching her closely, and she knew that his cold eyes were on her face.

"One would almost imagine that you were anxious to lose your bet," he said. She made no answer. When the oxen started again her lips closed tightly, as if she was in pain.

On the oxen went, and made the first half of the stretch without a hitch, and, with the blade of the plow lifted, they were wheeling over the furrow end, when a bell rang across the Curragh — it was the bell for the midday meal at Bishop's Court — and instantly they came to a dead stand. Dan called to them, but they did not budge; then his whip fell heavily across their snouts, and they snorted, but stirred not an inch. The people were in a tumult, and shouted with fifty voices at once. Dan's passion mastered him. He brought his whip down over the flanks and across the eyes and noses of the oxen; they winced under the blows that rained down on them, and then shot away across the meadow, tearing up the furrows they had made.

Then there was a cry of vexation and anger from the people, and Dan, who had let go his reins, strode back to the stake. "I've lost," said Dan, with a muttered oath at the oxen.

All this time Jarvis Kerruish had kept his eye steadily fixed on Mona's twitching face. "You've won, Mona," he said, in a cold voice and with an icy smile.

"I must go. Where is Ewan?" she said, tremulously, and before Jarvis was aware she had gone over the grass.

Dan had heard when Ewan declined to act as judge, he had seen when Ewan left the meadow, and though he did not look, he knew when Mona was no longer there. His face was set hard, and it glowed red under his sunburnt skin.

"Davy, bring them up," he said; and Davy Fayle led back the oxen to the front of the stake.

Then Dan unyoked them, took out the long swinging tree that divided them — a heavy wooden bar clamped with iron — and they stood free and began to nibble the grass under their feet.

"Look out!" he shouted, and he swung the bar over his shoulder.

The crowd receded and let an open space in which Dan stood alone with the oxen, his great limbs holding the ground like their own hoofs, his muscles standing out like bulbs on his bare arms.

"What is he going to do — kill them?" said one.

"Look out!" Dan shouted again, and in another moment there was the swish of the bar through the air. Then down the bar came on the forehead of one of the oxen, and it reeled, and its legs gave way, and it fell dead.

The bar was raised again, and again it fell, and the second of the oxen reeled like the first and fell dead beside its old yoke-fellow.

A cry of horror ran through the crowd, but heeding it not at all, Dan threw on his coat and buckled his belt about him, and strode through the people and out at the gate.

. . . . . .

Blind Passion and Pain.

Dan moved uneasily, and presently awoke, opened his eyes, and saw Ewan, and betrayed no surprise at his presence there.

"Ah! Is it you, Ewan?" he said, speaking quietly, partly in a shamefaced way, and with some confusion. "Do you know, I've been dreaming of you — you and Mona?"

Ewan gave no answer. Because sleep is a holy thing, and the brother of death, whose shadow also it is, therefore Ewan's hideous purpose had left him while Dan lay asleep at his feet; but now that Dan was awake, the evil passion came again.

"I was dreaming of that Mother Carey's chicken — you remember it? when we were lumps of lads, you know — why, you can't have forgotten it — the old thing I caught in its nest just under the Head?"

Still Ewan gave no sign, but looked down at Dan resting on his elbows. Dan's eyes fell upon Ewan's face, but he went on in a confused way.

"Mona couldn't bear to see it caged, and would have me put it back. Don't you remember I clambered up to the nest, and put the bird in again? You were down on the shore, thinking sure I would tumble over the Head, and Mona — Mona — "

Dan glanced afresh into Ewan's face, and its look of terror seemed to stupefy him; still he made shift to go on with his dream in an abashed sort of way!

"My gough! If I didn't dream it all as fresh as fresh, and the fight in the air, and the screams when I put the old bird in the nest — the young ones had forgotten it clean, and they

tumbled it out, and set on it terrible, and drove it away — and then the poor old thing on the rocks sitting by itself as lonesome as lonesome — and little Mona crying and crying down below, and her long hair rip-rip-rippling in the wind, and — and — "

Dan had got to his feet, and then seated himself on a stool as he rambled on with the story of his dream. But once again his shifty eyes came back to Ewan's face, and he stopped short.

"My God, what is it?" he cried.

Now Ewan, standing there with a thousand vague forms floating in his brain, had heard little of what Dan had said, but he had noted his confused manner, and had taken this story of the dream as a feeble device to hide the momentary discomfiture.

"What does it mean?" he said. "It means that this island is not large enough to hold both you and me."

"What?"

"It means that you must go away."

"Away!"

"Yes — and at once."

In the pause that followed after his first cry of amazement, Dan thought only of the bad business of the killing of the oxen at the plowing match that morning, and so, in a tone of utter abasement, with his face to the ground, he went on, in a blundering, humble way, to allow that Ewan had reason for his anger.

"I'm a blind headstrong fool, I know that — and my temper is — well, it's damnable, that's the fact — but no one suffers from it more than I do, and if I could have felled myself after I had felled the oxen, why down . . . Ewan, for the sake of the dear old times when we were good chums, you and I and little Mona, with her quiet eyes, God bless her ——!"

"Go away, and never come back to either of us," cried Ewan, stamping his foot.

Dan paused and there was a painful silence.

"Why should I go away?" he said, with an effort at quietness.

"Because you are a scoundrel — the basest scoundrel on God's earth — the foulest traitor — the blackest-hearted monster — "

Dan's sunburnt face whitened under his tawny skin.

"Easy, easy, man veen, easy," he said, struggling visibly

for self-command, while he interrupted Ewan's torrent of reproaches.

"You are a disgrace and a by-word. Only the riff-raff of the island are your friends and associates."

"That's true enough, Ewan," said Dan, and his head fell between his hands, his elbows resting on his knees.

"What are you doing? Drinking, gambling, roystering, cheating — yes — "

Dan got on his feet uneasily and took a step to and fro about the little place; then sat again, and buried his head in his hands as before.

"I've been a reckless, self-willed, mad fool, Ewan, but no worse than that. And if you could see me as God sees me, and know how I suffer for my follies and curse them, for all I seem to make so light of them, and how I am driven to them one on the head of another, perhaps — perhaps — perhaps you would have pity — ay, pity."

"Pity? Pity for you? You who have brought your father to shame? He is the ruin of the man he was. You have impoverished him; you have spent his substance and wasted it. Ay, and you have made his gray head a mark for reproach. 'Set your own house in order' — that's what the world says to the man of God, whose son is a child of the — "

"Stop!" cried Dan.

He had leapt to his feet, his fist clinched, his knuckles showing like nuts of steel.

But Ewan went on, standing there with a face that was ashy white above his black coat. "Your heart is as dead as your honor. And that is not all, but you must outrage the honor of another."

Now, when Ewan said this, Dan thought of his forged signature, and of the censure and suspension to which Ewan was thereby made liable.

"Go away," Ewan cried again, motioning Dan off with his trembling hand.

Dan lifted his eyes. "And what if I refuse?" he said in a resolute way.

"Then take the consequences."

"You mean the consequences of that — that — that forgery?"

At this Ewan realized the thought in Dan's mind, and perceived that Dan conceived him capable of playing upon his fears by holding over his head the penalty of an offence which

he had already taken upon himself. "God in heaven!" he thought, "and this is the pitiful creature whom I have all these years taken to my heart."

"Is that what your loyalty comes to?" said Dan, and his lip curled.

"Loyalty!" cried Ewan, in white wrath. "Loyalty, and you talk to me of loyalty — you who have outraged the honor of my sister — "

"Mona!"

"I have said it at last, though the word blisters my tongue. Go away from the island forever, and let me never see your face again."

Dan rose to his feet with rigid limbs. He looked about him for a moment in a dazed silence, and put his hand to his forehead as if he had lost himself.

"Do you believe *that?*" he said, in a slow whisper.

"Don't deny it — don't let me know you for a liar as well," Ewan said, eagerly; and then added in another tone, "I have had her own confession."

"Her confession?"

"Yes, and the witness of another."

"The witness of another!"

Dan echoed Ewan's words in a vague, half-conscious way.

Then, in a torrent of hot words that seemed to blister and sting the man who spoke them no less than the man who heard them, Ewan told all, and Dan listened like one in a stupor.

There was silence, and then Ewan spoke again in a tone of agony. "Dan, there was a time when in spite of yourself I loved you — yes, though I'm ashamed to say it, for it was against God's own leading; still I loved you, Dan. But let us part forever now, and each go his own way, and perhaps, though we can never forget the wrong that you have done us, we may yet think more kindly of you, and time may help us to forgive — "

But Dan had awakened from his stupor, and he flung aside.

"Damn your forgiveness!" he said, hotly, and then, with with teeth set and lips drawn hard and eyes aflame, he turned upon Ewan and strode up to him, and they stood together face to face.

"You said just now that there was not room enough in the island for you and me," he said, in a hushed whisper. "You were right, but I shall mend your words: if you believe what

you have said — by Heaven, I'll not deny it for you! — there is not room enough for both of us in the world."

"It was my own thought," said Ewan, and then for an instant each looked into the other's eyes and read the other's purpose.

The horror of that moment of silence was broken by the lifting of the latch. Davy Fayle came shambling into the tent on some pretended errand. He took off his militia belt with the dagger in the sheath attached to it, and hung it on a long rusty nail driven into an upright timber at one corner. Then he picked up from among some ling on the floor a waterproof coat and put it on. He was going out, with furtive glances at Dan and Ewan, who said not a word in his presence, and were bearing themselves toward each other with a painful constraint, when his glance fell on the hatchet which lay a few feet from the door. Davy picked it up and carried it out, muttering to himself, "Strange, strange, uncommon!"

Hardly had the boy dropped the latch of the door from without than Ewan took the militia belt from the nail and buckled it about his waist. Dan understood his thought; he was still wearing his own militia belt and dagger. There was now not an instant's paltering between them — not a word of explanation.

"We must get rid of the lad," said Dan.

Ewan bowed his head. It had come to him to reflect that when all was over Mona might hear of what had been done. What they had to do was to be done for her honor, or for what seemed to be her honor in that blind tangle of passion and circumstance. But none the less, though she loved both of them now, would she loathe that one who returned to her with the blood of the other upon him.

"She must never know," he said. "Send the boy away. Then we must go to where this work can be done between you and me alone."

Dan had followed his thought in silence, and was stepping toward the door to call to Davy, when the lad came back, carrying a log of driftwood for the fire. There were some small flakes of snow on his waterproof coat.

"Go up to the shambles, Davy," said Dan, speaking with an effort at composure, "and tell Jemmy Curghey to keep me the ox-horns."

Davy looked up in a vacant way, and his lip lagged low.

"Aw, and didn't you tell Jemmy yourself, and terrible partic'lar, too?"

"Do you say so Davy?"

"Sarten sure."

"Then just slip away and fetch them."

Davy fixed the log on the fire, tapped it into the flame, glanced anxiously at Dan and Ewan, and then in a lingering way went out. His simple face looked sad under its vacant expression.

The men listened while the lad's footsteps could be heard on the shingle, above the deep murmur of the sea. Then Dan stepped to the door and threw it open.

"Now," he said.

It was rapidly growing dark. The wind blew strongly into the shed. Dan stepped out, and Ewan followed him.

They walked in silence through the gully that led from the creek to the cliff head. The snow that had begun to fall was swirled about in the wind that came from over the sea, and, spinning in the air, it sometimes beat against their faces.

Ewan went along like a man condemned to death. He had begun to doubt, though he did not know it, and would have shut his mind to the idea if it had occurred to him. But once, when Dan seemed to stop as if only half resolved, and partly turn his face toward him, Ewan mistook his intention. "He is going to tell me that there is some hideous error," he thought. He was burning for that word. But no, Dan went plodding on again, and never after shifted his steadfast gaze, never spoke, and gave no sign. At length he stopped, and Ewan stopped with him. They were standing on the summit of Orris Head.

It was a sad, a lonesome, and a desolate place, in sight of a wide waste of common land, without a house, and with never a tree rising above the purple gorse and tussocks of long grass. The sky hung very low over it; the steep red cliffs, with their patches of green in ledges, swept down from it to the shingle and the sharp shelves of slate covered with sea-weed. The ground swell came up from below with a very mournful noise, but the air seemed to be empty, and every beat of the foot on the soft turf sounded near and large. Above their heads the sea-fowl kept up a wild clamor, and far out, where sea and sky seemed to meet in the gathering darkness, the sea's steady blow on the bare rocks of the naze sent up a deep, hoarse boom.

Dan unbuckled his belt, and threw off his coat and vest.

Ewan did the same, and they stood there face to face in the thin flakes of snow, Dan in his red shirt, Ewan in his white shirt open at the neck, these two men whose souls had been knit together as the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and each ready to lift his hand against his heart's best brother. Then all at once a startled cry came from near at hand.

It was Davy Fayle's voice. The lad had not gone to the shambles. Realizing in some vague way that the errand was a subterfuge and that mischief was about, he had hidden himself at a little distance, and had seen when Dan and Ewan came out of the tent together. Creeping through the ling, and partly hidden by the dusk, he had followed the men until they had stopped on the Head. Then Davy had dropped to his knees. His ideas were obscure, he scarcely knew what was going on before his eyes, but he held his breath and watched and listened. At length, when the men threw off their clothes, the truth dawned on Davy; and though he tried to smother an exclamation, a cry of terror burst from his husky throat.

Dan and Ewan exchanged glances, and each seemed in one moment to read the other's thoughts. In another instant, at three quick strides, Dan had taken Davy by the shoulders.

"Promise," he said, "that you will never tell what you have seen."

Davy struggled to free himself, but his frantic efforts were useless. In Dan's grip he was held as in a vice.

"Let me go, Mastha Dan," the lad cried.

"Promise to hold your tongue," said Dan; "promise it, promise it."

"Let me go, will you? let me go," the lad shouted sullenly.

"Be quiet," said Dan.

"I won't be quiet," was the stubborn answer. "Help! help! help!" and the lad screamed lustily.

"Hold your tongue, or by G—"

Dan held Davy by one of his great hands hitched into the lad's guernsey, and he lifted the other hand threateningly.

"Help! help! help!" Davy screamed still louder, and struggled yet more fiercely, until his strength was spent, and his breath was gone, and then there was a moment's silence.

The desolate place was still as desolate as before. Not a sign of life around; not an answering cry.

"There's nobody to help you," said Dan. "You have got

to promise never to tell what you have seen to man, woman, or child."

"I won't promise, and I won't hould my tongue," said the lad, stoutly. "You are goin' to fight, you and Mastha Ewan, and —"

Dan stopped him. "Hearken here. If you are to live another hour you will promise —"

But Davy had regained both strength and voice.

"I don't care — help! help! help!" he shouted.

Dan put his hand over the lad's mouth, and dragged him to the cliff head. Below was the brant steep, dark and jagged, and quivering in the deepening gloom, and the sea-birds were darting through the mid-air like bats in the dark.

"Look," said Dan, "you've got to swear never to tell what you have seen to-night, so help you God."

The lad, held tightly by the breast and throat, and gripping the arms that held him with fingers that clung like claws, took one horrified glance down into the darkness. He struggled no longer. His face was very pitiful to see.

"I cannot promise," he said, in a voice like a cry.

At that answer Dan drew Davy back from the cliff edge, and loosed his hold of him. He was abashed and ashamed. He felt himself a little man by the side of this half-daft fisher-lad.

All this time Ewan had stood aside looking on while Dan demanded the promise, and saying nothing. Now he went up to Davy, and said, in a quiet voice:

"Davy, if you should ever tell anyone what you have seen, Dan will be a lost man all his life hereafter."

"Then let him pitch me over the cliff," said Davy, in a smothered cry.

"Listen to me, Davy," Ewan went on; "you're a brave lad, and I know what's in your head, but —"

"Then what for do you want to fight him?" Davy broke out. The lad's throat was dry and husky, and his eyes were growing dim.

Ewan paused. Half his passion was spent. Davy's poor dense head had found him a question that he could not answer.

"Davy, if you don't promise, you will ruin Dan — yes, it will be you who will ruin him, you, remember that. He will be a lost man, and my sister, my good sister Mona, she will be a broken-hearted woman."

Then Davy broke down utterly, and big tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

"I promise," he sobbed.

"Good lad — now go."

Davy turned about and went away, at first running, and then dragging slowly, then running again, and then again lingering.

What followed was a very pitiful conflict of emotion. Nature, who looks down pitilessly on man and his big, little passions, that clamor so loud but never touch her at all — even Nature played her part in this tragedy.

When Davy Fayle was gone, Dan and Ewan stood face to face as before, Dan with his back to the cliff, Ewan with his face to the sea. Then, without a word, each turned aside and picked up his militia belt.

The snowflakes had thickened during the last few moments, but now they seemed to cease and the sky to lighten. Suddenly in the west the sky was cloven as though by the sweep of a sword, and under a black bar of cloud and above a silvered water-line the sun came through very red and hazy in its setting, and with its ragged streamers around it.

Ewan was buckling the belt about his waist when the setting sun rose upon them, and all at once there came to him the Scripture that says, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath." If God's hand had appeared in the heavens, the effect on Ewan could not have been greater. Already his passion was more than half gone, and now it melted entirely away.

"Dan," he cried, and his voice was a sob, "Dan, I cannot fight — right or wrong I cannot," and he flung himself down, and the tears filled his eyes.

Then Dan, whose face was afire, laughed loud and bitterly. "Coward," he said, "coward and poltroon!"

At that word all the evil passion came back to Ewan and he leapt to his feet.

"That is enough," he said; "the belts — buckle them together."

Dan understood Ewan's purpose. At the next breath the belt about Dan's waist was buckled to the belt about the waist of Ewan, and the two men stood strapped together. Then they drew the daggers, and an awful struggle followed.

With breast to breast until their flesh all but touched, and with thighs entwined, they reeled and swayed, the right hand

of each held up for thrust, the left for guard and parry. What Dan gained in strength Ewan made up in rage, and the fight was fierce and terrible. Dan still with his back to the cliff. Ewan still with his face to the sea.

At one instant Dan, by his great stature, had reached over Ewan's shoulder to thrust from behind, and at the next instant Ewan had wrenched his lithe body backward and had taken the blow in his lifted arm, which forthwith spouted blood above the wrist. In that encounter they reeled about, changing places, and Ewan's back was henceforward toward the cliff, and Dan fought with his face toward the sea.

It was a hideous and savage fight. The sun had gone down, the cleft in the heavens had closed again, once more the thin flakes of snow were falling, and the world had dropped back to its dark mood. The stormy petrel came up from the cliff and swirled above the men as they fought, and made its direful scream over them.

Up and down, to and fro, embracing closely, clutching, guarding, and meantime panting hoarsely, and drawing hard breath, the two men fought in their deadly hate. At last they had backed and swayed to within three yards of the cliff, and then Ewan, with the grasp of a drowning man flung his weapon into the air, and Dan ripped his dagger's edge across the belts that bound them together, and at the next breath the belts were cut, and the two were divided, and Ewan, separated from Dan, and leaning heavily backward, was reeling, by force of his own weight, toward the cliff.

Then Dan stood as one transfixed with uplifted hand, and a deep groan came from his throat. Passion and pain were gone from him in that awful moment, and the world itself seemed to be blotted out. When he came to himself, he was standing on the cliff head alone.

The clock in the old church was striking. How the bell echoed on that lonely height! One — two — three — four — five. Five o'clock! Everything else was silent as death. The day was gone. The snow began to fall in thick, large flakes. It fell heavily on Dan's hot cheeks and bare neck. His heart seemed to stand still, and the very silence itself was awful. His terror stupefied him. "What have I done?" he asked himself. He could not think. He covered his eyes with his hands, and strode up and down the cliff head, up and down, up and down. Then in a bewildered state of semi-consciousness

he looked out to sea, and there far off, a league away, he saw a black thing looming large against the darkening sky. He recognized that it was a sail, and then perceived that it was a lugger, and quite mechanically he tried to divide the mainmast and mizzen, the mainsail and yawlsail, and to note if the boat were fetching to leeward or beating down the Channel.

All at once sea and sky were blotted out, and he could not stand on his legs, but dropped to his knees, and great beads of perspiration rolled down his face and neck. He tried to call "Ewan! Ewan!" but he could not utter the least cry. His throat was parched; his tongue swelled and filled his mouth. His lips moved, but no words came from him. Then he rose to his feet, and the world flowed back upon him; the sea-fowl crying over his head, the shrillness of the wind in the snow-capped gorse, and the sea's hoarse voice swelling upward through the air, while its heavy, monotonous blow on the beach shook the earth beneath him. If anything else had appeared to Dan at that moment, he must have screamed with terror.

Quaking in every limb, he picked up his clothes and turned back toward the shore. He was so feeble that he could scarcely walk through the snow that now lay thick on the short grass. When he reached the mouth of the gully he did not turn into the shed, but went on over the pebbles of the creek. His bloodshot eyes, which almost started from their sockets, glanced eagerly from side to side. At last he saw the thing he sought, and now that it was under him, within reach of his hand, he dare hardly look upon it.

At the foot of a jagged crag that hung heavily over from the cliff the body of Ewan Mylrea lay dead and cold. There was no mark of violence upon it save a gash on the wrist of the left hand, and over the wound there was a clot of blood. The white face lay deep in the breast, as if the neck had been dislocated. There were no other outward marks of injury from the fall. The body was outstretched on its back, with one arm — the left arm — lying half over the forehead, and the other, the right arm, with the hand open and the listless fingers apart, thrown loosely aside.

Dan knelt beside the body, and his heart was benumbed like ice. He tried to pray, but no prayer would come, and he could not weep.

"Ewan! Ewan!" he cried at length, and his voice of agony rolled round the corpse like the soughing of the wind.

"Ewan! Ewan!" he cried again; but only the sea's voice broke the silence that followed. Then his head fell on the cold breast, and his arms covered the lifeless body, and he cried upon God to have mercy on him, and to lift up His hand against him and cut him off.

Presently he got on his feet, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, he lifted the body in his arms, with the head lying backward on his shoulder, and the white face looking up in its stony stare to the darkening heavens. As he did so his eyes were raised to the cliff, and there, clearly outlined over the black crags and against the somewhat lighter sky, he saw the figure of a man.

He toiled along toward the shed. He was so weak that he could scarce keep on his legs, and when he reached the little place at the mouth of the creek he was more dead than alive. He put the body to lie on the bed of straw on which he had himself slept and dreamed an hour before. Then all at once he felt a low sort of cunning coming over him, and he went back to the door and shut it, and drew the long wooden bolt into its iron hoop on the jamb.

He had hardly done so when he heard an impatient footstep on the shingle outside. In another instant the latch was lifted and the door pushed heavily. Then there was a knock. Dan made no answer, but stood very still and held his breath. There was another knock, and another. Then, in a low, tremulous murmur there came the words:

"Where is he? God A'mighty! where is he?" It was Davy Fayle. Another knock, louder, and still no reply.

"Mastha Dan, Mastha Dan, they're coming; Mastha Dan, God A'mighty! —"

Davy was now tramping restlessly to and fro. Dan was trying to consider what it was best to do, whether to open to Davy and hear what he had to say, or to carry it off as if he were not within, when another foot sounded on the shingle and cut short his meditations.

"Have you seen Mr. Ewan — Parson Ewan?"

Dan recognized the voice. It was the voice of Jarvis Kerruish.

Davy did not answer immediately.

"Have you seen him, eh?"

"No, sir," Davy faltered.

"Then why didn't you say so at once? It is very strange,

The people said he was walking toward the creek. There's no way out in this direction, is there?"

"Way out — this direction? Yes, sir," Davy stammered.

"How? show me the way."

"By the sea, sir."

"The sea! Simpleton, what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for the boat, sir."

"What shed is this?"

Dan could hear that at this question Davy was in a fever of excitement.

"Only a place for bits of net and cable, and all to that," said Davy, eagerly.

Dan could feel that Jarvis had stepped up to the shed, and that he was trying to look in through the little window."

"Do you keep a fire to warm your nets and cables?" he asked in a suspicious tone.

At the next moment he was trying to force the door. Dan stood behind. The bolt creaked in the hasp. If the hasp should give way, he and Jarvis would stand face to face.

"Strange — there's something strange about all this," said the man outside. "I heard a scream as I came over the Head. Did you hear anything?"

"I tell you I heard nothing," said Davy, sullenly.

Dan grew dizzy, and groping for something to cling to, his hand scraped across the door.

"Wait! I could have sworn I heard something move inside. Who keeps the key of this shed?"

"Kay? There's never a kay at the like of it."

"Then how is it fastened? From within? Wait — let me see."

There was a sound like the brushing of a hand over the outside face of the door.

"Has the snow stopped up the keyhole, or is there no such thing? Or is the door fastened by a padlock?"

Dan had regained his self-possession by this time. He felt an impulse to throw the door open. He groped at his waist for the dagger, but belt and dagger were both gone.

"All this is very strange," said Jarvis, and then he seemed to turn from the door and move away.

"Stop. Where is the man Dan — the captain?" he asked, from a little distance.

"I dunno," said Davy, stoutly.

"That's a lie, my lad."

Then the man's footsteps went off in dull beats on the snow-clotted pebbles.

After a moment's silence there was a soft knocking; Davy had crept up to the door.

"Mastha Dan," he whispered, amid panting breath.

Dan did not stir. The latch was lifted in vain.

"Mastha Dan, Mastha Dan." The soft knocking continued.

Dan found his voice at last.

"Go away, Davy — go away," he said, hoarsely.

There was a short pause, and then there came from without an answer like a sob.

"I'm going, Mastha Dan."

After that all was silent as death. Half an hour later, Dan Mylrea was walking through the darkness toward Ballamona. In his blind misery he was going to Mona. The snow was not falling now, and in the lift of the storm the sky was lighter than it had been. As Dan passed the old church, he could just descry the clock. The snow lay thick on the face, and clogged the hands. The clock had stopped. It stood at five exactly.

The blind leading that is here of passion by accident is everywhere that great tragedies are done. It is not the evil in man's heart more than the deep perfidy of circumstance that brings him to crime.

The Voice in the Night.

However bleak the night, however dark the mood of the world might be, there was a room in Ballamona that was bright with one beautiful human flower in bloom. Mona was there — Mona of the quiet eyes and the silent ways and the little elfish head. It was Christmas Eve with her as with other people, and she was dressing the house in hibbin and hollin from a great mountain of both that Hommy-beg had piled up in the hall. She was looking very smart and happy that night in her short body of homespun turned in from neck to waist, showing a white habit-shirt and a white handkerchief crossed upon it; a quilted overskirt and linen apron that did not fall so low as to hide the open-work stockings and the sandal-shoes. Her room, too, was bright and sweet, with its glowing fire of peat and logs on the wide hearth, its lamp on the square oak table, and the oak

settle drawn up between them. In one corner of the settle, bubbling and babbling and sputtering and cooing amid a very crater of red baize cushions, was Mona's foster-child, Ewan's motherless daughter, lying on her back, and fighting the air with clinched fists.

While Mona picked out the hibbin from the hollin, dissected both, made arches and crosses and crowns and rosettes, and then sprinkled flour to resemble snow on the red berries and the green leaves, she sung an old Manx ballad in snatches, or prattled to the little one in that half-articulate tongue that comes with the instinct of motherhood to every good woman that God ever makes.

> I rede ye beware of the Carrasdoo men
> As ye come up the wold;
> I rede ye beware of the haunted glen —

But a fretful whimper would interrupt the singer.

"Hush, hush, Ailee darling — hush."

The whimper would be hushed, and again there would be a snatch of the ballad:

> In Jorby Curragh they dwell alone
> By dark peat bogs, where the willows moan,
> Down in a gloomy and lonely glen —

Once again the whimper would stop the song.

"Hush, darling; papa is coming to Ailee, yes; and Ailee will see papa, yes, and papa will see Ailee, yes, and Ailee" —

Then a long, low gurgle, a lovely head leaning over the back of the settle and dropping to the middle of the pillow like a lark to its nest in the grass, a long liquid kiss on the soft round baby legs, and then a perfect fit of baby laughter.

It was as pretty a picture as the world had in it on that bleak Christmas Eve. Whatever tumult might reign without, there within was a nest of peace.

Mona was expecting Ewan at Ballamona that night, and now she was waiting for his coming. It was true that when he was there three hours ago it was in something like anger that they had parted, but Mona recked nothing of that. She knew Ewan's impetuous temper no better than his conciliatory spirit. He would come to-night, as he had promised yesterday, and if there had been anger between them it would then be gone.

Twenty times she glanced at the little clock with the lion

face and the pendulum like a dog's head that swung above the ingle. Many a time, with head aslant, with parted lips, and eyes alight, she cried "Hark!" to the little one when a footstep would sound in the hall. But Ewan did not come, and meantime the child grew more and more fretful as her bedtime approached. At length Mona undressed her and carried her off to her crib in the room adjoining, and sung softly to her while she struggled hard with sleep under the oak hood with the ugly beasts carved on it, until sleep had conquered and all was silence and peace. Then, leaving a tallow dip burning on the table between the crib and the bed, lest perchance the little one should awake and cry from fear of the darkness, Mona went back to her sitting-room to finish off the last bunch of the hibbin and hollin.

The last bunch was a bit of prickly green, with a cluster of the reddest berries, and Mona hung it over a portrait of her brother, which was painted by a great artist from England when Ewan was a child. The Deemster had turned the portrait out of the dining-room after the painful interview at Bishop's Court about the loan and surety, and Mona had found it, face to the wall, in a lumber-room. She looked at it now with a new interest. When she hung the hollin over it she recognized for the first time a resemblance to the little Aileen whom she had just put to bed. How strange it seemed that Ewan had once been a child like Ailee!

Then she began to feel that Ewan was late in coming, and to make conjectures as to the cause of his delay. Her father's house was fast becoming a cheerless place to her. More than ever the Deemster was lost to her. Jarvis Kerruish, her stranger-brother, was her father's companion; and this seemed to draw her closer to Ewan for solace and cheer.

Then she sat on the settle to thread some loose berries that had fallen, and to think of Dan — the high-spirited, reckless, rollicking, headstrong, tender-hearted, thoughtless, brave, stubborn, daring, dear, dear Dan — Dan, who was very, very much to her in her great loneliness. Let other people rail at Dan if they would; he was wrapped up with too many of her fondest memories to allow of disloyalty like that. Dan would yet justify her belief in him. Oh, yes, he would yet be a great man, all the world would say it was so, and she would be very proud that he was her cousin — yes, her cousin, or perhaps, perhaps — And then, without quite daring to follow up that delicious train

of thought, even in her secret heart, though none might look there and say if it was unmaidenly, Mona came back to the old Manx ballad, and sung to herself another verse of it:

> Who has not heard of Adair, the youth?
> Who does not know that his soul was truth?
> Woe is me! how smoothly they speak,
> And Adair was brave, and a man, but weak.

All at once her hand went up to her forehead, and the words of the old song seemed to have a new significance. Hardly had her voice stopped and her last soft note ceased to ring in the quiet room, when she thought she heard her own name called twice — "Mona! Mona!"

The voice was Ewan's voice, and it seemed to come from her bedroom. She rose from the settle, and went into her room. There was no one there save the child. The little one was disturbed in her sleep at the moment, and was twisting restlessly, making a faint cry. It was very strange. The voice had been Ewan's voice, and it had been deep and tremulous, as the voice of one in trouble.

Presently the child settled itself to sleep, all was silent as before, and Mona went back to the sitting-room. Scarcely was she seated afresh when she heard the voice again, and it again called her twice by name, "Mona! Mona!" in the same tremulous tone, but very clear and distinct.

Then tremblingly Mona rose once more and went into her room, for thence the voice seemed to come. No one was there. The candle burned fitfully, and suddenly the child cried in its sleep — that strange night-cry that freezes the blood of one who is awake to hear it. It was very, very strange.

Feeling faint, hardly able to keep on her feet, Mona went back to the sitting-room and opened the door that led into the hall. No one seemed to be stirring. The door of her father's study opposite was closed, and there was talking — the animated talking of two persons — within.

Mona turned back, closed her door quietly, and then, summoning all her courage, she walked to the window and drew the heavy curtains aside. The hoops from which they hung rattled noisily over the pole. Putting her face close to the glass, and shading her eyes from the light of the lamp behind her, she looked out. She saw that the snow had fallen since the lamp had been lit at dusk. There was snow on the ground,

and thin snow on the leafless boughs of the trees. She could see nothing else. She even pushed up the sash, and called:

"Who is there?"

But there came no answer. The wind moaned about the house, and the sea rumbled in the distance. She pulled the sash down again.

Then, leaving the curtain drawn back, she turned again into the room, and partly to divert her mind from the mysterious apprehensions that had seized it, she sat down at the little harpsichord that stood on the farther side of the ingle against the wall that ran at right angles from the window.

At first her fingers ran nervously over the keys, but they gained force as she went on, and the volume of sound seemed to dissipate her fears.

"It is nothing," she thought. "I have been troubled about what Ewan said to-day, and I'm nervous — that is all."

And as she played her eyes looked not at the finger-board, but across her shoulder toward the bare window. Then suddenly there came to her a sensation that made her flesh to creep. It was as if from the darkness outside there were eyes which she could not see looking steadily in upon her where she sat.

Her blood rushed to her head, she felt dizzy, the playing ceased, and she clung by one hand to the candle-rest of the harpsichord. Then once more she distinctly heard the same deep, tremulous voice call her by her name — "Mona! Mona!"

Faint and all but reeling, she arose again, and again made her way to the bedroom. As before, the child was restless in her sleep. It seemed as if all the air were charged. Mona had almost fallen from fright, when all at once she heard a sound that she could not mistake, and instantly she recovered some self-possession.

It was the sound of the window of her sitting-room being thrown open from without. She ran back, and saw Dan Mylrea climbing into the room.

"Dan!" she cried.

"Mona."

"Did you call?"

"When?"

"Now — a little while ago?"

"No."

A great trembling shook Dan's whole frame. Mona perceived it, and a sensation of disaster not yet attained to the clearness of an idea took hold of her.

"Where is Ewan?" she said.

He tried to avoid her gaze. "Why do you ask for him?" said Dan, in a faltering voice.

"Where is he?" she asked again.

He grew dizzy, and laid hold of the settle for support. The question she asked was that which he had come to answer, but his tongue clave to his mouth.

Very pale and almost rigid from the heaviness of a great fear which she felt but could not understand, she watched him when he reeled like a drunken man.

"He has called me three times. Where is he? He was to be here to-night," she said.

"Ewan will not come to-night," he answered, scarcely audibly; "not to-night, Mona, or to-morrow — or ever — no, he will never come again."

The horrible apprehension that had taken hold of her leaped to the significance of his words, and, almost before he had spoken, a cry burst from her.

"Ewan is dead — he is dead; Mona, our Ewan, he is dead," he faltered.

She dropped to the settle, and cried, in the excess of her first despair, "Ewan, Ewan! to think that I shall see him no more!" and then she wept. All the time Dan stood over her, leaning heavily to bear himself up, trembling visibly, and with a look of great agony fixed upon her, as if he had not the strength to turn his eyes away.

"Yes, yes, our Ewan is dead," he repeated in a murmur that came up from his heart. "The truest friend, the fondest brother, the whitest soul, the dearest, bravest, purest, noblest — O God! O God! dead, dead! Worse, a hundredfold worse — Mona, he is murdered."

At that she raised herself up, and a bewildered look was in her eyes.

"Murdered? No, that is not possible. He was beloved by all. There is no one who would kill him — there is no one alive with a heart so black."

"Yes, Mona, but there is," he said; "there is one man with a heart so black."

"Who is he?"

"Who! He is the foulest creature on God's earth. Oh, God in heaven! why was he born?"

"Who is he?"

He bowed his head where he stood before her, and beads of sweat started from his brow.

"Cursed be the hour when that man was born!" he said in an awful whisper.

Then Mona's despair came upon her like a torrent, and she wept long. In the bitterness of her heart she cried:

"Cursed indeed, cursed forever! Dan, Dan, you must kill him — you must kill that man!"

But at the sound of that word from her own lips the spirit of revenge left her on the instant, and she cried, "No, no, not that." Then she went down on her knees and made a short and piteous prayer for forgiveness for her thought. "O Father," she prayed, "forgive me. I did not know what I said. But Ewan is dead! O Father, our dear Ewan is murdered. Some black-hearted man has killed him. Vengeance is Thine. Yes, I know that. O Father, forgive me. But to think that Ewan is gone forever, and that base soul lives on. Vengeance is Thine; but, O Father, let Thy vengeance fall upon him. If it is Thy will, let Thy hand be on him. Follow him, Father; follow him with Thy vengeance" —

She had flung herself on her knees by the settle, her upturned eyes wide open, and her two trembling hands held above her head. Dan stood beside her, and as she prayed a deep groan came up from his heart, his breast swelled, and his throat seemed to choke. At last he clutched her by the shoulders and interrupted her prayer, and cried, "Mona, Mona, what are you saying — what are you saying? Stop, stop!"

She rose to her feet. "I have done wrong," she said, more quietly. "He is in God's hands. Yes, it is for God to punish him."

Then Dan said, in a heart-rending voice:

"Mona, he did not mean to kill Ewan — they fought — it was all in the heat of blood."

Once more he tried to avoid her gaze, and once more, pale and immovable, she watched his face.

"Who is he?" she asked, with an awful calmness.

"Mona, turn your face away from me, and I will tell you," he said.

Then everything swam about her, and her pale lips grew ashy.

"Don't you know?" he asked in a whisper.

She did not turn her face, and he was compelled to look at her now. His glaring eyes were fixed upon her.

"Don't you know?" he whispered again, and then, in a scarcely audible voice, he said, "It was I, Mona."

At that she grew cold with horror. Her features became changed beyond recognition. She recoiled from him, stretched her trembling hands before her as if to keep him off.

"Oh, horror! Do not touch me!" she cried, faintly, through the breath that came so hard.

"Do not spare me, Mona," he said in a great sob. "Do not spare me. You do right not to spare me. I have stained my hands with your blood."

Then she sunk to the settle, and held her head, while he stood by her and told her all — all the bitter, blundering truth — and bit by bit she grasped the tangled tale, and realized the blind passion and pain that had brought them to such a pass, and saw her own unwitting share in it.

And he on his part saw the product of his headstrong wrath, and the pitiful grounds for it, so small and so absurd as such grounds oftenest are. And together these shipwrecked voyagers on the waters of life sat and wept, and wondered what evil could be in hell itself if man in his blindness could find the world so full of it.

And Dan cursed himself and said:

"Oh, the madness of thinking that if either were gone the other could ever again know one hour's happiness with you, Mona. Ay, though the crime lay hidden, yet would it wither and blast every hour. And now, behold, at the first moment, I am bringing my burden of sin, too heavy for myself, to you. I am a coward — yes, I am a coward. You will turn your back upon me, Mona, and then I shall be alone."

She looked at him with infinite compassion, and her heart surged within her as she listened to his voice of great agony.

"Ah me! and I asked God to curse you," she said. "Oh how wicked that prayer was! Will God hear it? Merciful Father, do not hear it. I did not know what I said. I am a blind, ignorant creature, but Thou seest and knowest best. Pity him, and forgive him. Oh, no, God will not hear my wicked prayer."

Thus in fitful outbursts she talked and prayed. It was

as if a tempest had torn up every tie of her soul. Dan listened, and he looked at her with swimming eyes.

"And do you pray for me, Mona?" he said.

"Who will pray for you if I do not? In all the world there will not be one left to speak kindly of you if I speak ill. Oh, Dan, it will become known, and everyone will be against you."

"And can you think well of him who killed your brother?"

"But you are in such sorrow; you are so miserable."

Then Dan's great frame shook woefully, and he cried in his pain — "Mercy, mercy, have mercy! What have I lost? What love have I lost?"

At that Mona's weeping ceased; she looked at Dan through her lashes, still wet, and said in another tone:

"Dan, do not think me unmaidenly. If you had done well, if you had realized my hopes of you, if you had grown to be the good and great man I longed to see you, then, though I might have yearned for you, I would rather have died with my secret than speak of it. But now, now that all this is not so, now that it is a lost faith, now that by God's will you are to be abased before the whole world — oh, do not think me unmaidenly, now I tell you, Dan, that I love you, and have always loved you."

"Mona!" he cried, in a low, passionate tone, and took one step toward her and held out his hands. There was an unspeakable language in her face.

"Yes; and that where you go I must go also, though it were to disgrace and shame — "

She had turned toward him lovingly, yearningly, with heaving breast. With a great cry he flung his arms about her, and the world of pain and sorrow was for that instant blotted out.

But all the bitter flood came rushing back upon them. He put her from him with a strong shudder.

"We are clasping hands over a tomb, Mona. Our love is known too late. We are mariners cast on a rock within a cable's length of harbor, but cut off from it by a cruel sea that may never be passed. We are hopeless within sight of hope. Our love is known in vain. It is a vision of what might have been in the days that are lost forever. We can never clasp hands, for, O God! a cold hand is between us, and lies in the hand of both."

Then again she fell to weeping, but suddenly she arose as if struck by a sudden idea.

"You will be taken," she said; "how can I have forgotten it so long? You must fly from the island. You must get away to-night. To-morrow all will be discovered."

"I will not leave the island," said Dan, firmly. "Can you drive me from you?" he said, with a suppliant look. "Yes, you do well to drive me away."

"My love, I do not drive you from me. I would have you here forever. But you will be taken. Quick, the world is wide."

"There is no world for me save here, Mona. To go from you now is to go forever, and I would rather die by my own hand than face such banishment."

"No, no, not that; never, never that. That would imperil your soul, and then we should be divided forever."

"It is so already, Mona," said Dan, with solemnity. "We are divided forever — as the blessed are divided from the damned."

"Don't say that, don't say that."

"Yes, Mona," he said, with a fearful calmness, "we have thought of my crime as against Ewan, as against you, myself, the world, and its law. But it is a crime against God also, and surely it is the unpardonable sin."

"Don't say that, Dan. There is one great anchor of hope."

"What is that, Mona?"

"Ewan is with God. At this moment, while we stand here together, Ewan sees God."

"Ah!"

Dan dropped to his knees with awe at that thought, and drew off the cap which he had worn until then, and bent his head.

"Yes, he died in anger and in strife," said Mona; "but God is merciful. He knows the feebleness of his creatures, and has pity. Yes, our dear Ewan is with God; now he knows what you suffer, my poor Dan; and he is taking blame to himself and pleading for you."

"No, no; I did it all, Mona. He would not have fought. He would have made peace at the last, but I drove him on. 'I cannot fight, Dan,' he said. I can see him saying it, and the sun was setting. No, it was not fight, it was murder

And God will punish me, my poor girl. Death is my just punishment — everlasting death."

"Wait. I know what is to be done."

"What, Mona?"

"You must make atonement."

"How?"

"You must give yourself up to justice and take the punishment of the law. And so you will be redeemed, and God will forgive you."

He listened, and then said:

"And such is to be the end of our love, Mona, born in the hour of its death. You, even you, give me up to justice."

"Don't say that. You will be redeemed by atonement. When Ewan was killed it was woe enough, but that you are under God's wrath is worse than if we were all, all slain."

"Then we must bid farewell. The penalty of my crime is death."

"No, no; not that."

"I must die, Mona. This, then, is to be our last parting."

"And even if so, it is best. You must make your peace with God."

"And you, my last refuge, even you send me to my death. Well, it is right, it is just, it is well. Farewell, my poor girl; this is a sad parting."

"Farewell."

"You will remember me, Mona?"

"Remember you? When the tears I shed for Ewan are dry, I shall still weep for you."

There was a faint cry at that moment.

"Hush!" said Mona, and she lifted one hand.

"It is the child," she added. "Come, look at it."

She turned, and walked toward the bedroom. Dan followed her with drooping head. The little one had again been restless in her sleep, but now, with a long breath, she settled herself in sweet repose.

At sight of the child, the great trembling shook Dan's frame again. "Mona, Mona, why did you bring me here?" he said.

The sense of his crime came with a yet keener agony when he looked down at the child's unconscious face. The thought flashed upon him that he had made this innocent babe father-

less, and that all the unprotected years were before her wherein she must realize her loss.

He fell to his knees beside the cot, and his tears rained down upon it.

Mona had lifted the candle from the table, and she held it above the kneeling man and the sleeping child.

It was the blind woman's vision realized.

When Dan rose to his feet he was a stronger man.

"Mona," he said, resolutely, "you are right. This sin must be wiped out."

She had put down the candle and was now trying to take his hand.

"Don't touch me," he said, "don't touch me."

He returned to the other room, and threw open the window. His face was turned toward the distant sea, whose low moan came up through the dark night.

"Dan," she murmured, "do you think we shall meet again?"

"Perhaps we are speaking for the last time, Mona," he answered.

"Oh, my heart will break!" she said. "Dan," she murmured again, and tried to grasp his hand.

"Don't touch me. Not until later — not until — until *then*."

Their eyes met. The longing, yearning look in hers answered to the wild light in his. She felt as if this were the last she was ever to see of Dan in this weary world. He loved her with all his great, broken, bleeding heart. He had sinned for her sake. She caught both his hands with a passionate grasp. Her lips quivered, and the brave, fearless, stainless girl put her quivering lips to his.

To Dan that touch was as fire. With a passionate cry he flung his arms about her. For an instant her head lay on his breast.

"Now go," she whispered, and broke from his embrace. Dan tore himself away, with heart and brain aflame. Were they ever to meet again? Yes. At one great moment they were yet to stand face to face.

The night was dark, but Dan felt the darkness not at all, for the night was heavier within him. He went down toward the creek. To-morrow he would give himself up to the Deemster; but to-night was for himself — himself and *it*.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Pedro Calderon De La Barca, a distinguished Spanish dramatist and poet, born at Madrid, Jan. 17, 1600; died May 25, 1681. After receiving his early education in the Jesuit College at Madrid, he studied philosophy and scholastic theology in the University of Salamanca. On quitting the university he returned to Madrid, where his poetry and his talent for arranging gorgeous spectacular entertainments gained him the patronage of King Philip IV. In 1625 Calderon joined the army, and served with distinction in the Milanese and Low Countries, after which he was recalled by the King, and was employed to superintend the court amusements and write plays for the Royal Theater. In 1651 Calderon entered the Church, and was soon appointed to the Royal Chapel at Madrid, that he might be near the King. He continued to arrange the court spectacles, and wrote many dramas (*autos sacramentales*) for representation at the feast of Corpus Christi. His last work was written in his eightieth year. Calderon was the author of one hundred and twenty-two comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas, and seventy-two *autos*, besides three hundred *preludes* and *sayentes* or *divertissements*. Among his works are: "Life is a Dream," "The Wonder-Working Magician," "Two Lovers of Heaven," "The Constant Prince," "Zenobia the Great," "The Locks of Absalom," "The Scarf and the Flower," "The Brazen Serpent," "The Fairy Lady," "Love Survives Life," "The Physician of His Own Honor," "No Monster Like Jealousy," "The Mayor of Zelamia," "The Devotion of the Cross," "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," "The Divine Orpheus."

Cyprian's Bargain.

(From "The Wonderful Magician.")

[The Demon, angered by Cyprian's victory in defending the existence of God, swears vengeance. He resolves that Cyprian shall lose his soul for Justina, who rejects his love. Cyprian says:—]

So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me hell, I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul forever to inherit,

To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.

[*The Demon accepts his soul and hastens to Justina.*

Justina — 'Tis that enamored nightingale
Who gives me the reply:
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale! — No more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest
And the weight which is its ruin, —
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest;
For while thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor,
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamored tale, —
Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move —
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me —

All — Love! love! love!

Justina — It cannot be! — Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian? —

[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*

Did I not requite him
With such severity that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again? —
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
"Cyprian is absent, O miserable me!"
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*
It must be pity,
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*
And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. [*Calmly.*
Alas! what reasonings are these? It is
Enough I pity him, and that in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety,
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world!

Enter *Demon.*

Demon — Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.
Justina — And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?
Demon — No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling — who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.
Justina — So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm,—
The will is firm.
Demon — Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains:
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.
Justina — I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee!

Demon — But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?
Justina — By my free will.
Demon — I
Must force thy will.
Justina — It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[*He draws, but cannot move her.*

Demon — Come, where a pleasure waits thee.
Justina — It were bought
Too dear.
Demon — 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.
Justina — 'Tis dread captivity.
Demon — 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.
Justina — 'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.
Demon — But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?
Justina — My defense
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*

Demon — Woman, thou hast subdued me
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defense in God,
I will assume a feignèd form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*
Justina — I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the flow'ret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never — But alas! to whom
Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? — No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?

Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia!—

Enter Lisander *and* Livia.

Lisander—O my daughter! what?
Livia— What?
Justina— Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now?—
I scarce sustain myself!
Lisander— A man here!
Justina—Have you not seen him?
Livia— No, lady.
Justina—I saw him.
Lisander— 'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all locked.
Livia [*aside*]—I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.
Lisander— It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skillful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia— My master's in the right.
Justina— Oh, would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame.
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Which secretly the faithful worship.
Livia— Here.
Justina [*putting on her cloak*]—In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander— And I will go with thee!
Livia [*aside*]—When I once see them safe out of the house,
I shall breathe freely.
Justina— So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!

Lisander — Let us go.
Justina — Thine is the cause, great God! Turn, for my sake
And for thine own, mercifully to me!
— *Translation of* SHELLEY.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

(From "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of," Edward Fitzgerald's version of "La Vida Es Sueño.")

[The scene is a tower. Clotaldo is persuading Segismund that his experiences have not been real, but dreams, and discusses the possible relation of existence to a state of dreaming. The play itself is based on the familiar *motif* of which Christopher Sly furnishes a ready example.]

Clotaldo — PRINCES and princesses and counselors,
Fluster'd to right and left — my life made at —
But that was nothing —
Even the white-hair'd, venerable King
Seized on — Indeed, you made wild work of it;
And so discover'd in your outward action,
Flinging your arms about you in your sleep,
Grinding your teeth — and, as I now remember,
Woke mouthing out judgment and execution,
On those about you.
Segismund — Ay, I did indeed.
Clotaldo — Ev'n your eyes stare wild; your hair stands up —
Your pulses throb and flutter, reeling still
Under the storm of such a dream —
Segismund — A dream!
That seem'd as swearable reality
As what I wake in now.
Clotaldo — Ay — wondrous how
Imagination in a sleeping brain
Out of the uncontingent senses draws
Sensations strong as from the real touch;
That we not only laugh aloud, and drench
With tears our pillow; but in the agony
Of some imaginary conflict, fight
And struggle — ev'n as you did; some, 'tis thought
Under the dreamt-of stroke of death have died.
Segismund — And what so very strange, too — in that world
Where place as well as people all was strange,
Ev'n I almost as strange unto myself,
You only, you, Clotaldo — you, as much
And palpably yourself as now you are,
Came in this very garb you ever wore;
By such a token of the past, you said,
To assure me of that seeming present.

Clotaldo — Ay?
Segismund — Ay; and even told me of the very stars
You tell me hereof — how in spite of them,
I was enlarged to all that glory.
Clotaldo — Ay,
By the false spirits' nice contrivance, thus
A little truth oft leavens all the false,
The better to delude us.
Segismund — For you know
'Tis nothing but a dream?
Clotaldo — Nay, you yourself
Know best how lately you awoke from that
You know you went to sleep on. —
Why, have you never dreamt the like before?
Segismund — Never, to such reality.
Clotaldo — Such dreams
Are oftentimes the sleeping exhalations
Of that ambition that lies smoldering
Under the ashes of the lowest fortune:
By which, when reason slumbers, or has lost
The reins of sensible comparison,
We fly at something higher than we are —
Scarce ever dive to lower — to be kings
Or conquerors, crown'd with laurel or with gold;
Nay, mounting heav'n itself on eagle wings, —
Which, by the way, now that I think of it,
May furnish us the key to this high flight —
That royal Eagle we were watching, and
Talking of as you went to sleep last night.
Segismund — Last night? Last night?
Clotaldo — Ay; do you not remember
Envying his immunity of flight,
As, rising from his throne of rock, he sail'd
Above the mountains far into the west,
That burned about him while with poising wings
He darkled in it as a burning brand
Is seen to smolder in the fire it feeds?
Segismund — Last night — last night — Oh, what a day was that
Between that last night and this sad to-day!
Clotaldo — And yet perhaps
Only some few dark moments, into which
Imagination, once lit up within
And unconditional of time and space,
Can pour infinities.
Segismund — And I remember

How the old man they call'd the King, who wore
The crown of gold about his silver hair,
And a mysterious girdle round his waist,
Just when my rage was roaring at its height,
And after which it all was dark again,
Bade me beware lest all should be a dream.

Clotaldo — Ay — there another specialty of dreams,
That once the dreamer 'gins to dream he dreams,
His foot is on the very verge of waking.

Segismund — Would that it had been on the verge of death
That knows no waking —
Lifting me up to glory, to fall back,
Stunned, crippled — wretcheder than ev'n before.

Clotaldo — Yet not so glorious, Segismund, if you
Your visionary honor wore so ill
As to work murder and revenge on those
Who meant you well.

Segismund — Who meant me! — me! their Prince,
Chain'd like a felon —

Clotaldo — Stay, stay — Not so fast.
You dream'd the Prince, remember.

Segismund — Then in dream
Revenged it only.

Clotaldo — True. But as they say
Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul
Yet uncorrected of the higher Will,
So that men sometimes in their dream confess
An unsuspected or forgotten self;
One must beware to check — ay, if one may,
Stifle ere born, such passion in ourselves
As makes, we see, such havoc with our sleep,
And ill reacts upon the waking day.
And, by the by, for one test, Segismund,
Between such swearable realities —
Since dreaming, madness, passion, are akin
In missing each that salutary rein
Of reason, and the guiding will of man:
One test, I think, of waking sanity
Shall be that conscious power of self-control
To curb all passion, but much, most of all,
That evil and vindictive, that ill squares
With human, and with holy canon less,
Which bids us pardon ev'n our enemies,
And much more those who, out of no ill-will,
Mistakenly have taken up the rod

Which Heaven, they think, has put into their hands.
Segismund — I think I soon shall have to try again —
Sleep has not yet done with me.
Clotaldo — Such a sleep!
Take my advice — 'tis early yet — the sun
Scarce up above the mountain; go within,
And if the night deceived you, try anew
With morning; morning dreams they say come true.
Segismund — Oh, rather pray for me a sleep so fast
As shall obliterate dream and waking too.
[*Exit into the tower.*
Clotaldo — So sleep; sleep fast: and sleep away those two
Night-potions, and the waking dream between,
Which dream thou must believe; and if to see
Again, poor Segismund! that dream must be. —
And yet — and yet — in these our ghostly lives,
Half night, half day, half sleeping, half awake,
How if our waking life, like that of sleep,
Be all a dream in that eternal life
To which we wake not till we sleep in death?
How if, I say, the senses we now trust
For date of sensible comparison, —
Ay, ev'n the Reason's self that dates with them,
Should be in essence of intensity
Hereafter so transcended, and awoke
To a perceptive subtlety so keen
As to confess themselves befool'd before,
In all that now they will avouch for most?
One man — like this — but only so much longer
As life is longer than a summer's day,
Believed himself a king upon his throne,
And play'd at hazard with his fellows' lives,
Who cheaply dream'd away their lives to him.
The sailor dream'd of tossing on the flood:
The soldier of his laurels grown in blood:
The lover of the beauty that he knew
Must yet dissolve to dusty residue:
The merchant and the miser of his bags
Of finger'd gold; the beggar of his rags:
And all this stage of earth on which we seem
Such busy actors, and the parts we play'd
Substantial as the shadow of a shade,
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream!

The Dream Called Life.

(Segismund's Speech Closing the "Vida Es Sueño"; Fitzgerald's Version.)

A dream it was in which I thought myself,
And you that hailed me now, then hailed me king,
In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so high and swelled so wide
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble
That my ambition had about me blown,
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this, in which I may be walking now;
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon,
With all your glittering arms and equipage,
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel,
Ay, even with all your airy theater,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamations, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this, that waking is; or this and that
Both waking or both dreaming;—such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
And whether wake or dreaming, this I know,—
How dreamwise human glories come and go;
Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disordered insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he played,—
Whether to-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,
Or the last trumpet of the eternal Day,
When dreaming with the night shall pass away.

The Dying Eusebio's Address to the Cross.

Tree, whereon the pitying skies
Hang the true fruit love doth sweeten,
Antidote of that first eaten,
Flower of man's new paradise,
Rainbow, that to tearful eyes

Sin's receding flood discloses —
Pledge that earth in peace reposes,
Beauteous plant, all fruitful vine,
A newer David's harp divine,
Table of a second Moses; —
Sinner am I, therefore I
Claim thine aid as all mine own,
Since for sinful man alone,
God came down on thee to die:
Praise through me thou hast won thereby,
Since for me would God have died,
If the world held none beside.
Then, O Cross! thou'rt all for me,
Since God had not died on thee
If sin's depths I had not tried.
Ever for thy intercession
Hath my faith implored, O Cross!
That thou wouldst not, to my loss,
Let me die without confession,
I, repenting my transgression,
Will not the first robber be
Who on thee confessed to God;
Since we two the same path trod,
And repent, deny not me
The redemption wrought on thee.

— *Translation of* MacCarthy.

Polonia's Hymn.

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I burn to sacrifice my will
A thousand and a thousand times.
And such my boundless love to Thee
I wish each will of mine a living soul could be.

Would that my love I could have shown,
By leaving for Thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that press'd my head,
Some proud, imperial crown and throne —
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course and gilds with constant rays.

This lowly grot, 'neath rocks uphurled,
In which I dwell, though poor and small,
A spur of that stupendous wall,

The eighth great wonder of the world,
Doth in its little space excel
The grandest palace where a king doth dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn
To see the morn its gems bestrew,
Or watch it weeping pearls of dew
Within the white arms of the dawn;
Or view, before the sun, the stars
Drive o'er the brightening plain their swiftly fading cars.

Far better in the mighty main,
As night comes on, and clouds grow gray,
To see the golden coach of day
Drive down amid the waves of Spain.
But be it dark or be it bright,
O Lord! I praise Thy name by day and night.

Than to endure the inner strife,
The specious glare, but real weight
Of pomp, and power, and pride, and state,
And all the vanities of life;
How would we shudder could we deem
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting dream.

— *Translation of* MacCarthy.

A Still Poorer Man.

An ancient sage, once on a time, they say,
Who lived remote, away from mortal sight,
Sustained his feeble life as best he might
With herbs and berries gathered by the way.
"Can any other one," said he, one day,
"So poor, so destitute as I be found?"
And when he turned his head to look around —
He saw the answer: creeping slowly there
Came an old man who gathered up with care
The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.

— *Translation of* Helen S. Conant.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

John Caldwell Calhoun, a noted American statesman, born in Abbeville District, S.C., March 18, 1782; died at Washington, D.C., March 31, 1850. He was graduated at Yale in 1804, studied law at Litchfield, Conn., and began practice in 1807. He was a member of the State Legislature, 1808–1810; Member of Congress, 1811–1817; Secretary of War, 1817–1825; Vice-President of the United States, 1825–1831; United States Senator, 1831–1842 and 1845–1850; and Secretary of State, 1844–1845.

Calhoun's works consist of a "Disquisition on Government," a "Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States," and several volumes of "Speeches." A collected edition of Calhoun's works, in six volumes, was published in 1853–1854.

Liberty and Equality.

(From "A Disquisition on Government.")

To perfect society, it is necessary to develop the faculties, intellectual and moral, with which man is endowed. But the mainspring to their development, and through this to progress, improvement, and civilization, with all their blessings, is the desire of individuals to better their condition. For this purpose liberty and security are indispensable. Liberty leaves each free to pursue the course he may deem best to promote his interest and happiness, as far as it may be compatible with the primary end for which government is ordained; — while security gives assurance to each that he shall not be deprived of the fruits of his exertions to better his condition. These, combined, give to this desire the strongest impulse of which it is susceptible; for to extend liberty beyond the limits assigned, would be to weaken the government and to render it incompetent to fulfill its primary end — the protection of society against dangers, internal and external. The effect of this would be insecurity; and of insecurity to weaken the impulse of individuals to better their condition, and thereby retard progress and improvement. On the other hand, to extend the powers of the government so as to contract

the sphere assigned to liberty, would have the same effect, by disabling individuals in their efforts to better their condition.

Herein is to be found the principle which assigns to Power and Liberty their proper spheres, and reconciles each to the other under all circumstances. For, if Power be necessary to secure to Liberty the fruits of its exertions, Liberty, in turn, repays Power with interest by increased population, wealth, and other advantages, which progress and improvement bestow on the community. By thus assigning to each its appropriate sphere, all conflicts between them cease; and each is made to coöperate with and assist the other in fulfilling the great ends for which government is ordained.

But the principle, applied to different communities, will assign to them different limits. It will assign a larger sphere to Power and a more contracted one to Liberty, or the reverse, according to circumstances. To the former there must be allotted, under all circumstances, a sphere sufficiently large to protect the community against danger from without and violence and anarchy within. The residuum belongs to Liberty. More cannot be safely or rightly allotted to it.

But some communities require a far greater amount of Power than others to protect them against anarchy and external dangers; and, of course, the sphere of Liberty in such must be proportionally contracted. The causes calculated to enlarge the one and contract the other are numerous and various. Some are physical; — such as open and exposed frontiers, surrounded by powerful and hostile neighbors. Others are moral! — such as the different degrees of intelligence, patriotism, and virtue among the mass of the community, and their experience and proficiency in the art of self-government. Of these, the moral are, by far, the most influential. A community may possess all the necessary moral qualifications in so high a degree as to be capable of self-government under the most adverse circumstances; while, on the other hand, another may be so sunk in ignorance and vice as to be incapable of forming a conception of Liberty, or of living, even when most favored by circumstances, under any other than an absolute and despotic government. . . .

It follows, from what has been stated, that it is a great and dangerous error to suppose that all people are equally entitled to Liberty. It is a reward to be earned, not a blessing to be gratuitously lavished on all alike; — a reward reserved for the intelligent, the patriotic, the virtuous and deserving; — and not

a boon to be bestowed on a people too ignorant, degraded and vicious to be capable either of appreciating or of enjoying it. Nor is it any disparagement to Liberty that such is and ought to be the case. On the contrary, its greatest praise — its proudest distinction — is that an all-wise Providence has reserved it as the noblest and highest reward for the development of our faculties, moral and intellectual. A reward more appropriate than Liberty could not be conferred on the deserving; nor a punishment inflicted on the undeserving more just than to be subjected to lawless and despotic rule. This dispensation seems to be the result of some fixed law; — and every effort to disturb or defeat it by attempting to elevate a people in the scale of Liberty above the point to which they are entitled to rise must ever prove abortive and end in disappointment. The progress of a people rising from a lower to a higher point in the scale of Liberty is necessarily slow; and by attempting to precipitate we either retard or permanently defeat it.

There is another error, not less great and dangerous, usually associated with the one which has just been considered. I refer to the opinion that Liberty and Equality are so intimately united that Liberty cannot be perfect without perfect Equality.

That they are united to a certain extent — and that equality of citizens, in the eyes of the law, is essential to liberty in a popular government, is conceded. But to go further, and make equality of *condition* essential to liberty, would be to destroy both liberty and progress. The reason is that inequality of condition, while it is a necessary consequence of liberty, is, at the same time, indispensable to progress. In order to understand why this is so it is necessary to bear in mind that the mainspring to progress is the desire of individuals to better their condition; and that the strongest impulse which can be given to it is to leave individuals free to exert themselves in the manner they may deem best for that purpose, as far at least as it can be done consistently with the ends for which government is ordained; — and to secure to all the fruits of their exertion. Now, as individuals differ greatly from each other in intelligence, sagacity, energy, perseverance, skill, habits of industry and economy, physical power, position and opportunity — the necessary effect of leaving all free to exert themselves to better their condition must be a corresponding inequality between those who may possess these qualities and advantages in a high degree and those who may be deficient in them. The only

means by which this result can be prevented are either to impose such restrictions on the exertions of those who may possess them in a high degree as will place them on a level with those who do not, or to deprive them of the fruits of their exertion. But to impose such restrictions on them would be destructive of liberty; — while to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions would be to destroy the desire of bettering their condition. It is, indeed, this inequality of condition between the front and rear ranks in the march of progress which gives so strong an impulse to the former to maintain their position, and to the latter to press forward into their files. This gives to progress its greatest impulse. To force the front rank back to the rear, or attempt to push forward the rear into line with the front, by the interposition of the government, would put an end to the impulse and effectually arrest the march of progress.

These great and dangerous errors have their origin in the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal; — than which nothing can be more unfounded and false. It rests upon the assumption of a fact which is contrary to universal observation, in whatever light it may be regarded. It is, indeed, difficult to explain how an opinion so destitute of all sound reason ever could have been so extensively entertained, unless we regard it as being confounded with another, which has some semblance of truth, but which, when properly understood, is not less false and dangerous. I refer to the assertion that all men are equal in the state of nature: meaning, by a state of nature, a state of individuality supposed to have existed prior to the social and political state, and in which men lived apart and independent of each other. If such a state ever did exist, all men would have been, indeed, free and equal to it; that is, free to do as they pleased, and exempt from the authority or control of others — as, by supposition, it existed anterior to society and government. But such a state is purely hypothetical. It never did or can exist, as it is inconsistent with the preservation and perpetuation of the race. It is, therefore, a great misnomer to call it *the state of nature*. Instead of being the natural state of man, it is, of all conceivable states, the most opposed to his nature — most repugnant to his feelings, and most incompatible with his wants. His natural state is the social and political — the one for which his Creator made him, and the only one in which he can preserve and perfect his race. As, then, there never was such a state as the so-called state of nature, and never can be, it fol-

lows that men, instead of being born in it, are born in the social and political state; and of course, instead of being born free and equal, are born subject not only to parental authority, but to the laws and institutions of the country where born, and under whose protection they draw their first breath.

Urging Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

(From Speech in the Senate, March 4th, 1850.)

Having now shown what cannot save the Union, I return to the question with which I commenced, How can the Union be saved? There is but one way by which it can with any certainty; and that is by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer but the Constitution; and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil and remove all cause of discontent; by satisfying the South, she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can with any certainty finally and forever settle the questions at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party — for it can of itself do nothing, not even protect itself — but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it; to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled; to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the Constitution by an amendment which will restore to the South in substance the power she possessed of protecting herself, before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this government. There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision, — one that will protect the South, and which at the same time will improve and strengthen the government instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But I will say she cannot refuse, if she has half

the love of the Union which she professes to have; or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love of the Union. At all events, the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save it without any sacrifice whatever; unless to do justice, and to perform her duties under the Constitution, should be regarded by her as a sacrifice.

It is time, Senators, that there should be an open and manly avowal on all sides as to what is intended to be done. If the question is not now settled, it is uncertain whether it ever can hereafter be; and we as the representatives of the States of this Union, regarded as governments, should come to a distinct understanding as to our respective views in order to ascertain whether the great questions at issue can be settled or not. If you who represent the stronger portion cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the States we both represent agree to separate and part in peace. If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so, and we shall know what to do when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case California will become the test question. If you admit her, under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories, with the intention of destroying irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections. We would be blind not to perceive in that case that your real objects are power and aggrandizement; and infatuated not to act accordingly.

I have now, Senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly, on this solemn occasion. In doing so I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself during the whole period to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

CALLIMACHUS.

Callimachus, a Greek poet, critic, and grammarian, born at Cyrene in Africa; died at Alexandria, Egypt, about 240 B.C. For twenty years before his death he was at the head of the famous Alexandrian Library. He was the most celebrated of the Alexandrian scholars and poets. His greatest work was a history of Greek literature, "Picture or Account of Writings of All Kinds," in one hundred and twenty books. His style is elegant, though its beauties are the result of excessive elaboration rather than real poetic genius. This is what might be expected from the greatest grammarian and literary critic of the age living in an atmosphere of the concentrated knowledge of the then known world. Few ancient authors have had more numerous and able commentators. His writings were numerous; but of them there are now extant only six, "Hymns to the Gods," and seventy-four short epigrams.

Hymn to Artemis.

Though great Apollo claim the poet's lyre,
Yet cold neglect may tempt Artemis's ire: —
Come, virgin goddess, and inspire my song,
To you the chase and sylvan dance belong,
And mountain sports; since first, with accents mild,
Whilst on his knee the Thunderer held his child:
"O grant me, Father," thus the Goddess said,
"To reign a virgin, and unspotted maid;
To me let temples rise, and altars smoke,
And men, by many names, my aid invoke.
Proud Phœbus else might with thy daughter vie,
And look on Dian with disdainful eye.
To bend the bow and aim the dart be mine:
I ask no thunder nor thy bolts divine.
At your desire, the Cyclops will bestow
My pointed shafts, and string my little bow.
Let silver light my virgin steps attend,
When to the chase with flying feet I bend;
Above the knee be my white garments rolled
In plaited folds, and fringed around with gold.

Let Ocean give me sixty little maids
To join the dance amid surrounding shades;
Let twenty more from fair Amnisius come,
All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom,
To bear my buskins and my dogs to feed,
When fawns in safety frisk along the mead,
Nor yet the spotted lynx is doomed to bleed.
Be mine the mountains, and each rural bower;
And give one city for thy daughter's dower.
On mountain-tops shall my bright arrows shine,
And with the mortal race I'll only join
When matrons, torn by agonizing throes,
Invoke Lucina to relieve their woes:
For at my birth the attendant Fates assigned
This task to me, in mercy to mankind,
Since fair Latona gave me to thy love,
And felt no pangs when blest by favoring Jove."

She spoke, and stretched her hands with infant art,
To stroke his beard, and gain her father's heart;
But oft she raised her little arms in vain.
At length, with smiles, he thus relieved her pain:
"Fair daughter, loved beyond the immortal race,
If such as you spring from a stolen embrace,
Let furious Juno burn with jealous ire;
Be mine the care to grant your full desire,
And greater gifts beside. From this blest hour
Shall thirty towns invoke Artemis's power:
Full thirty towns (for such high Jove's decree),
Ungirt by walls, shall pay their vows to thee;
O'er public ways Artemis shall preside,
And every port where ships in safety ride.
Nor shall those towns alone your power obey;
But you with other gods divide the sway
Of distant isles amid the watery main,
And cities on the continental plain,
Where mighty nations shall adore your name,
And groves and altars your protection claim."

The Thunderer spoke, and gave the almighty nod
That seals his will, and binds the immortal God:—
Meanwhile the joyful Goddess wings her flight
To Creta's isle, with snowy mountains bright;
Thence from Dictynna's hills, and bending wood,
She seeks the caverns of the rolling flood;
And at her call the attendant virgins come,

All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom.
With joy Cæretus views the smiling choir;
And hoary Tethys feels reviving fire
When her bright offspring o'er the enameled green
Trip with light footsteps, and surround their queen.

But thence to Melegunis's isle in haste
(Now Lipara) the sylvan Goddess passed —
The nymphs attending — and with wondering eyes,
Saw the brown Cyclops of enormous size,
Deep in their darksome dwelling under ground,
On Vulcan's mighty anvil turning round
A mass of metal hissing from the flame.
The Sea-god urges, and for him they frame
A wondrous vase, the liquor to contain
That fills his coursers on the stormy main.
With horror chilled, the timorous virgins eye
Stupendous giants rear their heads on high
Like cloud-capt Ossa rising o'er the field:
One eye, that blazed like some refulgent shield,
From each stern forehead glared pernicious fire. —
Aghast they gaze, when now the monsters dire
With stubborn strokes shake the resounding shore,
And the huge bellows through the caverns roar.
But when from fiercer flames the metal glows,
And the fixed anvil rings with heavier blows,
When ponderous hammers break the tortured mass,
Alternate thundering on the burning brass,
The nymphs no more endure the dreadful sight;
Their ears grow deaf, their dim eyes lose the light;
A deeper groan through laboring Ætna runs,
Appalls the heart of old Sicania's sons,
Redoubles from Hesperia's coast around,
And distant Cyrnus thunders back the sound.
No wonder that Artemis's tender maids
Should sink with terror in these gloomy shades,
For when the daughters of the immortal gods,
With infant-clamors fill the blest abodes,
Arges or Steropes the mother calls
(Two Cyclops grim) from their infernal halls
To seize the froward child. No Cyclops come,
But, loudly threatening, from some inner room
Obsequious Hermes swift before her stands,
With blackened face, and with extended hands:
The frightened infant, thus composed to rest,
Forgets its cries, and sinks upon her breast.

But fair Artemis — scarce three summers old —
Could, with her mother, these dread scenes behold,
When Vulcan, won by her enchanting mien,
With welcome gifts received the sylvan queen:
Stern Bronté's knee the little Goddess prest,
And plucked the bristles from his brawny breast,
As if dire Alopecia's power had torn
The hairs that shall no more his chest adorn.
Now undismayed, as then, the Goddess cried,
"Ye mighty Cyclops, set your tasks aside,
And for Jove's daughter forge immortal arms,
To fright the savage race with wild alarms:
Sharp arrows to pursue the flying foe,
A sounding quiver, and a dreadful bow,
Such as Cyclonians use: for know that I
Descend, like Phœbus, from the realms on high;
And when some tusky boar resigns his life
Beneath my darts amid the sylvan strife,
The unwieldy victim shall reward your toil,
And hungry Cyclops gorge the grateful spoil."
She spoke; the tawny workmen swift obeyed,
And in one instant armed the immortal maid.

But now the Goddess, sought — nor sought in vain —
Pan, the protector of the Arcadian plain.
She found the god dividing 'mongst his hounds
The flesh of lynxes from Mænalea's grounds.
Six beauteous dogs, when first she came in view,
Swift from the pack the bearded shepherd drew:
One silver spangles round his body bears,
Two streaked with white, and three with spotted ears —
All fierce in blood; the weaker prey they slew,
And living lions to their kennel drew.
Seven more he gave of Sparta's hardy race,
Fleet as the winds, and active in the chase
Of fawns that climb the mountains' lofty steep,
And hares that never shut their eyes in sleep;
Skilled through the porcupine's dark haunts to go,
And trace the footsteps of the bounding roe.

The nymph accepting leads her hounds with speed
To verdant hills above the Arcadian mead;
And on the mountain's airy summit finds
(Sight wondrous to behold) five beauteous hinds,
That on Anaurus's flowery margin fed
(Where mossy pebbles filled his ample bed);

In size like bulls, and on their heads divine
High horns of beaming gold resplendent shine.
Soon as the vision opened on her eyes,
"These, these," she said, "shall be Artemis's prize!"
Then o'er the rocks pursued the mountain-winds,
Outstripped the dogs, and seized the flying hinds.
One unobserved escaped, but four remain
To draw her chariot through the ethereal plain.
The fifth, by Juno's wiles, took swift her way
Through Celadon's dark flood: the glorious prey
To Cerynæus's distant mountains run,
A future prize for great Alcmena's son.

Hail, fair Parthenia, beauteous Queen of Night,
Who hurled fierce Tityus from the realms of light:
I see the nymph in golden arms appear,
Mount the swift car, and join the immortal deer:
A golden zone around her waist she binds,
And reins of gold confine the bounding hinds.

But whither first, O Sacred Virgin, say,
Did your bright chariot whirl its airy way? —
To Hæmus's hills where Boreas fiercely blows
On wretched mortals frost and winter snows.
But whence the pine, and whence the kindling flame? —
The pine from Mysia's lofty mountain came;
Jove's thunder roared; red lightning streamed on high
To light the torch that blazes through the sky. —

Say, next, how oft the silver bow you drew,
And where, bright Queen, your vengeful arrows flew. —
An elm received the first, an oak the next;
The third a mountain savage deep transfixed.
More swift the fourth, like rattling thunder springs,
And hurls destruction from its dreadful wings
On realms accursed, where justice ne'er was shown
To sons of foreign states, or of their own,
Deep sunk in crimes! — How miserable they
'Gainst whom thy vengeance wings its distant way!
Disease devours the flocks; dire hail and rain
Destroy the harvest, and lay waste the plain.
The hoary sire, for guilty deeds undone,
Shaves his gray locks, and mourns his dying son.
In agonizing pangs — her babe unborn —
The matron dies; or, from her country torn,
To some inhospitable clime must fly,
And see the abortive birth untimely die.

Thrice happy nations, where, with look benign,
Your aspect bends; beneath your smiles divine
The fields are with increasing harvests crowned;
The flocks grow fast, and plenty reigns around;
Nor sire, nor infant son, black Death shall crave,
Till ripe with age they drop into the grave;
Nor fell Suspicion, nor relentless Care,
Nor peace-destroying Discord enter there:
But friends and brothers, wives and sisters, join
The feast in concord and in love divine.
O! grant your bard, and the distinguished few,
His chosen friends, these happy climes to view:
So shall Apollo's love, Artemis's praise,
And fair Latona's nuptials, grace my lays.
And when my soul-inspiring transport feels,
Your arms, your labors, and the fervid wheels
Of your swift car, that flames along the sky
To yonder courts of thundering Jove on high,
Your coming Acacesian Hermes waits,
And great Apollo stands before the gates,
To lift from off the car the sylvan prey,
While Hermes joyful bears your arms away;
Nor Phœbus e'er his helping hand denies.
But when Alcides scaled the lofty skies,
This task to him was by the gods decreed;
So, from his ancient labors scarcely freed,
Before the eternal doors the hero stands,
Expects the prey, and waits your dread commands.
In laughing crowds the joyous gods appear;
But chief the imperious step-dame's voice you hear
Loud o'er the rest, to see Tirynthius pull
The unwieldy weight of some enormous bull,
That with the hinder foot impatient spurns
The laboring god, as from the car he turns.
The brawny hero, though with toil opprest,
Approached the nymph, and quaintly thus addrest:
"Strike sure the savage beast; and man to thee
Will give the name before bestowed on me —
The Great Deliverer; let the timid hare,
And bearded goat, to native hills repair,
And there securely range: what ills proceed
From hares or goats that on the mountains feed! —
Wild boars and trampling bulls oft render vain
The peasants' toil, and waste the ripening grain;
Aim there your darts, and let the monsters feel
The mortal wound, and the sharp-pointed steel."

He spoke, renewed his toil, and heaved away
With secret gladness the reluctant prey.
Beneath the Phrygian oak his bones were burned,
And his immortal part to heaven returned;
Yet still tormented by fierce hunger's rage,
As when Theiodamas he durst engage;
Amnisian virgins from the car unbind
The sacred deer, and dress each panting hind;
Ambrosial herbage by their hands is given
From meadows sacred to the Queen of Heaven,
Where Jove's immortal coursers feed. They bring
Refreshing water from a heavenly spring
In golden cisterns of ethereal mold,
The draught more grateful from a vase of gold.
But you, fair nymph, called by the powers above,
Ascend the mansions of imperial Jove. —
Till gods rose graceful, when the Virgin Queen,
With beauteous aspect, and with look serene,
By Phœbus's side assumed her silver throne,
Next him in power, and next in glory shone.

But when, with sportive limbs, the nymphs are seen
To dance in mazy circles round their queen
Near the cool fountains whence Inopus rose,
Broad as the Nile, and like the Nile o'erflows;
Or when to Pitané or Limnæ's meads,
Or Alæ's flowery field, the Goddess leads
The choir from Taurus black with human blood,
And turns disgustful from the Scythian brood,
That day my heifers to the stall retire,
Nor turn the greensward for another's hire.
Though nine years old, and in Tymphæa born,
Their limbs though sturdy, and though strong of horn
To drag the plow and cleave the mellow soil,
Yet would their necks o'erlabored, bend with toil,
When God himself leans downward from the sky,
Beholds the virgins with enraptured eye,
Detains his chariot, whence new glories pour,
Prolongs the day, and stops the flying hour.

What city, mountain, or what sacred isle,
What harbor boasts your most auspicious smile?
And of the attendant nymphs, that sportful rove
Along the hills, who most enjoys your love,
O Goddess, tell. — If you inspire their praise,
Admiring nations will attend my lays.

Your favor Perga, green Doliche boasts,
Taygetus's mountains, and Euripus's coasts;
And Britomartis, from Gertynya's grove,
Of all the nymphs enjoys distinguished love.

Fair Britomartis (skilled to wing the dart,
And pierce with certain wound the distant hart) —
Imperial Minos chased with wild desire
O'er Cretan hills, and made the nymph retire
To some far distant oak's extended shade,
Or sheltering grove, or marsh's watery bed.
Nine months the king pursued, with furious haste,
O'er rocks abrupt and precipices vast,
Nor once gave back; but when the blooming maid
Was just within his power, and none gave aid,
His grasp eluding from the impending steep
Headlong she plunged amid the swelling deep.
But friendly fishers on the main displayed
Their nets wide-stretching to receive the maid,
And thus preserved her from a watery death,
Worn out with toil, and panting still for breath.
And in succeeding times Cydonians hence
Dyctyna[1] called the nymph; the mountain whence
She leapt into the sea bears Dieté's name,
Where annual rites record the virgin's fame.
On that blest day, fair nymph, is wove for thee
A garland from the pine or mastich-tree;
The myrtle-branch untouched, that durst assail
The flying maid, and rent her snowy veil:
And hence the man must bear Artemis's frown,
Who shall her altars with fresh myrtles crown.
The name Dyctyna, too, the Cretans gave
(From her who fearless plunged beneath the wave)
To you, fair Upis, from whose sacred brows
Resplendent glory with mild luster flows.
But in your breast the nymph Cyrené shares
An equal place, and equal favor bears,
To whom in days of old your hands conveyed
Two beauteous hounds, with which the warlike maid
Acquired renown before the Iolcian tomb.
All bright with locks of gold see Procris come,
Majestic matron — Cephalus's spouse —
Whom, though no virgin, you, great Goddess chose
Companion of the chase. But o'er the rest

[1] *Dyctyna*, and *Dicté*, from the Greek δίκτυον, "a net."

Mild Anticlea your regard possest:
Fair as the light, and dearer in your eyes,
She claims protection by superior ties. —
These first bore quivers; these you taught to wing
The sounding arrow from the trembling string;
With their right shoulders and white bosoms bare
They lead the chase, and join the sylvan war.
Your praises, too, swift Atalanta charm —
Jasius's daughter — whose resistless arm
O'erthrew the boar: you showed the nymph the art,
To incite the hounds and aim the unerring dart.
But Calydonian hunters now no more
Dispute the prize, since the fair Virgin bore
The glorious trophy to the Arcadian plain,
Where his white teeth record the monster slain:
Nor now shall Rhœcus nor Hylæus young
With lust inflamed, or with fell envy stung,
Lay hands unhallowed on the beauteous maid,
Or once approach her in the Elysian shade;
Since their torn entrails on Mænalia tell
How by her arm the incestuous centaurs fell.
Hail, bright Chitoné, hail! Auspicious queen,
With robes of gold, and with majestic mien!
In many temples many climes adore
Your name, fair guardian of Miletus's shore. —
The name Imbracia, Chesias, too, is given
To you, high throned among the powers of heaven,
Since happy Nelus and the Athenian host
By your protection reached the fertile coast.
Great Agamemnon's hand a rudder bore,
To grace your temple on Bœotia's shore,
And gain your love, while adverse winds detain
The impatient Grecians from the roaring main,
Wild with delay, on rugged rocks they mourn
Rhamnusian Helen from her country torn.
When sudden frenzy seized the maddening brains
Of Prætus's daughters on the Achaian plains,
While o'er the inhospitable hills they roam,
You sought the maids and safe conducted home:
Of this two sacred fanes preserve the fame:
One to Coresia, from the virgin's name,
To Hemeresia one in Loussa's shades;
Mild Hemeresia cured the furious maids.
Fierce Amazonian dames, to battle bred,
Along the Ephesian plains by Hippo led,

With pious hands a golden statue bore
Of you, bright Upis, to the sacred shore;
Placed where a beech-tree's ample shade invites
The warlike band to join the holy rites:
Around the tree they clash their maiden shields,
With sounding strokes that echo through the fields;
Swift, o'er the shores, in wider circles spring,
Join hand in hand to form a mazy ring;
And beat, with measured steps, the trembling ground,
Responsive to the shrill pipe's piercing sound:
The bones of deer, yet uninspired and mute,
From which Athena formed a softer flute
Discordant notes to lofty Sardis fly,
And Berecynthus's distant hills reply:
Hoarse-rattling quivers o'er their shoulders ring,
While from the ground with bounding feet they spring,
And after ages saw, with glad surprise,
A wondrous fabric round the statue rise,[1]
More rich, more beautiful, than Phœbus boasts,
With all his glory, on the Delphic coasts;
Nor yet Aurora's morning beams have shone
On such a temple or so fair a throne.
But soon fierce Lygdamis, descending down,
With impious threats to burn the Ephesian town,
In numbers like the sand an host prepares
Of strong Cimmerians, fed with milk of mares;
The bands unblest their sudden march began
From frozen plains where lowing Iö ran.
Ah! wretched monarch, fated now no more
To lead your legions to the northern shore;
Who drove their chariots o'er Cayëster's mead
Shall ne'er in Scythian climes their coursers feed;
For bright Artemis guards the sacred towers,
And on the approaching foe destruction pours.
  Hail! great Munychia: for the Athenian bay
And Pheræa's fertile shores confess your sway.
Hail! bright Pheræa: and let none presume
To offend Artemis, lest the avenging doom
Fall heavy on their heads, which Oeneus mourned
When, unsuccessful, from the field he turned
For vows unpaid. Like her let none pretend
To dart the javelin or the bow to bend;
For when Atrides durst her grave profane,
No vulgar death removed the fatal stain.

[1] The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Let none with eyes of love the nymph behold,
Lest, like fond Otus and Orion bold,
They sink beneath her darts. Let none decline
The solemn dance, or slight the power divine:
Even favored Hippo feels her vengeful ire,
If from the unfinished rites she dares retire.
Hail! Virgin Queen: accept my humble praise,
And smile propitious on your poet's lays.

— *Translation of* H. W. Tytler.

Epitaph.

His little son of twelve years old Philippus here has laid,
Nicoteles, on whom so much his father's hopes were stayed.

Epigram.

(Admired and Paraphrased by Horace.)

The hunter in the mountains every roe
And every hare pursues through frost and snow,
Tracking their footsteps. But if some one say,
"See, here's a beast struck down," he turns away.
Such is *my* love: I chase the flying game,
And pass with coldness the self-offering dame.

Epitaph on Heracleitus.

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears I shed.
I wept, as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

— *Translation of* William Johnson.

Epitaph.

Would that swift ships had never been; for so
We ne'er had wept for Sopolis: but he
Dead on the waves now drifts; while we must go
Past a void tomb, a mere name's mockery.

— *Translation of* J. A. Symonds.

The Misanthrope.

Say, honest Timon, now escaped from light,
Which do you most abhor, or that or night?
"Man, I most hate the gloomy shades below,
And that because in them are more of you."

Epitaph Upon Himself.

Callimachus takes up this part of earth,
A man much famed for poesy and mirth.

— *Translation of* William Dodd.

Epitaph Upon Cleombrotus.

Loud cried Cleombrotus, "Farewell, O Sun!"
Ere, leaping from a wall, he joined the dead.
No act death-meriting had th' Ambraciote done,
But Plato's volume on the soul had read.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

Charles Stuart Calverley, an English barrister and poet, born at Martley, Worcestershire, Dec. 22, 1831; died in London, Feb. 17, 1884. He resumed the family name of Calverley, which his grandfather had changed to Blayds. He was educated at Harrow, at Balliol College, Oxford, and at Christ College, Cambridge, gaining at both universities a great reputation for scholarship, eccentricity, and athletics. His verses and translations at college made him the model of the literary undergraduates with a turn of humor. His scholarly translations both from and into the classical languages are of themselves sufficient to have given him a literary reputation. In the line of "nonsense poetry" and parody, he had few, if any, equals. He wrote hymns, humorous poems, and *vers de société*, and made numerous clever translations into English and Latin. In 1872 he published a collection of poems under the title of "Fly Leaves."

Lines for St. Valentine's Day.

Ere the moon the East hath crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's Hymns and
Made him wonder what they were:)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew —
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops:
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"
And the hour suggests eloping —
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?
Must I aye endure affliction

Rarely realized, if ever,
In our wildest works of fiction?
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;
Copperfield began to pine
When he hadn't been to school yet —
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
Ere I drain the poison-cup:
Tell me I may tell the chemist
Not to make that arsenic up!
Else the heart must cease to throb in
This my breast, and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
They'll be told, "Miss Clara J —— s."

Thoughts at a Railroad Station.

'Tis but a box of modest deal;
Directed to no matter where:
Yet down my cheek the teardrops steal —
Yes, I am blubbering like a seal;
For on it is this mute appeal,
"*With care.*"

I am a stern cold man, and range
Apart: but those vague words "*With care*"
Wake yearnings in me sweet as strange:
Drawn from my moral Moated Grange,
I feel I rather like the change
Of air.

Hast thou ne'er seen rough pointsmen spy
Some simple English phrase — "*With care*"
Or "*This side uppermost*" — and cry
Like children? No? No more have I.
Yet deem not him whose eyes are dry
A bear.

But ah! what treasure hides beneath
That lid so much the worse for wear?
A ring perhaps — a rosy wreath —
A photograph by Vernon Heath —
Some matron's temporary teeth
Or hair!

Perhaps some seaman, in Peru
Or Ind, hath stowed herein a rare
Cargo of birds'-eggs for his Sue;
With many a vow that he'll be true,
And many a hint that she is too —
Too fair.

Perhaps—but wherefore vainly pry
Into the page that's folded there?
I shall be better by-and-by:
The porters, as I sit and sigh,
Pass and repass — I wonder why
They stare!

"Forever."

Forever! "'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two;
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame;
It fails to sadden or appall
Or solace — it is not the same
At all.

O thou to whom it first occurred
To solder the disjoined, and dower
Thy native language with a word
Of power:

We bless thee! Whether far or near
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,
While the great pulse of England beats:
Thou coiner of a word unknown
To Keats!

And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deemed it two:
Nor am I confident they erred; —
Are you?

Changed.

I know not why my soul is racked;
Why I ne'er smile, as was my wont;
I only know that, as a fact,
I don't.

I used to roam o'er glen and glade,
Buoyant and blithe as other folk,
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burned;
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break,
Lay upon lay — I nearly learned
To shake.

All day I sang; of love and fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.

I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon:
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile, attract no more:
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.

Nay, worse than that, I've seemed of late
To shrink from happy boyhood — boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me when the beech is green,
By swarming up its stem for eggs;
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs.

It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

Ballad.

Imitation of Jean Ingelow.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard —
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I've met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them.
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is considered a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

JOHN CALVIN

JOHN CALVIN.

John Calvin, a distinguished Franco-Swiss ecclesiastical Reformer, born at Noyon, France, July 10, 1509; died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 27, 1564. At the age of fourteen John Calvin became a pupil at the College de la March, in Paris, where he mastered the Latin language so thoroughly that it became almost vernacular to him. At first his attention was especially directed toward the study of law; but before long he turned more to theological studies, and as early as 1533 we find him strongly tinctured with the "new learning," which had sprung up in France, almost independently of the Lutheran movement in Germany.

In 1535 we find him at Basel, in Switzerland, where he seems to have prepared the first edition of his famous "Institutio Christianæ Religionis." For a couple of years more Calvin led a wandering life, until 1537, when, almost by accident, he found himself, at the age of twenty-eight, at Geneva, which was thenceforth his home during the greater part of his subsequent life.

Next after the "Institutes," Calvin's most important work is his "Commentaries on the New Testament." His complete works were published in 12 folio volumes (1617). In the libraries of Geneva and Zürich are about 3,000 of his unpublished sermons and other writings.

Freedom of The Will.

(From the "Institutes of the Christian Religion.")

God has provided the soul of man with intellect, by which he might discern good from evil, just from unjust, and might know what to follow or to shun, reason going before with her lamp; whence philosophers, in reference to her directing power, have called her τὸ ἡγεμονικόν. To this he has joined will, to which choice belongs. Man excelled in these noble endowments in his primitive condition, when reason, intelligence, prudence, and judgment not only sufficed for the government of his earthly life, but also enabled him to rise up to God and eternal happiness. Thereafter choice was added to direct the

appetites and temper all the organic motions; the will being thus perfectly submissive to the authority of reason. In this upright state, man possessed freedom of will, by which if he chose he was able to obtain eternal life. It were here unseasonable to introduce the question concerning the secret predestination of God, because we are not considering what might or might not happen, but what the nature of man truly was. Adam, therefore, might have stood if he chose, since it was only by his own will that he fell; but it was because his will was pliable in either direction, and he had not received constancy to persevere, that he so easily fell. Still he had a free choice of good and evil; and not only so, but in the mind and will there was the highest rectitude, and all the organic parts were duly framed to obedience, until man corrupted its good properties, and destroyed himself. Hence the great darkness of philosophers who have looked for a complete building in a ruin, and fit arrangement in disorder. The principle they set out with was, that man could not be a rational animal unless he had a free choice of good and evil. They also imagined that the distinction between virtue and vice was destroyed, if man did not of his own counsel arrange his life. So far well, had there been no change in man. This being unknown to them, it is not surprising that they throw everything into confusion. But those who, while they profess to be the disciples of Christ, still seek for free-will in man, notwithstanding of his being lost and drowned in spiritual destruction, labor under manifold delusion, making a heterogeneous mixture of inspired doctrine and philosophical opinions, and so erring as to both. But it will be better to leave these things to their own place. At present it is necessary only to remember that man at his first creation was very different from all his posterity; who, deriving their origin from him after he was corrupted, received a hereditary taint. At first every part of the soul was formed to rectitude. There was soundness of mind and freedom of will to choose the good. If any one objects that it was placed, as it were, in a slippery position because its power was weak, I answer, that the degree conferred was sufficient to take away every excuse. For surely the Deity could not be tied down to this condition, — to make man such that he either could not or would not sin. Such a nature might have been more excellent; but to expostulate with God as if he had been bound to confer this nature on man, is more than unjust, seeing he had full right to determine how

much or how little he would give. Why he did not sustain him by the virtue of perseverance is hidden in his counsel; it is ours to keep within the bounds of soberness. Man had received the power, if he had the will, but he had not the will which would have given the power; for this will would have been followed by perseverance. Still, after he had received so much, there is no excuse for his having spontaneously brought death upon himself. No necessity was laid upon God to give him more than that intermediate and even transient will, that out of man's fall he might extract materials for his own glory.

The Doctrine of Original Sin.

(From "Institutes," Book II., Chap. x., Sec. 10.)

It is not my intention to discuss all the definitions given by writers; I shall only produce one which I think perfectly consistent with the truth. Original sin, therefore, appears to be an hereditary pravity and corruption of our nature, diffused through all the parts of the soul; rendering us obnoxious to the Divine wrath, and producing in us those works which the Scripture calls "works of the flesh." These two things should be distinctly observed: first, our nature being so totally vitiated and depraved, we are, on account of this very corruption, considered as convicted and justly condemned in the sight of God, to whom nothing is acceptable but righteousness, innocence, and purity. And this liableness to punishment arises not from the delinquency of another; for when it is said that the sin of Adam renders us obnoxious to the Divine judgment, it is not to be understood as if we, though innocent, were undeservedly loaded with the guilt of sin; but because we are all subject to a curse in consequence of his transgression he is therefore said to have involved us in guilt. Nevertheless, we derive from him not only the punishment, but also the pollution to which the punishment is justly due. And therefore infants themselves, as they bring their condemnation into the world with them, are rendered obnoxious to punishment by their own sinfulness, not by the sinfulness of another. For though they have not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, yet they have the seed of it within them; even their whole nature is, as it were, a seed of sin, and therefore cannot but be odious and abominable to God. Whence

it follows that it is properly accounted sin in the sight of God, because there could be no guilt without crime.

The other thing to be remarked is that this depravity never ceases in us, but is perpetually producing new fruits — those "works of the flesh" which we have before described — like the emission of flame and sparks from a heated furnace, or like the streams of water from a never-failing spring. Therefore, those who have defined original sin as a depravation of the original righteousness which we ought to possess, though they comprise the whole of the subject, yet have not used language sufficiently expressive of its operation and influence. For our nature is not only destitute of all good, but it is so fertile in all evils that it cannot remain inactive. Those who have called it *concupiscence* have used an expression not improper, if it were only added (which is far from being conceded by most persons) that everything in man — the understanding and will, the soul and body — is polluted and engrossed by this concupiscence; or, to express it more briefly, that man is, of himself, nothing but concupiscence.

The Eternal Election, or Predestination.

(From "Institutes," Book III., Chap. xxi., Sec. 1–7.)

The Covenant of Life not being equally preached to all, and among those to whom it is preached not always finding the same reception, this diversity discovers the wonderful depth of the Divine judgment. Nor is it to be doubted that this variety always follows, subject to the decision of God's eternal election. If it be evidently the result of the Divine will that salvation is freely offered to some and others are prevented from attaining it, this immediately gives rise to important and difficult questions, which are incapable of any other explanation than by the establishment of pious minds in what ought to be received concerning election and predestination: a question, in the opinion of many, full of perplexity: for they consider nothing more unreasonable than that of the common mass of mankind some should be predestined to salvation and others to destruction. But how unreasonably they perplex themselves will afterward appear from the sequel of our discourse. Besides, the very obscurity which excites such dread not only displays the utility of this doctrine, but shows it to be productive of the most delightful

benefit. We shall never be clearly convinced, as we ought to be, that our salvation flows from the fountain of God's free mercy, till we are acquainted with his eternal election, which illustrates the grace of God by this comparison — that he adopts not all promiscuously to the hope of salvation, but gives to some what he refuses to others. Ignorance of this principle evidently detracts from the divine glory, and diminishes real humanity. . . . In ascribing the salvation of the "remnant" of the people to "the election of grace," Paul clearly testifies that it is then only known that God saves whom he will of his mere good pleasure. . . . And hence the Church rises to our view, which otherwise, as Bernard justly observes, could neither be discovered nor recognized among creatures, being in two respects wonderfully concealed in the bosom of a blessed predestination and in the mass of a miserable damnation. . . .

The discussion of predestination is made very perplexed, and therefore dangerous by human curiosity, which no barriers can restrain from wandering into forbidden labyrinths, and soaring beyond its sphere, as if determined to leave none of the Divine secrets unscrutinized or unexplored. As we see multitudes guilty of this arrogance and presumption, it is proper to admonish them of their duty in this respect. Let them remember that when they inquire into predestination they penetrate into the inmost recesses of the Divine wisdom, where the careless and confident intruder will obtain no satisfaction to his curiosity, but will enter a labyrinth from which he will find no way to depart. For it is unreasonable that man should scrutinize with impunity those things which the Lord hath determined to be hidden in himself; and investigate, even from eternity, that sublimity of wisdom which God would have us to adore, not comprehend, to promote our admiration of his glory. The secrets of his will which he determined to reveal to us he discovers in his word, and these are all that he foresaw would concern us or conduce to our advantage. . . .

In conformity to the clear doctrine of Scripture, we assert that, by an eternal and immutable counsel, God hath once for all determined both whom he would admit to salvation, and whom he would condemn to destruction. We affirm that this counsel, as far as concerns the elect, is founded on his gratuitous mercy, totally irrespective of human merit; but that to those whom he devotes to condemnation the gate of life is closed by a just and irreprehensible but incomprehensible judgment.

LOUIS DE CAMOENS.

Louis de Camoens, a renowned Portuguese poet, born at Lisbon in 1524 (?); died there, June 18, 1579. He was educated at the University of Coimbra. On his return to Lisbon he fell in love with Dona Catherina de Attayda, a Lady of Honor at Court, for which offense he was banished to Santarem. Seeing no prospect of restoration to favor, he joined an expedition against the Moors, and lost his right eye in a naval battle in the Straits of Gibraltar. He afterward went to India, fought against the Mohammedans in the Red Sea, and on his return to Goa, wrote a satire on the Portuguese authorities in India which caused his banishment to Macao. During his residence at Macao he wrote his great epic poem, "Os Lusiadas" ("The Lusitanians"), the leading subject of which is the voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1497, when he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, thus making known the existence of an ocean passage between Europe and India.

After shipwreck, in which Camoens lost all his possessions except his poem, after imprisonment and other vicissitudes, he returned to Lisbon, and succeeded in publishing "The Lusiads," which he dedicated to the young King Sebastian. It attracted much attention, but was unrewarded except by a small pension, which was withdrawn on the death of Sebastian. The remainder of Camoens's life was passed in obscurity and poverty, of which his lyric poems often make complaint. He died in a hospital, depending on charity for his very winding-sheet; and when, at last, his country sought to honor him with a monument, it was not without difficulty that his grave was discovered.

A Storm at Sea.

(From "The Lusiads," translation of Aubertin.)

But at this moment, while they ready stand,
Behold the master, watching o'er the sky.
The whistle blows; the sailors, every hand,
Starting, awaken; and on deck they fly.
And as the wind increased he gave command,
In lowering foresails all their strength to ply;

"Alert! alert! from yon black cloud," he cries,
"That hangs above, the wind begins to rise."

But, ere the foresails are well gathered in,
A vast and sudden storm around them roar'd;
"Strike sail!" the master shouts amidst the din,
"Strike, strike the mainsail, lend all hands aboard!"
But the indignant winds the fight begin,
And, joined in fury ere it could be lowered,
With blustering noise the sail in pieces rend,
As if the world were coming to an end.

With this the sailors wound the heaven with cries,
From sudden terror and disunion blind;
For, sails all torn, the vessel over lies,
And ships a mass of water in the wind;
"Cast overboard," the master's order flies;
"Cast overboard, together, with a mind!
Others to work the pumps! no slackening!
The pumps, and quick! for we are foundering."

The soldiers, all alive, now hasten fast
To work the pumps, but scarcely had essayed
When the dread seas, in which the ship was cast,
So tossed her that they all were prostrate laid;
Three hardy, powerful soldiers, to the last,
To guide the wheel but fruitless efforts made;
With cords on either side it must be bound,
For force and art of man but vain are found.

The winds were such that scarcely could they show
With greater force or greater rage around
Than if it were their purpose, then, to blow
The mighty tower of Babel to the ground.
Upon the aspiring seas, which higher grow,
Like a small boat the valiant ship doth bound:
Exciting wonder that on such a main
She can her striving course so long sustain.

The valiant ship, with Gama's brother Paul,
With mast asunder snapped by wind and wave,
Half under water lies; the sailors call
On Him Who once appeared the world to save;
Nor less, vain cries from Coelho's vessel all
Pour on the air, fearing a watery grave,

Although the master had such caution shown,
That ere the wind arose the sails were down.

Now rising to the clouds they seem to go,
O'er the wild waves of Neptune borne on end;
Now to the bowels of the depths below,
It seems to all their senses they descend;
Notus and Auster, Boreas, Aquilo,
The very world's machinery would rend;
While flashings fire the black and ugly night,
And shed from pole to pole a dazzling light.

The halcyon birds their notes of mourning told
Along the roaring coast, sad scene of woe,
Calling to mind their agonies of old,
Which to the like tempestuous waves they owe;
The amorous dolphins, all, from sports withhold,
And to their ocean-caves' recesses go,
Such storms and winds unable to endure,
Which, e'en in refuge, leave them not secure.

Never such living thunderbolts were framed
Against the Giant's fierce, rebellious pride,
By the great, sordid forger, who is famed
His step-son's brilliant arms to have supplied:
Nor even 'gainst the world such lightnings flamed,
Hurled by the mighty Thunderer far and wide,
In the great flood which spared those only two,
Who, casting stones, did humankind renew.

How many mountains, then, were downward borne
By the persistent waves that 'gainst them strove:
How many aged trees were upward torn
By fury of wild winds that 'gainst them drove!
But little dreamed their roots that, thus forlorn,
They e'er would be reversed toward heaven above,
Nor the deep sands that seas such power could show,
As e'en to cast them upward from below!

The Spirit of the Cape.

(From "The Luciads," translation of Mickle.)

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held,
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day

Had now five times withdrawn, the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapor cast,
Transfixed with awe, the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow, bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood. — "O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God?" I cried.
"Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar
Where sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore."

I spoke; — when, rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw an hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered.
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered,
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread;
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared;
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold-gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; — the while, with visage ghastly, wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began: —

"O you, the boldest of the nations fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired;

Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway;
Who, 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore
Where never hero braved my rage before; —
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view:
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And, bursting, soon shall o'er your race descend!
With every bounding keel that dares my rage
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain
With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane —
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast;
Then he who first my secret reign descried
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O, Lusus, oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

"With trophies plumed behold a hero come!
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb!
Though smiling fortune blessed his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laureled brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thundered in the rear —
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here:
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laureled head to me;
While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

"The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare!
A youthful lover and his beauteous fair
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shattered wrecks shall blacken all my shore.

Themselves escaped, despoiled by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear,
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds, where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain;
Her tender limbs and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parched by the sun, and shriveled by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus, wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpassed,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.
Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell
How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell."

He paused, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes;
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And 'midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
"What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare!"
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep, hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs rolled,
"In me, the Spirit of the Cape behold —
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretched piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound, unmoved, I stand:

Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar,
E'er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale; —
You, you alone, have dared to plow my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view:
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread King implore — "As o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!"

On the Death of Catherina de Attayda.

Spirit beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown
The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
Now is yon heaven eternally thine own —
Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here.
O, if allowed in thy divine abode
Of aught on earth an image to retain,
Remember still the fervent love which glowed
In my fond bosom, pure from every stain!
And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,
Caused by thy loss and hopeless of relief,
Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies —
O, ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,
That I may join thee in those realms of day,
Swiftly as thou hast vanished from mine eyes!

— *Translation of* Mrs. Hemans.

On the Same.

While, pressed with woes from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,

Who was in life but as a dream to me.
O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step; but, ah, she flies!
Our distance widening by fate's stern decree.
"Fly not from me, kind shadow!" I exclaim; —
She, with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seemed to say, "Forbear thy fond design" —
Still flies. I call her, but her half-formed name
Dies on my faltering tongue; — I wake, and feel
Not e'en one short delusion can be mine.

— *Translation of* HAYLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY IN HER YOUTH.

BENEATH this monumental stone enshrined,
There lies this world's most noble cynosure,
Whom death of sheerest envy did immure,
Stealing the life, untimely and unkind;
According no respect to that refined
Sweetness of light, which e'en the night obscure
Turned to clear day, and whose refulgence pure
The brightness of the sun left far behind.
Thou, cruel Death, wast bribèd by the sun,
To save his beams from hers who brighter burned.
And by the moon, that faded quite away.
How camest thou such mighty power to own?
And, owning it, why hast so quickly turned
The great light of the world to this cold clay?

— *Translation of* AUBERTIN.

THE CANZON OF LIFE.

I.

COME here! my confidential Secretary
Of the complaints in which my days are rife,
Paper, — whereon I gar my griefs o'erflow.
Tell we, we twain, Unreasons which in life
Deal me inexorable, contrary
Destinies surd to prayer and tearful woe.
Dash we some water-drops on muchel lowe,
Fire we with outcries storm of rage so rare
That shall be strange to mortal memory.

Such misery tell we
To God and Man, and eke, in fine, to air,
Whereto so many times did I confide
My tale and vainly told as I now tell;
But e'en as error was my birthtide-lot,
That this be one of many doubt I not.
And as to hit the butt so far I fail
E'en if I sinnèd her cease they to chide:
Within mine only Refuge will I 'bide
To speak and faultless sin with free intent.
Sad he so scanty mercies must content!

II.

Long I've unlearnt me that complaint of dole
Brings cure of dolors; but a wight in pain
To greet is forcèd an the grief be great.
I *will* outgreet; but weak my voice and vain
To express the sorrows which oppress my soul;
For nor with greeting shall my dole abate.
Who then shall grant me, to relieve my weight
Of sorrow, flowing tears and infinite sighs
Equal those miseries my sprite o'erpower?
But who at any hour,
Can measure miseries with his tears or cries?
I'll tell, in fine, the love for me design'd
By wrath and woe and all their sovenance;
For other dole hath qualities harder, sterner.
Draw near and hear me each despairing Learner!
And fly the many fed on Esperance
Or wights who fancy Hope will prove her kind;
For Love and Fortune willed, with single mind,
To leave them hopeful, so they comprehend
What measure of unweal in hand they hend.

III.

When fro' man's primal grave, the mother's womb,
New eyes on earth I oped, my hapless star
To mar my Fortunes, 'gan his will enforce;
And freedom (Free-will given me) to debar:
I learnt a thousand times it was my doom
To know the Better and to work the Worse:
Then with conforming tormentize to curse
My course of coming years, when cast I round
A boyish eye-glance with a gentle zest,
It was my Star's behest

A Boy born blind should deal me life-long wound.
Infantine tear-drops wellèd out the deep
With vague enamored longings, nameless pine:
My wailing accents fro' my cradle-stound
Already sounded me love-sighing sound.
Thus age and destiny had like design:
For when, peraunter, rocking me to sleep
They sung me Love-songs wherein lovers weep,
Attonce by Nature's will asleep I fell,
So Melancholy witcht me with her spell!

IV.

My nurse some Feral was; Fate nilled approve
By any Woman such a name be tane
Who gave me breast; nor seemed it suitable.
Thus was I suckled that my lips indrain
E'en fro' my childhood venom-draught of Love,
Whereof in later years I drained my fill,
Till by long custom failed the draught to kill.
Then an Ideal semblance struck my glance
Of that fere Human deckt with charms in foyson,
Sweet with the suavest poyson,
Who nourisht me with paps of Esperance;
Till later saw mine eyes the original,
Which of my wildest, maddest appetite
Makes sinful error sovran and superb.
Meseems as human form it came disturb,
But scintillating Spirits divinest light.
So graceful gait, such port imperial
Were hers, unweal vainglory'd self to weal
When in her sight, whose lively sheen and shade
Exceeded aught and all things Nature made.

V.

What new unkindly kind of human pain
Had Love not only doled for me to dree
But eke on me was wholly execute?
Implacable harshness cooling fervency
Of Love-Desire (thought's very might and main)
Drave me far distant fro' my settled suit,
Vext and self-shamed to sight its own pursuit.
Hence somber shades phantastick born and bred
Of trifles promising rashest Esperance;
While boons of happy chance
Were likewise feignèd and enfigurèd.

But her despisal wrought me such dismay
That made my Fancy phrenesy-ward incline,
Turning to disconcert the guiling lure.
Here mine 'twas to divine, and hold for sure,
That all was truest Truth I could divine;
And straightway all I said in shame to unsay;
To see whatso I saw in còntrayr way;
In fine, just Reasons seek for jealousy
Yet were the Unreasons eather far to see.

VI.

I know not how she knew that fared she stealing
With Eyën-rays mine inner man which flew
Her-ward with subtlest passage through the eyne
Little by little all fro' me she drew,
E'en as from rain-wet canopy, exhaling
The subtle humors, sucks the hot sunshine.
The pure transparent geste and mien, in fine,
Wherefore inadequate were and lacking sense
"Beauteous" and "Belle" were words withouten weight;
The soft, compassionate
Eye-glance that held the spirit in suspense:
Such were the magick herbs the heavens all-wise
Drave me a draught to drain, and for long years
To other Being my shape and form transmew'd;
And this transforming with such joy I view'd
That e'en my sorrows snared I with its snares;
And, like the doomèd man, I veiled mine eyes
To hide an evil crescive in such guise;
Like one caressèd and on flattery fed
Of Love, for whom his being was born and bred.

VII.

Then who mine absent Life hath power to paint
Wi' discontent of all I bore in view;
That Bide, so far from where she had her Bide,
Speaking, which even what I spake unknew,
Wending withal unseeing where I went,
And sighing weetless for what cause I sigh'd?
Then, as those torments last endurance tried,
That dreadful dolor which from Tartarus's waves
Shot up on earth and racketh more than all,
Wherefrom shall oft befall
It turn to gentle yearning rage that raves?
Then with repineful fury fever-high

Wishing yet wishing not for Love's surceàse;
Shifting to other side for vengeance,
Desires deprivèd of their esperance,
What now could ever change such ills as these?
Then the fond yearnings for the things gone by,
Pure torment sweet in bitter faculty,
Which from these fiery furies could distill
Sweet tears of Love with pine the soul to thrill?

VIII.

For what excuses lone with self I sought,
When my suave love forfended me to find
Fault in the thing belovèd and so lovèd?
Such were the feignèd cures that forged my mind
In fear of torments that forever taught
Life to support itself by snares approvèd.
Thus through a goodly part of life I rovèd,
Wherein if ever joyed I aught content
Short-lived, immodest, flaw-full, without heed,
'Twas nothing save the seed
That bare me bitter tortures long unspent.
This course continuous dooming to distress,
These wandering steps that strayed o'er every road,
So wrought, they quencht for me the flamy thirst
I suffered grow in Sprite, in Soul I nurst
With Thoughts enamored for my daily food
Whereby was fed my Nature's tenderness:
And this by habit's long and asperous stress,
Which might of mortals never mote resist,
Was turned to pleasure-taste of being triste.

IX.

Thus fared I Life with other interchanging;
I no, but Destiny showing fere unlove;
Yet even thus for other ne'er I'd change.
Me from my dear-loved patrial nide she drove
Over the broad and boisterous Ocean ranging,
Where Life so often saw her èxtreme range.
Now tempting rages rare and missiles strange
Of Mart, she willèd that my eyes should see
And hands should touch, the bitter fruit he dight:
That on this Shield they sight
In painted semblance fire of enemy,
Then ferforth driven, vagrant, peregrine,
Seeing strange nations, customs, tongues, costumes;

Various heavens, qualities different,
Only to follow, passing-diligent
Thee, giglet Fortune! whose fierce will consumes
Man's age upbuilding aye before his eyne
A Hope with semblance of the diamond's shine:
But, when it falleth out of hand we know,
'Twas fragile glass that showed so glorious show

X.

Failed me the ruth of man, and I descried
Friends to unfriendly changèd and contràyr,
In my first peril; and I lackèd ground,
Whelmed by the second, where my feet could fare;
Air for my breathing was my lot denied,
Time failed me, in fine, and failed me Life's dull round.
What darkling secret, mystery profound
This birth to Life, while Life is doomed withhold
Whate'er the world contain for Life to use!
Yet never Life to lose
Though 'twas already lost times manifold!
In brief my Fortune could no horror make,
Ne certain danger ne ancipitous case
(Injustice dealt by men, whom wild-confused
Misrule, that rights of olden days abused,
O'er neighbor-men upraised to power and place!)
I bore not, lashèd to the sturdy stake,
Of my long suffering, which my heart would break
With importuning persecuting harms
Dasht to a thousand bits by forceful arms.

XI.

Number I not so numerous ills as He
Who, 'scaped the wuthering wind and furious flood,
In happy harbor tells his travel-tale;
Yet now, e'en now, my fortune's wavering mood
To so much misery obligeth me
That e'en to pace one forward pace I quail:
No more shirk I what evils may assail;
No more to falsing welfare I pretend;
For human cunning naught can gar me gain.
In fine on sovran Strain
Of Providence divine I now depend:
This thought, this prospect 'tis at times I greet
My sole consoler for dead hopes and fears.
But human weakness when its eyne alight

Upon the things that fleet, and can but sight
The sadding Memories of the long-past years;
What bread such times I break, what drink I drain,
Are bitter tear-floods I can ne'er refrain,
Save by upbuilding castles based on air,
Phantastick painture fair and false as fair.

XII.

For an it possible were that Time and Tide
Could bend them backward and, like Memory, view
The faded footprints of Life's earlier day:
And, web of olden story weaving new,
In sweetest error could my footsteps guide
'Mid bloom of flowers where wont my youth to stray;
Then would the memories of the long sad way
Deal me a larger store of Life-content;
Viewing fair converse and glad company,
Where this and other key
She had for opening hearts to new intent;—
The fields, the frequent stroll, the lovely show,
The view, the snow, the rose, the formosure,
The soft and gracious mien so gravely gay,
The singular friendship casting clean away
All villein longings, earthly and impure,
As one whose Other I can never see;—
Ah, vain, vain memories! whither lead ye me
With this weak heart that still must toil and tire
To tame (as tame it should) your vain Desire?

L'ENVOI.

No more, Canzon! no more; for I could prate
Sans compt a thousand years; and if befall
Blame to thine over-large and long-drawn strain
We ne'er shall see (assure who blames) contain
An Ocean's water packt in vase so small,
Nor sing I delicate lines in softest tone
For gust of praise: my song to man makes known
Pure truth wherewith mine own experience teems;
Would God they were the stuff that builds our dreams!

Adieu to Coimbra.

Sweet lucent waters of Mondego-stream,
Of my Remembrance restful jouïssance,

Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esperance
Long whiles misled me in a blinding Dream:
Fro' you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er misdeem
That long-drawn Memories which your charms enhance
Forbid me changing and, in every chance,
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.
Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and side,
Offered to winds and watery element:
But hence my spirit, by you 'companied,
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie lent,
Flies home and bathes her, Waters! in your tide.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell, a British poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777; died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. After graduating at the University of Glasgow, he became for a short time a tutor. Then he went to Edinburgh with the design of studying law; but in the meanwhile he had written his poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," which was published in 1799, and was received with extraordinary favor. Campbell — now barely twenty-two — assumed literature as his vocation. He made a trip to the Continent, and on Dec. 3, 1800, had a glimpse of a cavalry charge, — an episode preparatory to the famous battle of Hohenlinden. This chance incident gave occasion to one of Campbell's best-known lyrics, beginning "On Linden, when the sun was low." Campbell returned to Scotland in 1801, having in the meantime written several of the most spirited of his minor poems. In 1804 he took up his residence at Sydenham, near London. He married about this time, and, having no adequate income, fell into pecuniary straits; but in 1805 a Government pension of £200 was granted him. In 1809 he put forth "Gertrude of Wyoming," his second considerable poem. From 1820 to 1830 he was the editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*. In 1819 he put forth "Specimens of the British Poets," and an "Essay on English Poetry." In 1824 he put forth "Theodoric and other Poems." Campbell had by this time fairly broken down under the pressure of some domestic sorrows. Broken in health, physical and mental, he went to Boulogne, hoping to gain recuperation. He died there, and his remains were brought back to England, and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, with all the honors of a public funeral.

Campbell wrote no little prose during his long literary career. The titles of his chief prose works are: "Annals of Great Britain" (1806); "Lectures on Poetry" (1820); "Life of Mrs. Siddons" (1834); "Letters" from Algiers, etc., originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1837); "Life and Times of Petrarch" (1841); "Frederick the Great," a mere compilation, to which Campbell furnished little more than an Introduction; a work which, however, furnished a kind of text for one of Macaulay's best essays (1842).

The Pleasures of Hope.

PART THE FIRST.

At Summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.
What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man —
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.
  Primeval Hope, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

HOPE

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.
Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away.
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!
Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!

While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.
Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!
And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!
Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee 'light, and wave thy golden wand.
"Go, child of Heaven! (thy wingèd words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!

Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

. . . . . .

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past —
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!

How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!
Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.
Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain; —
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.
Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

. . . . . .

That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.
Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair. —
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, — the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm! —
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew: —
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career; —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd — as Kosciusko fell!
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook — red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry!
Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!

Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL — the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!
Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul — and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!
Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light — because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine: —
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."
Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the wingèd winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No! — the wild wave contemns your sceptered hand:
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!
Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied? —
Why then hath Plato lived — or Sidney died?

. . . . . .

PART THE SECOND.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;

There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd: —
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamor'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!
Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? — a world without a sun.
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee; —
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad! — the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd — till woman smiled!
True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart — and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!
But can the noble mind forever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day? —

Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade! —
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

. . . . . .

The moon is up — the watch-tower dimly burns —
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes! — and start, and smile!
Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

. . . . . .

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravel'd by the sun!
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye specter-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!
Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?

Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return. —
Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveler of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss? —
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea — each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven.
Oh! Star-eyed science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb.
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!
And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven — as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mold was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!
  Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm — when pleasures lose the power to please;
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy! —
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymnèd charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate? —
  No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
Souls of impassion'd mold, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!
  What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!

Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low,
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness — unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!

O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"
  Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?
  Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Lochiel's Warning.

Wizard. — Lochiel.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, Oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshal'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

LORD NELSON

And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Battle of the Baltic.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on. —

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. —

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. —

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save: —
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King." —

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By the wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

Ye Mariners of England.

A Naval Ode.

I.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." —

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry." —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father." —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh my daughter!" —

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas Autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay: —
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAREW.

Thomas Carew, an English poet, was born about 1598; and died, probably at London, about 1639. He was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew; but of his early life little is known, for he seems to have fallen into dissipated habits. He entered Corpus Christi College Oxford, but did not graduate. He stood high in favor with Charles I., and was an intimate friend of the greatest poets and scholars of his time in England, including Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, and Sir Kenelm Digby. His poems are light and airy, sometimes licentious, always graceful and elegant in form. They are mostly songs or odes; he also wrote "Cœlum Britannicum," a masque performed at Whitehall (1633), with Charles I. and his courtiers in the cast.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Red and White Roses.

Read in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory;
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh love bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish:
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have these roses thus divided;
Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

Epitaph.

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement
Inform'd this dust; but the weak mold
Could the great guest no longer hold;
The substance was too pure; the flame
Too glorious that thither came:
Ten thousand Cupids brought along
A grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there till they all opprest
The seat in which they sought to rest;
So the fair model broke, for want
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

The Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed Earth
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring:

The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile: only my love doth low'r:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day Sun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields: and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

Ask Me No More.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep
These flow'rs as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downward fall at dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

HENRY CAREY.

Henry Carey, an English poet and playwright, born about 1696; died in London (?), 1743. As the author of "Sally in our Alley" his claim to the notice of posterity is a strong one, and "Namby Pamby" is another of his good songs. His farces, among them "Hanging and Marriage," are not so lively.

Sally in our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart
  There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
  And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
  I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his bellyful,
  I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
  I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt

A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dressed all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money:
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally;
Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley.

WILL CARLETON.

Will Carleton, an American poet, journalist, and lecturer, was born at Hudson, Mich., Oct. 21, 1845. He was educated at Hillsdale College, in his native State; after which he lived for a time in Chicago, and then removed to Brooklyn. He visited Europe in 1878 and in 1885, and traveled much in Canada and in the western and northern parts of the United States, where his lectures were well received. His ballads of domestic life have been very popular. His books include: "Poems" (1871); "Farm Legends" (1875); "City Ballads" (1885); and "City Legends" (1889).

Betsey and I Are Out.[1]

(From "Farm Ballads.")

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
Things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man —
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Though we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

First thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven — a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only — How?

[1] Copyright, 1875, by Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

I had my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed old cow was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way:
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple of dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together — and many a weary week —
We was both of us cross and crabbed, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and
fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer — the very first paragraph —
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day:
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead: a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That my wife never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard cash that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
Just a few thousand dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorces is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me — exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;

And all of them fellers was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever — I won't forget it soon —
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon!
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight —
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' as when we've quarreled, and twitted each other on facts.

So draw up the papers, lawyer: and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy; before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me;
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we might agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better for what we quarreled here.

Gone with a Handsomer Man.[1]

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak";
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell:
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

[1] By permission of Harper & Brothers.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-by, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me — I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find!

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion-stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
For I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two!

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me — for me — but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so!

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things — I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough, poor thing; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square — and I well know that I can —
That she will always grieve that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.

And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat.
And yonder's her weddin'-gown: I wonder she didn't take that!

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here:
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-by — I wish that death had severed us two apart;
You've lost a worshiper here — you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again! but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some influence up there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago!

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him — he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives — why *didn't* I understand!
I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me: to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell!

WILLIAM CARLETON.

William Carleton, an Irish novelist, born at Prillisk, Tyrone, Ireland, in 1794; died at Dublin, Jan. 30, 1869. After receiving his early education in a "hedge school," he set out for Munster, to complete his education as "a poor scholar." Homesickness and a disagreeable dream on the night after his setting out sent him back to his parents, and he spent the next two years in the labors and amusements of his native place, acquiring at wakes, fairs, and merrymakings, a minute knowledge of Irish peasant life. At the age of seventeen he went to the academy of a relative at Glasslough, where he remained for two years. He afterward went to Dublin, seeking fortune, his capital on arriving being 2*s.* 9*d.* His "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," which appeared in 1830, was so warmly welcomed, that in 1833 he published a second series. This proved as popular as the first, and Carleton's success as an author was assured. In 1835 he published "Father Butler," and in 1839 "Fardorougha, the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamorna"; "The Fawn of Spring Vale"; "The Clarionet, and other Tales," of which "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan" appeared in 1841, "Valentine McClutchy," a novel (1845); "The Black Prophet" (1847); "The Tithe Proctor" (1849); "The Squanders of Castle Squander" (1852); "Willy Reilly" (1855); and "The Evil Eye" (1860). During the last years of his life Carleton received a pension of £200.

The Lianhan Shee.

An Irish Superstition.

(From "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.")

One summer evening Mary Sullivan was sitting at her own well-swept hearth-stone, knitting feet to a pair of sheep's-gray stockings, for Bartley, her husband. It was one of those serene evenings in the month of June, when the decline of day assumes a calmness and repose resembling what we might suppose to have irradiated Eden when our first parents sat in it before their fall. The beams of the sun shone through the windows in clear shafts of amber light, exhibiting millions of those atoms

which float to the naked eye within its mild radiance. The dog lay barking in his dream at her feet, and the gray cat sat purring placidly upon his back, from which even his occasional agitation did not dislodge her.

Mrs. Sullivan was the wife of a wealthy farmer, and niece to the Rev. Felix O'Rourke; her kitchen was consequently large, comfortable, and warm. Over where she sat jutted out the "brace," well lined with bacon; to the right hung a well-scoured salt-box, and to the left was the jamb, with its little Gothic paneless window to admit the light. Within it hung several ash rungs, seasoning for flail-sooples, a dozen of eel-skins, and several stripes of horse-skin, as hangings for them. The dresser was a "parfit white," and well furnished with the usual appurtenances. Over the door and on the "threshel" were nailed, "for luck," two horse-shoes that had been found by accident. In a little "hole" in the wall, beneath the salt-box, lay a great bottle of holy water to keep the place purified; and against the cope-stone of the gable, on the outside, grew a large lump of house-leek, as a specific for sore eyes.

In the corner of the garden were a few stalks of tansy, "to kill the thievin' worms in the childhre, the crathurs," together with a little Rosenoble, Solomon's Seal, and Bugloss, each for some medicinal purpose. The "lime wather" Mrs. Sullivan could make herself, and the "bog bane" for the *linh roe*, or heart-burn, grew in their own meadow-drain; so that, in fact, she had within her reach a very decent pharmacopœia, perhaps as harmless as that of the profession itself. Lying on the top of the salt-box was a bunch of fairy flax, and sewed in the folds of her own scapular was the dust of what had once been a four-leafed shamrock, an invaluable specific "for seein' the good people," if they happened to come within the bounds of vision. Over the door in the inside, over the beds, and over the cattle in the outhouses, were placed branches of withered palm that had been consecrated by the priest on Palm Sunday; and when the cows happened to calve, this good woman tied, with her own hands, a woolen thread about their tails, to prevent them from being overlooked by evil eyes, or elf-shot by the fairies, who seem to possess a peculiar power over females of every species during the season of parturition. It is unnecessary to mention the variety of charms which she possessed for that obsolete malady the colic, for toothaches, headaches, or for removing warts, and taking motes out of the eyes; let it suffice to inform our read-

ers that she was well stocked with them; and that, in addition to this, she, together with her husband, drank a potion made up and administered by an herb-doctor, for preventing forever the slightest misunderstanding or quarrel between man and wife. Whether it produced this desirable object or not our readers may conjecture, when we add that the herb-doctor, after having taken a very liberal advantage of their generosity, was immediately compelled to disappear from the neighborhood, in order to avoid meeting with Bartley, who had a sharp look out for him, not exactly on his own account, but "in regard," he said, "that it had no effect upon *Mary*, at all at all;" whilst Mary, on the other hand, admitted its efficacy upon herself, but maintained "that *Bartley* was worse nor ever afther it."

Such was Mary Sullivan, as she sat at her own hearth, quite alone, engaged as we have represented her. What she may have been meditating on we cannot pretend to ascertain; but after some time she looked sharply into the "backstone," or hob, with an air of anxiety and alarm. By-and-by she suspended her knitting, and listened with much earnestness, leaning her right ear over to the hob, from whence the sounds to which she paid such deep attention proceeded. At length she crossed herself devoutly, and exclaimed, "Queen of saints about us!—is it back yees are? Well, sure there's no use in talkin', bekase they say you know what's said of you, or to you—an' we may as well spake yees fair. Hem—musha, yees are welcome back, crickets, avourneenee! I hope that, not like the last visit ye ped us, yees are comin' for luck now! Moolyeen [1] died, anyway, soon afther your other *kailyee*,[2] ye crathurs, ye. Here's the bread, an' the salt, an' the male for yees, an' we wish yees well. Eh?—saints above, if it isn't listenin' they are jist like a Christhen! Wurrah, but yees are the wise an' the quare crathurs all out."

She then shook a little holy water over the hob, and muttered to herself an Irish charm or prayer against the evils which crickets are often supposed by the peasantry to bring with them, and requested, still in the words of the charm, that their presence might, on that occasion, rather be a presage of good fortune to man and beast belonging to her.

"There now, ye *dhonhans* ye, sure ye can't say that ye're ill thrated here, anyhow, or ever was mocked or made game of in the same family. You have got your hansel, an' full an' plenty of it; hopin' at the same time that you'll have no rason in life

[1] A cow without horns. [2] Short visit.

to cut our best clothes from rivinge. Sure an' I didn't desarve to have my brave stuff *long body* cut an' riddled the way it was the last time yees wor here, an' only bekase little Barny, that has but the sinse of a *gorsoon*, tould yees in a joke to pack off wid yourselves somewhere else. Musha, never heed what the likes of him says; sure he's but a *caudy*,[1] that doesn't mane ill, only the bit o' divarsion wid yees."

She then resumed her knitting, occasionally stopping, as she changed her needles, to listen, with her ear set, as if she wished to augur, from the nature of their chirping, whether they came for good or evil. This, however, seemed to be beyond her faculty of translating their language; for after sagely shaking her head two or three times, she knit more busily than before.

At this moment the shadow of a person passing the house darkened the window opposite which she sat, and immediately a tall female, of a wild dress and aspect, entered the kitchen.

"*Gho manhy dhea ghud, a ban chohr!* the blessin' o' goodness upon you, dacent woman," said Mrs. Sullivan, addressing her in those kindly phrases so peculiar to the Irish language.

Instead of making her any reply, however, the woman, whose eye glistened with a wild depth of meaning, exclaimed in low tones, apparently of much anguish, "*Husht, husht, dherum!* husht, husht, I say — let me alone — I will do it — will you husht? I will, I say — I will — there now — that's it — be quiet, an' I will do it — be quiet!" and as she thus spoke, she turned her face back over her left shoulder, as if some invisible being dogged her steps, and stood bending over her.

"*Gho manhy dhea ghud, a ban chohr, dherhum areesht!* the blessin' o' God on you, honest woman, I say again," said Mrs. Sullivan, repeating that *sacred* form of salutation with which the peasantry address each other. "'Tis a fine evenin', honest woman, glory be to Him that sent the same, and amin! If it was cowld, I'd be axin' you to draw your chair into the fire; but, anyway, won't you sit down?"

As she ceased speaking the piercing eye of the strange woman became riveted on her with a glare which, whilst it startled Mrs. Sullivan, seemed full of an agony that almost abstracted her from external life. It was not, however, so wholly absorbing as to prevent it from expressing a marked interest, whether for good or evil, in the woman who addressed her so hospitably.

"Husht, now — husht," she said, as if aside — "husht,

[1] A little boy.

won't you — sure I may speak *the thing* to her — you said it — there now, husht!" And then fastening her dark eyes on Mrs. Sullivan, she smiled bitterly and mysteriously.

"I know you well," she said, without, however, returning the *blessing* contained in the usual reply to Mrs. Sullivan's salutation — "I know you well, Mary Sullivan — husht, now, husht — yes, I know you well, and the power of all that you carry about you; but you'd be better than you are — and that's well enough *now* — if you had sense to know — ah, ah, ah! — what's this!" she exclaimed abruptly, with three distinct shrieks, that seemed to be produced by sensations of sharp and piercing agony.

"In the name of goodness, what's over you, honest woman?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan, as she started from her chair, and ran to her in a state of alarm, bordering on terror. "Is it sick you are?"

The woman's face had got haggard, and its features distorted; but in a few minutes they resumed their peculiar expression of settled wildness and mystery. "Sick!" she replied, licking her parched lips, "*awirck*, *awirck*, look! look!" and she pointed, with a shudder that almost convulsed her whole frame, to a lump that rose on her shoulders: this, be it what it might, was covered with a red cloak, closely pinned and tied with great caution about her body. "'Tis here! — I have it!"

"Blessed mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, tottering over to her chair, as finished a picture of horror as the eye could witness — "this day's Friday; the saints stand betwixt me an' all harm! Oh, holy Mary, protect me! *Nhanim an airh*," etc., and she forthwith proceeded to bless herself, which she did thirteen times in honor of the blessed Virgin and the twelve Apostles.

"Ay, it's as you see!" replied the stranger, bitterly. "It is here — husht, now — husht, I say — I will say *the thing* to her, mayn't I? Ay, indeed, Mary Sullivan, 'tis with me always — always. Well, well, no, I won't, I won't — easy — oh, blessed saints, easy, and I won't!"

In the meantime Mrs. Sullivan had uncorked her bottle of holy water, and plentifully bedewed herself with it, as a preservative against this mysterious woman and her dreadful secret.

"Blessed mother above!" she ejaculated, "the *Lianhan Shee!*" And as she spoke, with the holy water in the palm of

her hand, she advanced cautiously, and with great terror, to throw it upon the stranger and the unearthly thing she bore.

"Don't attempt it!" shouted the other, in tones of mingled fierceness and terror; "do you want to give *me* pain without keeping *yourself* anything at all safer? Don't you know *it* doesn't care about your holy water? But I'd suffer for it, an' perhaps so would you."

Mrs. Sullivan, terrified by the agitated looks of the woman, drew back with affright, and threw the holy water with which she intended to purify the other on her own person.

"Why, thin, you lost crathur, who or what are you at all? — don't, don't — for the sake of all the saints and angels of heaven, don't come next or near me — keep your distance — but what are you, or how did you come to get that 'good thing' you carry about wid you?"

"Ay, indeed!" replied the woman bitterly, "as if I would or could tell you that! I say, you woman, you're doing what's not right in asking me a question you ought not let cross your lips — look to yourself, and what's over you."

The simple woman, thinking her meaning literal, almost leaped off her seat with terror, and turned up her eyes to ascertain whether or not any dreadful appearance had approached her, or hung over her where she sat.

"Woman," said she, "I spoke you kind an' fair, an' I wish you well — but — "

"But what?" replied the other — and her eyes kindled into deep and profound excitement, apparently upon very slight grounds.

"Why — hem — nothin' at all sure, only — "

"Only what?" asked the stranger, with a face of anguish that seemed to torture every feature out of its proper lineaments.

"Dacent woman," said Mrs. Sullivan, whilst the hair began to stand with terror upon her head, "sure it's no wondher in life that I'm in a perplexity, whin *Lianhan Shee* is undher the one roof wid me. 'Tisn't that I want to know anything at all about it — the dear forbid I should; but I never heard of a person bein' tormented wid it as you are. I always used to hear the people say that it thrated its friends well."

"Husht!" said the woman, looking wildly over her shoulder, "I'll not tell: it's on myself I'll leave the blame! Why, will you never pity me? Am I to be night and day tormented? Oh, you're wicked and cruel for no reason!"

"Thry," said Mrs. Sullivan, "an' bless yourself; call on God."

"Ah!" shouted the other, "are you going to get me killed?" and as she uttered the words a spasmodic working which must have occasioned great pain, even to torture, became audible in her throat; her bosom heaved up and down, and her head was bent repeatedly on her breast, as if by force.

"Don't mention that name," said she, "in my presence, except you mean to drive me to utter distraction. I mean," she continued, after considerable effort to recover her former tone and manner — "hear me with attention — I mean, woman — you, Mary Sullivan — that if you mention that holy name, you might as well keep plunging sharp knives into my heart! Husht! peace to me for one minute, tormentor! Spare me something; I'm in your power!"

"Will you ate anything?" said Mrs. Sullivan; "poor crathur, you look like hunger an' distress; there's enough in the house, blessed be them that sent it! an' you had betther thry an' take some nourishment, anyway," and she raised her eyes in a silent prayer of relief and ease for the unhappy woman, whose unhallowed associations had, in her opinion, sealed her doom.

"Will I? — will I? — oh!" she replied, "may you never know misery for offering it! Oh, bring me something — some refreshment — some food — for I'm dying with hunger."

Mrs. Sullivan, who, with all her superstition, was remarkable for charity and benevolence, immediately placed food and drink before her, which the stranger absolutely devoured — taking care occasionally to secrete under the protuberance which appeared behind her neck a portion of what she ate. This, however, she did, not by stealth, but openly; merely taking means to prevent the concealed thing from being, by any possible accident, discovered.

When the craving of hunger was satisfied, she appeared to suffer less from the persecution of her tormentor than before; whether it was, as Mrs. Sullivan thought, that the food with which she plied it appeased in some degree its irritability, or lessened that of the stranger, it was difficult to say; at all events, she became more composed; her eyes resumed somewhat of a natural expression; each sharp, ferocious glare, which shot from them with such intense and rapid flashes, partially disappeared; her knit brows dilated, and part of a forehead which had once been capacious and handsome lost the contractions

which deformed it by deep wrinkles. Altogether the change was evident, and very much relieved Mrs. Sullivan, who could not avoid observing it.

"It's not that I care much about it, if you'd think it not right o' me, but it's odd enough for you to keep the lower part of your face muffled up in that black cloth, an' then your forehead, too, is covered down on your face a bit? If they're part of the *bargain*" — and she shuddered at the thought — "between you an' anything that's not good — hem! — I think you'd do well to throw thim off o' you, an' turn to thim that can protect you from everything that's bad. Now, a scapular would keep all the divils in hell from one; an' if you'd —"

On looking at the stranger she hesitated, for the wild expression of her eyes began to return.

"Don't begin my punishment again," replied the woman; "make no allus — don't make mention in my presence of anything that's good. Husht — husht — it's beginning — easy now — easy! No," said she, "I came to tell you that only for my breaking a vow I made to this thing upon me, I'd be happy instead of miserable with it. I say, it's a good thing to have, if the person will use this bottle," she added, producing one, "as I will direct them."

"I wouldn't wish, for my part," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "to have anything to do wid it — neither act nor part;" and she crossed herself devoutly on contemplating such an unholy alliance as that at which her companion hinted.

"Mary Sullivan," replied the other, "I can put good fortune and happiness in the way of you and yours. It is for you the good is intended; if *you* don't get both, *no other* can," and her eyes kindled as she spoke like those of the Pythoness in the moment of inspiration.

Mrs. Sullivan looked at her with awe, fear, and a strong mixture of curiosity; she had often heard that the *Lianhan Shee* had, through means of the person to whom it was bound, conferred wealth upon several, although it could never render this important service to those who exercised direct authority over it. She, therefore, experienced something like a conflict between her fears and a love of that wealth the possession of which was so plainly intimated to her.

"The money," said she, "would be one thing, but to have the *Lianhan Shee* planted over a body's shouldher — och! the saints preserve us! — why, if it could be managed widout havin'

act or part wid *that thing*, people would do anything in rason an' fairity."

"You have this day been kind to me," replied the woman, "and that's what I can't say of many — dear help me! — husht! Every door is shut in my face! Does not every cheek get pale when I am seen? If I meet a fellow-creature on the road, they turn into the field to avoid me: if I ask for food it's to a deaf ear I speak; if I am thirsty, they send me to the river. What house would shelter me? In cold, in hunger, in *dhruth*, in storm, and in tempest, I am alone and unfriended, hated, feared, an' avoided; starving in the winter's cold, and burning in the summer's heat. All this is my fate here; and — oh! oh! oh! — have mercy, tormentor — have mercy! I will not lift my thoughts *there* — I'll keep the paction — but spare me *now!*"

She turned round as she spoke, seeming to follow an invisible object, or, perhaps, attempting to get a more complete view of the mysterious being which exercised such a terrible and painful influence over her. Mrs. Sullivan, also, kept her eye fixed upon the lump, and actually believed that she saw it move. Fear of incurring the displeasure of what it contained, and a superstitious reluctance harshly to thrust a person from her door who had eaten of her food, prevented her from desiring the woman to depart.

"In the name of goodness," she replied, "I will have nothing to do wid your gift. Providence, blessed be his name, has done well for me an' mine; and it mightn't be right to go beyant what it has pleased *him* to give me."

"A rational sentiment! — I mean there's good sense in what you say," answered the stranger: "but you need not be afraid," and she accompanied the expression by holding up the bottle and kneeling. "Now," she added, "listen to me, and judge for yourself if what I say, when I swear it, can be a lie." She then proceeded to utter oaths of the most solemn nature, the purport of which was to assure Mrs. Sullivan that drinking of the bottle would be attended with no danger.

"You see this little bottle: drink it. Oh, for my sake and your own, drink it; it will give wealth without end to you, and to all belonging to you. Take one half of it before sunrise, and the other half when he goes down. You must stand while drinking it with your face to the east in the morning; and at night to the west. Will you promise to do this?"

"How would drinkin' the bottle get me money?" inquired

Mrs. Sullivan, who certainly felt a strong tendency of heart to the wealth.

"That I can't tell now, nor would you understand it even if I could; but you will know all when what I say is complied with."

"Keep your bottle, dacent woman. I wash my hands out of it: the saints above guard me from the timptation! I'm sure it's not right, for as I'm a sinner, 'tis gettin' stronger every minute widin me! Keep it; I'm loth to bid anyone that *ett* o' my bread to go from my hearth, but if you go, I'll make it worth your while. Saints above, what's comin' over me. In my whole life I never had such a hankerin' afther money! Well, well, but it's quare entirely!"

"Will you drink it?" asked her companion. "If it does hurt or harm to you or yours, or anything but good, may what is hanging over me be fulfilled!" and she extended a thin but, considering her years, not ungraceful arm, in the act of holding out the bottle to her kind entertainer.

"For the sake of all that's good and gracious, take it without scruple — it is not hurtful; a child might drink every drop that's in it. Oh, for the sake of all you love, and of all that love you, take it!" and as she urged her, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"No, no," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "it'll never cross my lips; not if it made me as rich as ould Henderson, that airs his guineas in the sun, for fraid they'd get light by lyin' past."

"I entreat you to take it!" said the strange woman.

"Never, never! — once for all — I say I won't; so spare your breath."

The firmness of the good housewife was not, in fact, to be shaken; so, after exhausting all the motives and arguments with which she could urge the accomplishment of her design, the strange woman, having again put the bottle in her bosom, prepared to depart.

She had now once more become calm, and resumed her seat with the languid air of one who has suffered much exhaustion and excitement. She put her hand upon her forehead for a few moments, as if collecting her faculties, or endeavoring to remember the purport of their previous conversation. A slight moisture had broken through her skin, and altogether, notwithstanding her avowed criminality in entering into an unholy bond, she appeared an object of deep compassion.

In a moment her manner changed again, and her eyes blazed out once more, as she asked her alarmed hostess:

"Again, Mary Sullivan, will you take the gift that I have it in my power to give you? aye or no? Speak, poor mortal, if you know what is for your own good."

Mrs. Sullivan's fears, however, had overcome her love of money, particularly as she thought that wealth obtained in such a manner could not prosper; her only objection being to the means of acquiring it.

"Oh!" said the stranger, "am I doomed never to meet with anyone who will take the promise off me by drinking of this bottle? Oh! but I am unhappy! What it is to fear — ah! ah! — and keep *his* commandments. Had *I* done so in my youthful time, I wouldn't now — ah — merciful mother, is there no relief? kill me, tormentor; kill me outright, for surely the pangs of hereafter cannot be greater than those you now make me suffer. Woman," said she, and her muscles stood out in extraordinary energy — "woman, Mary Sullivan — ay, if you should kill me — blast me — where I stand, I will say the word — woman — you have daughters — teach them — to fear ——" Having got so far, she stopped — her bosom heaved up and down — her frame shook dreadfully — her eyeballs became lurid and fiery — her hands were clinched, and the spasmodic throes of inward convulsion worked the white froth up to her mouth; at length she suddenly became like a statue, with this wild, supernatural expression intense upon her, and with an awful calmness, by far more dreadful than excitement could be, concluded by pronouncing, in deep, husky tones, the name of God.

Having accomplished this with such a powerful struggle, she turned round with pale despair in her countenance and manner, and with streaming eyes slowly departed, leaving Mrs. Sullivan in a situation not at all to be envied.

In a short time the other members of the family, who had been out at their evening employments, returned. Bartley, her husband, having entered somewhat sooner than his three daughters from milking, was the first to come in; presently the girls followed, and in a few minutes they sat down to supper, together with the servants, who dropped in one by one, after the toil of the day. On placing themselves about the table, Bartley as usual took his seat at the head; but Mrs. Sullivan, instead of occupying hers, sat at the fire in a state of uncommon agitation. Every two or three minutes she would cross

herself devoutly, and mutter such prayers against spiritual influences of an evil nature as she could compose herself to remember.

"Thin why don't you come to your supper, Mary," said her husband, "while the sowens are warm? Brave and thick they are this night, anyway."

His wife was silent, for so strong a hold had the strange woman and her appalling secret upon her mind, that it was not till he repeated his question three or four times — raising his head with surprise, and asking, "Eh, thin, Mary, what's come over you — is it unwell you are?" — that she noticed what he said.

"Supper!" she exclaimed, "unwell! 'tis a good right I'd have to be unwell, even if I was, which I am not — that is to *say*, unwell — but I'm all through other — I hope nothin' bad will happen, anyway. Feel my face, Nannie," she added, addressing one of her daughters, "it's as cowld an' wet as a limestone — ay, an' if you found me a corpse before you, it wouldn't be at all strange."

There was a general pause at the seriousness of this intimation. The husband rose from his supper, and went up to the hearth where she sat.

"Turn round to the light," said he; "why, Mary dear, in the name of wondher, what ails you? for you're like a corpse sure enough. Can't you tell us what has happened, or what put you in such a state? Why, childhre, the cowld sweat's teemin' off her!"

The poor woman, unable to sustain the shock produced by her interview with the stranger, found herself getting more weak, and requested a drink of water; but before it could be put to her lips, she laid her head upon the back of the chair and fainted. Grief and uproar and confusion followed this alarming incident. The presence of mind, so necessary on such occasions, was wholly lost; one ran here, and another there, all jostling against each other, without being cool enough to render her proper assistance. The daughters were in tears, and Bartley himself was dreadfully shocked by seeing his wife apparently lifeless before him.

She soon recovered, however, and relieved them from the apprehension of her death, which they thought had actually taken place. "Mary," said her husband, "something quare entirely has happened, or you wouldn't be in this state!"

"Did any of you see a strange woman lavin' the house a minute or two before yees come in?" she inquired.

"No," they replied, "not a stim of anyone did we see."

"Wurrah dheelish! No?—now is it possible yees didn't?" She then described her, but all declared they had seen no such person.

"Bartley, whisper," said she, and beckoning him over to her, in few words she revealed the secret. The husband grew pale and crossed himself. "Mother of Saints! childhre," said he, "a *Lianhan Shee!*" The words were no sooner uttered than every countenance assumed the pallidness of death: and every right hand was raised in the act of blessing the person and crossing the forehead. "*The Lianhan Shee!*" all exclaimed in fear and horror. "This day's Friday, God betwixt us an' harm!"

It was now after dusk, and the hour had already deepened into the darkness of a calm, moonless summer night; the hearth, therefore, in a short time, became surrounded by a circle consisting of every person in the house; the door was closed and securely bolted; a struggle for the safest seat took place; and to Bartley's shame be it spoken, he lodged himself on the hob within the jamb, as the most distant situation from the fearful being known as the *Lianhan Shee.* The recent terror, however, brooded over them all; their topic of conversation was the mysterious visit, of which Mrs. Sullivan gave a painfully accurate detail; whilst every ear of those who composed her audience was set, and every single hair of their heads bristled up, as if awakened into distinct life by the story. Bartley looked into the fire soberly, except when the cat, in prowling about the dresser, electrified him into a start of fear, which sensation went round every link of the living chain about the hearth.

The next day the story spread through the whole parish, accumulating in interest and incident as it went. Where it received the touches, embellishments, and emendations with which it was amplified, it would be difficult to say; everyone told it, forsooth, *exactly* as he heard it from another; but, indeed, it is not improbable that those through whom it passed were unconscious of the additions it had received at their hands. It is not unreasonable to suppose that imagination in such cases often colors highly without a premeditated design of falsehood. Fear and dread, however, accompanied its progress; such families as had neglected to keep holy water in their houses bor-

rowed some from their neighbors; every old prayer which had become rusty from disuse was brightened up; charms were hung about the necks of cattle, and gospels about those of children; crosses were placed over the doors and windows; no unclean water was thrown out before sunrise or after dusk;

> "E'en those prayed now who never prayed before,
> And those who always prayed still prayed the more."

The inscrutable woman who caused such general dismay in the parish was an object of much pity. Avoided, feared, and detested, she could find no rest for her weary feet, nor any shelter for her unprotected head. If she was seen approaching a house, the door and windows were immediately closed against her; if met on the way, she was avoided as a pestilence. How she lived no one could tell, for none would permit themselves to know. It was asserted that she existed without meat or drink, and that she was doomed to remain possessed of life, the prey of hunger and thirst, until she could get some one weak enough to break the spell by drinking her hellish draught, to taste which, they said, would be to change places with herself and assume her despair and misery.

There had lived in the country, about six months before her appearance in it, a man named Stephenson. He was unmarried, and the last of his family. This person led a solitary and secluded life, exhibiting during the last years of his existence strong symptoms of eccentricity, which, for some months before his death, assumed a character of unquestionable derangement. He was found one morning hanging by a halter in his own stable, where he had, under the influence of his malady, committed suicide. At this time the public press had not, as now, familiarized the minds of the people to that dreadful crime, and it was consequently looked upon *then* with an intensity of horror of which we can scarcely entertain any adequate notion. His farm remained unoccupied, for while an acre of land could be obtained in any other quarter no man would enter upon such unhallowed premises. The house was locked up, and it was currently reported that Stephenson and the devil each night repeated the hanging scene in the stable; and that when the former was committing the "hopeless sin," the halter slipped several times from the beam of the stable loft, when Satan came, in the shape of a dark-complexioned man with a hollow voice, and secured the rope until Stephenson's end was accomplished.

In this stable did the wanderer take up her residence at night; and when we consider the belief of the people in the night-scenes which occurred in it, we need not be surprised at the new feature of horror which this circumstance superadded to her character. Her presence and appearance in the parish were dreadful; a public outcry was soon raised against her, which, were it not from fear of her power over their lives and cattle, would have ended in her death. None, however, had courage to grapple with her, or to attempt expelling her by violence, lest a signal vengeance might be taken on any who dared to injure a woman that could call in the terrible aid of the *Lianhan Shee*.

In this state of feeling they applied to the parish priest, who, on hearing the marvelous stories related concerning her, and on questioning each man closely upon his authority, could perceive that, like most other reports, they were to be traced principally to the imagination and fears of the people. He ascertained, however, enough from Bartley Sullivan to justify a belief that there was something certainly uncommon about the woman; and being of a cold, phlegmatic disposition, with some humor, he desired them to go home, if they were wise — he shook his head mysteriously as he spoke — "and do the woman no injury, if they didn't wish" — and with this abrupt hint he sent them about their business.

This, however, did not satisfy them. In the same parish lived a suspended priest, called Father Philip O'Dallaghy, who supported himself, as most of them do, by curing certain diseases of the people — miraculously! He had no other means of subsistence, nor, indeed, did he seem strongly devoted to life, or to the pleasures it afforded. He was not addicted to those intemperate habits which characterize "blessed priests" in general; spirits he never tasted, nor any food that could be termed a luxury, or even a comfort. His communion with the people was brief and marked by a tone of severe, contemptuous misanthropy. He seldom stirred abroad except during morning, or in the evening twilight, when he might be seen gliding amidst the coming darkness like a dissatisfied spirit. His life was an austere one, and his devotional practices were said to be of the most remorseful character. Such a man, in fact, was calculated to hold a powerful sway over the prejudices and superstitions of the people. This was true. His power was considered almost unlimited, and his life one that would not disgrace the

highest saint in the calendar. There were not wanting some persons in the parish who hinted that Father Felix O'Rourke, the parish priest, was himself rather reluctant to incur the displeasure, or challenge the power of the *Lianhan Shee*, by driving its victim out of the parish. The opinion of these persons was, in its distinct, unvarnished reality, that Father Felix absolutely showed the white feather on this critical occasion — that he became shy, and begged leave to decline being introduced to this intractable pair — seeming to intimate that he did not at all relish adding them to the stock of his acquaintances.

Father Philip they considered as a decided contrast to him on this point. His stern and severe manner, rugged, and when occasion demanded, daring, they believed suitable to the qualities requisite for sustaining such an interview. They accordingly waited on him; and after Bartley and his friends had given as faithful a report of the circumstances, as, considering all things, could be expected, he told Bartley he would hear from Mrs. Sullivan's own lips the authentic narrative. This was quite satisfactory, and what was expected from him. As for himself, he appeared to take no particular interest in the matter, further than that of allaying the ferment and alarm which had spread through the parish.

"Plase your reverence," said Bartley, "she came in to Mary, and she alone in the house, and for the matther o' that, I believe she laid hands upon her, and tossed and tumbled the crathur, and she but a sickly woman, through the four corners of the house. Not that Mary lets an so much, but I know from her way when she spakes about her that it's thruth, your reverence."

"But didn't the *Lianhan Shee*," said one of them, "put a sharp-pointed knife to her breast, wid a divilish intintion of makin' her give the best of atin' an' dhrinkin' the house afforded?"

"She got the victuals, to a sartinty," replied Bartley, "and 'overlooked' my woman for her pains; for she's not the picture of herself since."

Everyone now told some magnified and terrible circumstance illustrating the formidable power of the *Lianhan Shee*.

When they had finished, the sarcastic lip of the priest curled into an expression of irony and contempt; his brow, which was naturally black and heavy, darkened; and a keen, but rather ferocious-looking eye, shot forth a glance which, while it inti-

mated disdain for those to whom it was directed, spoke also of a dark and troubled spirit in himself. The man seemed to brook with scorn the degrading situation of a religious quack, to which some uncontrollable destiny had doomed him.

"I shall see your wife to-morrow," said he to Bartley; "and after hearing the plain account of what happened, I will consider what is best to be done with this dark, perhaps unhappy, perhaps guilty character; but whether dark, or unhappy, or guilty, I, for one, should not, and will not, avoid her. Go, and bring me word to-morrow evening, when I can see her on the following day. Begone!"

When they withdrew, Father Philip paced his room for some time in silence and anxiety.

"Ay," said he, "wretches! sunk in the grossest superstition and ignorance, and yet, perhaps, happier in your degradation than those who, in the pride of knowledge, can only look back upon a life of crime and misery. What is a skeptic? What is an infidel? Men who, when they will not submit to moral restraint, harden themselves into skepticism and infidelity, until, in the headlong career of guilt, that which was first adopted to lull the outcry of conscience, is supported by the pretended pride of principle. Principle is a skeptic! Hollow and devilish lie! Would *I* have plunged into skepticism had I not first violated the moral sanctions of religion? Never. I became an infidel because I first became a villain! Writhing under a load of guilt, that which I wished might be true I soon forced myself to think true: and now"—he here clenched his hands and groaned—"now—ay, now—and hereafter—oh, *that* hereafter! Why can I not shake the thoughts of it from my conscience? Religion! Christianity! With all the hardness of an infidel's heart, I feel your truth; because, if every man were the villain that infidelity would make him, then, indeed, might every man curse God for the existence bestowed upon him—as I would, but dare not do. Yet why can I not believe? Alas! why should God accept an unrepentant heart? Am I not a hypocrite, mocking Him by a guilty pretension to His power, and leading the dark into thicker darkness? Then these hands—blood!—broken vows—ha! ha! ha! Well, go—let misery have its laugh, like the light that breaks from the thundercloud. Prefer Voltaire to Christ; sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind, as I have done—ha! ha! ha! Swim, world—swim about me! I have lost the ways of Providence, and am dark!

She awaits me: but I broke the chain that galled us: yet it still rankles — still rankles!"

The unhappy man threw himself into a chair in a paroxysm of frenzied agony. For more than an hour he sat in the same posture, until he became gradually hardened into a stiff, lethargic insensibility, callous and impervious to feeling, reason, or religion — an awful transition from a visitation of conscience so terrible as that which he had just suffered. At length he arose, and by walking moodily about, relapsed into his usual gloomy and restless character.

When Bartley went home, he communicated to his wife Father Philip's intention of calling on the following day, to hear a correct account of the *Lianhan Shee.*

"Why, thin," said she, "I'm glad of it, for I intinded myself to go to him, anyway, to get my new scapular consecrated. How-an-ever, as he's to come, I'll get a set of gospels for the boys an' girls, an' he can consecrate all when his hand's in. Aroon, Bartley, they say that man's so holy that he can do anything — ay, melt a body off the face o' the earth, like snow off of a ditch. Dear me, but the power they have is strange, all out!"

"There's no use in gettin' him anything to ate or dhrink," replied Bartley; "he wouldn't take a glass o' whisky once in seven years. Throth, myself thinks he's a little too dhry; sure he might be holy enough, and yet take a sup of an odd time. There's Father Felix, an' though we all know he's far from bein' so blessed a man as he is, yet he has friendship and neighborliness in him, an' never refuses a glass in rason."

"But do you know what I was tould about Father Philip, Bartley?"

"I'll tell you that afther I hear it, Mary, my woman; you won't expect me to tell what I don't know? — ha! ha! ha!"

"Behave, Bartley, an' quit your jokin' now, at all evints; keep it till we're talkin' of somethin' else, an' don't let us be committin' sin, maybe, while we're spakin' of what we're spakin' about; but they say it's as thrue as the sun to the dial: — the Lint afore last it was — he never tasted mate or dhrink durin' the whole seven weeks! Oh, you needn't stare! it's well known by thim that has as much sinse as you — no, not so much as you'd carry on the point o' this knittin' needle. Well, sure, the housekeeper an' the two sarvants wondhered — faix, they couldn't do less — an' took it into their heads to watch him

closely; an' what do you think — blessed be all the saints above! — what do you think they *seen?*"

"The goodness above knows; for me — I don't."

"Why, thin, whin he was asleep they seen a small silk thread in his mouth that came down through the ceilin' from heaven, and he suckin' it, just as a child would his mother's breast whin the crathur ud be asleep: so that was the way he was supported by the angels! An' I remimber myself, though he's a dark, spare, yallow man at all times, yet he never looked half so fat an' rosy as he did the same Lint!"

"Glory be to heaven! Well, well — *it is* sthrange the power they have! As for him, I'd as *lee* meet St. Pether, or St. Pathrick himself, as him; for one can't but fear him, somehow."

"Fear him! Och, it ud be the pity o' thim that ud do anything to vex or anger that man. Why, his very look ud wither thim, till there wouldn't be the thrack o' thim on the earth; an' as for his curse, why it ud scorch thim to ashes!"

As it was generally known that Father Philip was to visit Mrs. Sullivan the next day, in order to hear an account of the mystery which filled the parish with such fear, a very great number of the parishioners were assembled in and about Bartley's long before he made his appearance. At length he was seen walking slowly down the road, with an open book in his hand, on the pages of which he looked from time to time. When he approached the house those who were standing about it assembled in a body, and, with one consent, uncovered their heads and asked his blessing. His appearance bespoke a mind ill at ease; his face was haggard, and his eyes bloodshot. On seeing the people kneel, he smiled with his usual bitterness, and, shaking his hand with an air of impatience over them, muttered some words, rather in mockery of the ceremony than otherwise. They then rose, and blessing themselves, put on their hats, rubbed the dust off their knees, and appeared to think themselves recruited by a peculiar accession of grace.

On entering the house the same form was repeated; and when it was over, the best chair was placed for him by Mary's own hands, and the fire stirred up, and a line of respect drawn, within which none was to intrude, lest he might feel in any degree incommoded.

"My good neighbor," said he to Mrs. Sullivan, "what strange woman is this, who has thrown the parish into such a ferment? I'm told she paid you a visit. Pray sit down."

"I humbly thank your reverence," said Mary, courtesying lowly, "but I'd rather not sit, sir, if you plase. I hope I know what respect manes, your reverence. Barny Bradagh, I'll thank you to stand up, if you plase, an' his reverence to the fore, Barny."

"I ax your reverence's pardon, an' yours, too, Mrs. Sullivan: sure we didn't mane the disrespect, anyhow, sir, plase your reverence."

"About this woman, and the *Lianhan Shee?*" said the priest, without noticing Barny's apology. "Pray what do you precisely understand by a *Lianhan Shee?*"

"Why, sir," replied Mary, "some sthrange bein' from the good people, or fairies, that sticks to some persons. There's a bargain, sir, your reverence, made atween thim; an' the divil, sir, that is the ould boy — the saints about us! — has a hand in it. The *Lianhan Shee*, your reverence, is never seen only by thim it keeps wid; but — hem! — it always, wid the help of the ould boy, conthrives, sir, to make the person brake the agreement, an' thin it has *thim* in *its* power; but if they *don't* brake the agreement, thin *it's* in *their* power. If they can get anybody to put in their place, they may get out o' the bargain; for they can, of a sartinty, give oceans o' money to people, but can't take any themselves, plase your reverence. But sure where's the use o' me to be tellin' your reverence what you know betther nor myself? — an' why shouldn't you, or anyone that has the power you have?"

He smiled again at this in his own peculiar manner, and was proceeding to inquire more particularly into the nature of the interview, between them, when the noise of feet, and sounds of general alarm, accompanied by a rush of people into the house, arrested his attention, and he hastily inquired into the cause of the commotion. Before he could receive a reply, however, the house was almost crowded: and it was not without considerable difficulty that, by the exertions of Mrs. Sullivan and Bartley, sufficient order and quiet were obtained to hear distinctly what was said.

"Plase your reverence," said several voices at once, "they're comin' hot-foot, into the very house to us! Was ever the likes seen? an' they must know right well, sir, that you're widin it."

"Who are coming?" he inquired.

"Why, the woman, sir, an' her *good pet*, the *Lianhan Shee*, your reverence."

"Well," said he, "but why should you all appear so blanched with terror? Let her come in, and we shall see how far she is capable of injuring her fellow creatures: some maniac," he muttered, in a low soliloquy, "whom the villainy of the world has driven into derangement — some victim to a hand like m — Well, they say there *is* a Providence, yet such things are permitted?"

"He's saying a prayer now," observed one of them; "haven't we a good right to be thankful that he's in the place wid us while she's in it, or dear knows what harm she might do us — maybe *rise* the wind!"

As the latter speaker concluded, there was a dead silence. The persons about the door crushed each other backwards, their feet set out before them, and their shoulders laid with violent pressure against those who stood behind, for each felt anxious to avoid all danger of contact with a being against whose power even a blessed priest found it necessary to guard himself by a prayer.

At length a low murmur ran among the people — "Father O'Rourke! — here's Father O'Rourke! — he has turned the corner afther her, an' they're both comin' in." Immediately they entered, but it was quite evident, from the manner of the worthy priest, that he was unacquainted with the person of this singular being. When they crossed the threshold, the priest advanced, and expressed his surprise at the throng of people assembled.

"Plase your reverence," said Bartley, "*that's* the woman," nodding significantly towards her as he spoke, but without looking at her person, lest the evil eye he dreaded so much might meet his, and give him "the blast."

The dreaded female, on seeing the house in such a crowded state, started, paused, and glanced with some terror at the persons assembled. Her dress was not altered since her last visit; but her countenance, though more meager and emaciated, expressed but little of the unsettled energy which then flashed from her eyes, and distorted her features by the depth of that mysterious excitement by which she had been agitated. Her countenance was still muffled as before, the awful protuberance rose from her shoulders, and the same band which Mrs. Sullivan had alluded to during their interview was bound about the upper part of her forehead.

She had already stood upwards of two minutes, during which

the fall of a feather might be heard, yet none bade God bless her — no kind hand was extended to greet her — no heart warmed in affection towards her; on the contrary, every eye glanced at her, as a being marked with enmity towards God. Blanched faces and knit brows, the signs of fear and hatred, were turned upon her; her breath was considered pestilential, and her touch paralysis. There she stood, proscribed, avoided, and hunted like a tigress, all fearing to encounter, yet wishing to exterminate her! Who could she be? — or what had she done, that the finger of the Almighty marked her out for such a fearful weight of vengeance?

Father Philip rose and advanced a few steps, until he stood confronting her. His person was tall, his features dark, severe, and solemn: and when the nature of the investigation about to take place is considered, it need not be wondered at that the moment was, to those present, one of deep and impressive interest — such as a visible conflict between a supposed champion of God and a supernatural being was calculated to excite.

"Woman," said he, in his deep, stern voice, "tell me who and what you are, and why you assume a character of such a repulsive and mysterious nature, when it can entail only misery, shame, and persecution on yourself? I conjure you, in the name of Him after whose image you are created, to speak truly!"

He paused, and the tall figure stood mute before him. The silence was dead as death — every breath was hushed — and the persons assembled stood immovable as statues! Still she spoke not; but the violent heaving of her breast evinced the internal working of some dreadful struggle. Her face before was pale — it was now ghastly; her lips became blue, and her eyes vacant.

"Speak!" said he, "I conjure you in the name of the power by whom you live!"

It is probable that the agitation under which she labored was produced by the severe effort made to sustain the unexpected trial she had to undergo.

For some minutes her struggle continued; but having begun at its highest pitch, it gradually subsided until it settled in a calmness which appeared fixed and awful as the resolution of despair. With breathless composure she turned round, and put back that part of her dress which concealed her face, except the band on her forehead, which she did not remove; having done this, she turned again, and walked calmly towards Father

Philip, with a deadly smile upon her thin lips. When within a step of where he stood, she paused, and riveting her eyes upon him, exclaimed:

"Who and what am I? The victim of infidelity and you, the bearer of a cursed existence, the scoff and scorn of the world, the monument of a broken vow and a guilty life, a being scourged by the scorpion lash of conscience, blasted by periodical insanity, pelted by the winter's storm, scorched by the summer's heat, withered by starvation, hated by man, and touched into my inmost spirit by the anticipated tortures of future misery. I have no rest for the sole of my foot, no repose for a head distracted by the contemplation of a guilty life; I am the unclean spirit which walketh to seek rest and findeth none; I am — *what you made me!* Behold," she added, holding up the bottle, "this failed, and I live to accuse you. But no, you are my husband — though our union was but a guilty form, and I will bury that in silence. You thought me dead, and you flew to avoid punishment — did you avoid it? No; the finger of God has written pain and punishment upon your brow. I have been in all characters, in all shapes, have spoken with the tongue of a peasant, moved in my natural sphere; but my knees were smitten, my brain stricken, and the wild malady which banishes me from society has been upon me for years. Such I am, and such, I say, have you made me. As for you, kind-hearted woman, there was nothing in this bottle but pure water. The interval of reason returned this day, and having remembered glimpses of our conversation I came to apologize to you and to explain the nature of my unhappy distemper, and to beg a little bread, which I have not tasted for two days. I at times conceive myself attended by an evil spirit, shaped out by a guilty conscience, and this is the only familiar which attends me, and by it I have been dogged into madness through every turning of life. While it lasts I am subject to spasms and convulsive starts which are exceedingly painful. The lump on my back is the robe I wore when innocent in my peaceful convent."

The intensity of general interest was now transferred to Father Philip; every face was turned towards him, but he cared not. A solemn stillness yet prevailed among all present. From the moment she spoke, her eye drew his with the power of a basilisk. His pale face became like marble, not a muscle moved; and when she ceased speaking, his bloodshot eyes were

still fixed upon her countenance with a gloomy calmness like that which precedes a tempest. They stood before each other, dreadful counterparts in guilt, for truly his spirit was as dark as hers.

At length he glanced angrily around him. — "Well," said he, "what is it now, ye infatuated wretches, to trust in the sanctity *of man?* Learn from me to place the same confidence *in God* which you place in his *guilty creatures*, and you will not lean on a broken reed. Father O'Rourke, you too witness my disgrace, but not my punishment. It is pleasant, no doubt, to have a topic for conversation at your conferences; enjoy it. As for you, Margaret, if society lessen misery, we may be less miserable. But the band of your order and the remembrance of your vow is on your forehead, like the mark of Cain — tear it off, and let it not blast a man who is the victim of prejudice still, nay, of superstition, as well as of guilt; tear it from my sight." His eyes kindled fearfully as he attempted to pull it away by force.

She calmly took it off, and he immediately tore it into pieces, and stamped upon the fragments as he flung them on the ground.

"Come," said the despairing man, "come — there is a shelter for you, *but no peace!* — food, and drink, and raiment, but *no peace!* — NO PEACE!" As he uttered these words, in a voice that rose rapidly to its highest pitch, he took her hand, and they both departed to his own residence.

The amazement and horror of those who were assembled in Bartley's house cannot be described. Our readers may be assured that they deepened in character as they spread through the parish. An undefined fear of this mysterious pair seized upon the people, for their images were associated in their minds with darkness and crime, and supernatural communion. The departing words of Father Philip rang in their ears: they trembled, and devoutly crossed themselves, as fancy again repeated the awful exclamation of the priest — "No peace! no peace!"

When Father Philip and his unhappy associate went home he instantly made her a surrender of his small property; but with difficulty did he command sufficient calmness to accomplish even this. He was distracted — his blood seemed to have been turned to fire — he clenched his hands, and he gnashed his teeth, and exhibited the wildest symptoms of madness.

About ten o'clock he desired fuel for a large fire to be brought into the kitchen, and got a strong cord, which he coiled and threw carelessly on the table. The family were then ordered to bed. About eleven they were all asleep; and at the solemn hour of twelve he heaped additional fuel upon the living turf, until the blaze shone with scorching light through the kitchen. Dark and desolating was the tempest within him, as he paced, with agitated steps, before the crackling fire.

"She is risen!" he exclaimed — "the specter of all my crimes is risen, to haunt me through life! I *am* a murderer — yet she lives, and my guilt is not the less! The stamp of eternal infamy is upon me — the finger of scorn will mark me out — the tongue of reproach will sting me like that of the serpent — the deadly touch of shame will cover me like a leper — the laws of society will crush the murderer, not the less that his wickedness in blood has miscarried: after that comes the black and terrible tribunal of the Almighty's vengeance — of his fiery indignation! Hush! — What sounds are those? They deepen — they deepen! Is it thunder? It cannot be the crackling of the blaze! It *is* thunder! — but it speaks only to *my* ear! Hush! — Great God, there is a change in my voice! It is hollow and supernatural! Could a change have come over me? Am I living? Could I have — hah! — Could I have departed? and am I now at length given over to the worm that never dies? If it be at my heart I may feel it. God! — I am damned! Here is a viper twined about my limbs, trying to dart its fangs into my heart! Hah! there are feet pacing in the room, too, and I hear voices! I am surrounded by evil spirits! Who's there? — What are you? — Speak! — They are silent! — There is no answer! Again comes the thunder! But perchance this is not my place of punishment, and I will try to leave these horrible spirits!"

He opened the door, and passed out into a small green field that lay behind the house. The night was calm, and the silence profound as death. Not a cloud obscured the heavens; the light of the moon fell upon the stillness of the scene around him with all the touching beauty of a moonlit midnight in summer. Here he paused a moment, felt his brow, then his heart, the palpitations of which fell audibly upon his ear. He became somewhat cooler; the images of madness which had swept through his stormy brain disappeared, and were succeeded by a lethargic vacancy of thought which almost deprived him of the

consciousness of his own identity. From the green field he descended mechanically to a little glen which opened beside it. It was one of those delightful spots to which the heart clingeth. Its sloping sides were clothed with patches of wood, on the leaves of which the moonlight glanced with a soft luster, rendered more beautiful by their stillness. That side on which the light could not fall lay in deep shadow, which occasionally gave to the rocks and small projecting precipices an appearance of monstrous and unnatural life. Having passed through the tangled mazes of the glen, he at length reached its bottom, along which ran a brook, such as, in the description of the poet —

> "— In the leafy month of June,
> Unto the sleeping woods all night,
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Here he stood, and looked upon the green winding margin of the streamlet — but its song he heard not. With the terrors of a guilty conscience the beautiful in nature can have no association. He looked up the glen, but its picturesque windings, soft vistas, and wild underwood mingling with gray rocks and taller trees, all mellowed by the moonbeams, had no charms for him. He maintained a profound silence — but it was not the silence of reflection. He endeavored to recall the scenes of the past day, but could not bring them back to his memory. Even the fiery tide of thought which, like burning lava, seared his brain a few moments before, was now cold and hardened. He could remember nothing. The convulsion of his mind was over, and his faculties were impotent and collapsed.

In this state he unconsciously retraced his steps, and had again reached the paddock adjoining his house, when, as he thought, the figure of his paramour stood before him. In a moment his former paroxysm returned, and with it the gloomy images of a guilty mind, charged with the extravagant horrors of brain-struck madness.

"What!" he exclaimed, "the band still on your forehead! Tear it off!"

He caught at the form as he spoke, but there was no resistance to his grasp. On looking again towards the spot she had ceased to be visible. The storm within him arose once more: he rushed into the kitchen, where the fire blazed out with fiercer heat; again he imagined that the thunder came to his ears, but the thunderings which he heard were only the voice of con-

science. Again his own footsteps and his voice sounded in his fancy as the footsteps and voices of fiends, with which his imagination peopled the room. His state and his existence seemed to him a confused and troubled dream; he tore his hair — threw it on the table — and immediately started back with a hollow groan. His locks, which but a few hours before had been as black as the raven's wing, were now white as snow!

On discovering this he gave a low but frantic laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed; "here is another mark — here is food for despair. Silently, but surely, did the hand of God work this, as a proof that I am hopeless! But I will bear it; I will bear the sight! I now feel myself a man blasted by the eye of God himself! Ha, ha, ha! Food for despair! Food for despair!"

Immediately he passed into his own room, and approaching the looking-glass beheld a sight calculated to move a statue. His hair had become literally white, but the shades of his dark complexion, now distorted by terror and madness, flitted, as his features worked under the influence of his tremendous passions, into an expression so frightful that deep fear came over himself. He snatched one of his razors, and fled from the glass to the kitchen. He looked upon the fire, and saw the white ashes lying around its edge.

"Ha!" said he, "the light is come! I see the sign. I am directed and I will follow it. There is yet ONE hope. The immolation! I shall be saved, yet so as by fire. It is for this my hair has become white — the sublime warning for my self-sacrifice! The color of ashes! — white — white! It is so! — I will sacrifice my body in material fire, to save my soul from that which is eternal! But I had anticipated the SIGN! The self-sacrifice is accepted!"

We must here draw a veil over that which ensued, as the description of it would be both unnatural and revolting. Let it be sufficient to say that the next morning he was burned to a cinder, with the exception of his feet and legs, which remained as monuments of, perhaps, the most dreadful suicide that ever was committed by man. His razor, too, was found bloody, and several clots of gore were discovered about the hearth; from which circumstances it was plain that he had reduced his strength so much by loss of blood that when he committed himself to the flames, he was unable, even had he been willing, to avoid the fiery and awful sacrifice of which he made himself the

victim. If anything could deepen the impression of fear and awe already so general among the people, it was the unparalleled nature of his death. Its circumstances are well known in the parish and county wherein it occurred—*for it is no fiction*, gentle reader! and the titular bishop who then presided over the diocese declared that while he lived no person bearing the unhappy man's name should ever be admitted to the clerical order.

The shock produced by his death struck the miserable woman into the darkness of settled derangement. She survived him some years, but wandered about through the province, still, according to the superstitious belief of the people, tormented by the terrible enmity of the *Lianhan Shee*.

As the reader may be disposed to consider the nature of the priest's death an unjustifiable stretch of fiction, I have only to say, in reply, that it is no fiction at all. It is not, I believe, more than forty, or perhaps fifty, years since a priest committed his body to the flames for the purpose of saving his soul by an incrematory sacrifice. The object of a suicide unparalleled in the history of that mad and melancholy crime was ascertained by a letter which he left behind him. There is an old dormant superstition still to be found in Ireland on this very subject. It is believed by some that a priest guilty of great crimes possesses the privilege of securing salvation by self-sacrifice. We have heard two or three legends among the people in which this principle predominated. The outlines of one of these, called "The Young Priest and Brian Braar," were as follows:—

A young priest on his way to the College of Valladolid, in Spain, was benighted, but found a lodging in a small inn on the roadside. Here he was tempted by a young maiden of great beauty, who, in the moment of his weakness, extorted from him a bond signed with his blood, binding himself to her forever. She turned out to be an evil spirit; and the young priest proceeded to Valladolid with a heavy heart, confessed his crime to the superior, who sent him to the Pope, who sent him to a friar in the county of Armagh, called Brian Braar, who sent him to the devil. The devil, on the strength of Brian Braar's letter, gave him a warm reception, held a cabinet council immediately, and laid the dispatch before his colleagues, who agreed that the claimant should get back his bond from the brimstone lady who had inveigled him. She, however, obstinately refused to surrender it, and stood upon her bond, until threatened with being thrown three times into Brian Braar's furnace. This tamed her: the man got his bond, and returned to Brian Braar on earth. Now Brian Braar had for three years past abandoned God, and taken to the study of magic with the devil; a circumstance which accounts for his influence below. The young priest, having possessed himself of his bond, went to Lough Derg to wash away his sins; and Brian Braar having also become penitent, the two worthies accompanied each other to the lake. On entering the boat, however, to cross over to the island, such a storm arose as drove them back. Brian assured his companion that he himself was the cause of it.

"There is now," said he, "but one more chance for *me*, and we must have recourse to it."

He then returned homewards, and both had reached a hillside near

Brian's house, when the latter desired the young priest to remain there a few minutes, and he would return to him; which he did with a hatchet in his hand.

"Now," said he, "you must cut me into four quarters, and mince my body into small bits, then cast them into the air, and let them go with the wind."

The priest, by much entreaty, complied with his wishes, and returned to Lough Derg, where he lived twelve years upon one meal of bread and water *per diem*. Having now purified himself, he returned home; but on passing the hill where he had minced the Friar, he was astonished to see the same man celebrating mass attended by a very penitential looking congregation of spirits.

"Ah," said Brian Braar, when mass was over, "you are now a happy man. With regard to my state, *for the voluntary sacrifice I have made of myself, I am to be saved;* but I must remain on this mountain until the Day of Judgment." So saying, he disappeared.

There is little to be said about the superstition of the *Lianhan Shee*, except that it existed as we have drawn it, and that it is now fading fast away. There is also something appropriate in associating the heroine of this little story with the being called the *Lianhan Shee*, because, setting the superstition aside, any female who fell into her crime was called *Lianhan Shee*. *Lianhan Shee an Sagarth* signifies a priest's paramour, or, as the country people say, "Miss." Both terms have now nearly become obsolete.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Jane (Welsh) Carlyle, wife of Thomas Carlyle, born at Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801; died in London, April 21, 1866. She was the daughter of John Welsh, a physician of eminence, who when he died left his estate to his daughter, then eighteen. She married the famous author of "Sartor Resartus," but their life together was far from happy as may be read in her letters.

Jane Carlyle died suddenly. Early in 1866 her husband had been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. He had gone thither to deliver his Inaugural Address, and was to come home in a day or two. On the 21st of April his wife having posted a pleasant note to her husband, went out for a drive in Hyde Park. After an hour or two the coachman, having received no orders for returning, looked into the carriage. Mrs. Carlyle sat there dead, with her hands folded in her lap.

"Her Letters," edited by her husband, were published in 1883, the work being given to the world by J. A. Froude.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: *Monday, Aug.* 15, 1842.

Dearest, — It was the stupidest-looking breakfast this morning without any letters! — the absence of the loaf or coffee-pot would have been less sensibly felt! However, there is no redress against these London Sundays.

I went to church yesterday afternoon, according to programme, and saw and heard "strange things, upon my honor."

The congregation consisted of some thirty or forty poor people — chiefly adults; who all looked at me with a degree of curiosity rather "strong" for the place. Reginald ascended the pulpit in his white vestment, and, in a loud sonorous, perfectly Church-of-England-like tone, gave out the Psalm, whereupon there arose, at the far end of the moldering church, a shrill clear sound, something between a squeal of agony and the highest tone of a bagpipe! I looked in astonishment, but could discover nothing; the congregation joined in with the invisible

thing, which continued to assert its predominance, and it was not till the end of the service that Hesketh informed me that the strange instrument was a "clarionet"! Necessity is the mother of invention.

The service went off quite respectably; it is wonderful how little faculty is needed for saying prayers perfectly well! But when we came to the sermon! — greater nonsense I have often enough listened to — for, in fact, the sermon (Mrs. Buller, with her usual sincerity, informed me before I went) "was none of his;" he had scraped together as many written by other people as would serve him for years, "which was much better for the congregation;" but he delivered it exactly as daft Mr. Hamilton used to read the newspaper, with a noble disdain of everything in the nature of a stop; pausing just when he needed breath, at the end of a sentence, or in the middle of a word, as it happened! In the midst of this extraordinary exhortation an infant screamed out, "Away, mammy! Let's away!" and another bigger child went off in whooping cough! For my part, I was all the while in a state between laughing and crying; nay, doing both alternately. There were two white marble tablets before me, containing one the virtues of a wife and the sorrow of a husband (Capel Loft), the other a beautiful character of a young girl dead of consumption; and both concluded with the "hopes of an immortality through Jesus Christ." And there was an old sword and sword-belt hung on the tomb of another, killed in Spain at the age of twenty-eight; he also was to be raised up through Jesus Christ; and this was the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was hearing — made into something worse than the cawing of rooks. I was glad to get out, for my thoughts rose into my throat at last, as if they would choke me; and I privately vowed never to go there when worship was going on again!

We drove as usual in the evening, and also as usual played the game at chess — "decidedly improper," but I could not well refuse. I sat in my own room reading for two hours after I went upstairs; slept indifferently, the heat being extreme, and the cocks indefatigable; and now Mrs. Buller has sent me her revised "Play," begging I will read it, and speak again my candid opinion as to its being fit to be acted. So goodbye, dearest, I shall have a letter to-morrow. Love to Babbie. I wish she had seen the Queen. Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: *Wednesday, Aug.* 17, 1842.

Dearest, — There will be no news from me at Chelsea this day; it is to be hoped there will not be any great dismay in consequence. The fact is, you must not expect a daily letter; it occasions more trouble in the house than I was at first aware of; nobody goes from here regularly to the Post-office, which is a good two miles off; only, when there are letters to be sent, Mr. and Mrs. Buller take Ixworth in their evening drive and leave them at the post-office themselves. Now, twice over, I have found on getting to Ixworth that but for my letters, there would have been no occasion to go that road, which is an ugly one, while there are beautiful drives in other directions; besides that, they like, as I observe, to show me the county to the best advantage. They write, themselves, hardly any letters; those that come are left by somebody who passes this way from Ixworth early in the morning. Yesterday after breakfast, Mr. Buller said we should go to Ampton in the evening — a beautiful deserted place belonging to Lord Calthorpe — "Unless," he added, raising his eyebrows, "you have letters to take to Ixworth." Of course I said my writing was not so urgent that it could not be let alone for a day. And to Ampton we went, where Reginald and I clambered over a high gate, with spikes on the top of it, and enjoyed a stolen march through gardens unsurpassed since the original Eden, and sat in a pavilion with the most Arabian-tale-looking prospect; "the kingdom of the Prince of the Black Islands" it might have been! — and peeped in at the open windows of the old empty house — empty of people, that is — for there seemed in it everything mortal could desire for ease with dignity: such quantities of fine bound books in glass bookcases, and easy-chairs, etc., etc.! And this lovely place Lord Calthorpe has taken some disgust to; and has never set foot in it again! Suppose you write and ask him to give it to us! He is nearly mad with Evangelical religion, they say; strange that he does not see the sense of letting somebody have the good of what he cannot enjoy of God's providence himself! "Look at this delicious and deserted place, on the one side, and the two thousand people standing all night before the Provost's door on the other! And yet you believe," says Mrs. Buller, "that it is a good spirit who rules this world."

You never heard such strange discourse as we go on with, during the hour or so we are alone before dinner! How she contrives, with such opinions or no opinions, to keep herself so serene and cheerful, I am perplexed to conceive: is it the old story of the "cork going safely over the falls of Niagara, where everything weightier would sink?" I do not think she is so light as she gives herself out for — at all events, she is very clever, and very good to me.

On our return from Ampton, we found Mr. Loft waiting to tea with us — the elder brother of the Aids-to-Self-Development Loft — an affectionate, intelligent-looking man, "but terribly off for a language." Though he has been in India, and is up in years, he looks as frightened as a hare. There were also here yesterday the grandees of the district, Mr. and the Lady Agnes Byng — one of the Pagets "whom we all know" — an advent which produced no inconsiderable emotion in our Radical household! For my part, I made myself scarce; and thereby "missed," Reginald told me, "such an immensity of petty talk — the Queen, the Queen, at every word with Lady A."

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: *Tuesday, Aug.* 23, 1842.

My dear Husband, — The pen was in my hand to write yesterday; but nothing would have come out of me yesterday except "literature of desperation;" and, aware of this, I thought it better to hold my peace for the next twenty-four hours, till a new night had either habilitated me for remaining awhile longer, or brought me to the desperate resolution of flying home for my life. Last night, Heaven be thanked, went off peaceably; and to-day I am in a state to record my last trial, without danger of becoming too tragical, or alarming you with the prospect of my making an unseemly termination of my visit. (Oh, what pens!)

To begin where I left off. On Sunday, after writing to you, I attended the afternoon service! Regy looked so *wae* when I answered his question "whether I was going?" in the negative, that a weak pity induced me to revise my determination. "It is a nice pew, that of ours," said old Mr. Buller; "it suits me remarkably well, for, being so deep, I am not overlooked; and in virtue of that, I read most part of the *Femme de Qualité* this morning!" "But don't," he added, "tell Mr. Regy this! Had Theresa been there, I would not have done it, for I like to set a good example!" I also turned the depth of the pew to good

account; when the sermon began, I made myself, at the bottom of it, a sort of Persian couch out of the praying-cushions; laid off my bonnet, and stretched myself out very much at my ease. I seemed to have been thus just one drowsy minute when a slight rustling and the words "Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," warned me to put on my bonnet, and made me for the first time aware that I had been asleep! For the rest, the music that day ought to have satisfied me; for it seemed to have remodeled itself expressly to suit my taste — Scotch tunes, produced with the nasal discordant emphasis of a Scotch country-congregation, and no clarionet. I noticed in a little square gallery seat, the only one in the church, a portly character, who acts as blacksmith, sitting with a wand, some five feet long, in his hand, which he swayed about majestically as if it had been a scepter! On inquiring of our man-servant what this could possibly mean or symbolize, he informed me it was "to beat the bad children." "And are the children here so bad that they need such a functionary?" "Ah, they will always, them little 'uns, be doing mischief in the church: it's a-wearisome for the poor things, and the rod keeps them in fear!"

In the evening, the drive, as always, with this only difference, that on Sunday evenings Mr. Buller only walks the horse, from principle! After this conscientious exercising, the game at chess! My head had ached more or less all day, and I was glad to get to bed, where I was fortunate enough to get to sleep without any violent disturbance. The next day, however, my head was rather worse than better; so that I would fain have "declined from" calling on Lady Agnes; but Mrs. Buller was bent on going to Livermere, and so, as I did not feel up to walking, it was my only chance of getting any fresh air and exercise that day. To Livermere we went, then, before dinner, the dinner being deferred till five o'clock to suit the more fashionable hours of our visitees. "The Pagets" seem to be extremely like other mortals, neither better nor bonnier nor wiser. To do them justice, however, they might, as we found them, have been sitting for a picture of high life doing the amiable and the rural in the country. They had placed a table under the shadow of a beech-tree; and at this sat Mr. Byng studying the "Examiner;" Lady Agnes reading — "Oh, nothing at all, only some nonsense that Lord Londonderry has been printing; I cannot think what has tempted him;" and a boy and girl marking for a cricket-party, consisting of all the men-servants, and two older little

sons, who were playing for the entertainment of their master and mistress and their own; the younger branches ever and anon clapping their hands, and calling out "What fun!" I may mention for your consolation that Mr. Byng (a tall, gentlemanly, *blasé*-looking man) was dressed from head to foot in unbleached linen; while Babbie may take a slight satisfaction to her curiosity *de femme* from knowing how a Paget attires herself of a morning, to sit under a beech-tree — a white-flowered muslin pelisse, over pale blue satin; a black lace scarf fastened against her heart with a little gold horse-shoe; her white neck tolerably revealed, and set off with a brooch of diamonds; immense gold bracelets, an immense gold chain; a little white silk bonnet with a profusion of blond and flowers; thus had she prepared herself for being rural! But, with all this finery, she looked a good-hearted, rattling, clever *haveral* sort of a woman. Her account of Lord Londonderry's sentimental dedication to his wife was perfect — "from a goose to a goose!" — and she defended herself with her pocket handkerchief against the wasps, with an energy. When we had sat sufficiently long under the tree, Mrs. Buller asked her to take me through the gardens, which she did very politely, and gave me some carnations and verbenas; and then through the stables, which were, indeed, the finer sight of the two.

All this sight-seeing, however, did not help my head; at night I let the chess go as it liked; took some medicine, and went early to bed, determined to be well on the morrow. About twelve, I fell into a sound sleep, out of which I was startled by the tolling of the church-bell. The church, you remember, is only a stone-cast from the house; so that, when the bell tolls, one seems to be exactly under its tongue. I sprang up — it was half after three by my watch — hardly light; the bell went on to toll two loud dismal strokes at regular intervals of a minute. What could it be? I fancied fire — fancied insurrection. I ran out into the passage and listened at Regy's door, all was still; then I listened at Mrs. Buller's, I heard her cough; surely, I thought, since she is awake, she would ring her bell if there were anything alarming for her in this tolling, it must be some other noise of the many they "have grown used to." So I went to bed again, but, of course, could not get another wink of sleep all night; for the bell only ceased tolling at my ear about six in the morning, and then I was too nervous to avail myself of the silence. "What on earth was that bell?" I asked Regy the first

thing in the morning. "Oh, it was only the passing bell! It was ordered to be rung during the night for an old lady who died the night before." This time, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Buller as angry as myself; for she also had been much alarmed.

Of course, yesterday I was quite ill, with the medicine, the sleeplessness, and the fright; and I thought I really would not stay any longer in a place where one is liable to such alarms. But now, as usual, one quiet night has given me hopes of more; and it would be a pity to return worse than I went away. I do not seem to myself to be nearly done; but Mr. Buller is sitting at my elbow with the chess-board, saying, "When you are ready I am ready." I am ready. Love to Babbie; I have your and her letter; but *must* stop.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Pier Hotel, Ryde: *Wednesday morning, Aug.* 9, 1843.

Dearest, — Here I actually am, and so far as has yet appeared, "if it had not been for the honor of the thing," I had better have stayed where I was. The journey hither was not pleasant the least in the world. What journey ever was or shall be pleasant for poor me? But this railway seems to me particularly shaky, and then the steamboating from Gosport, though it had not time to make me sick — the water, moreover, being smooth as the Thames — still made me as perfectly uncomfortable as need be; a heavy dew was falling; one could not see many yards ahead; everybody on board looked peevish. I wished myself at home in my bed.

We reached Ryde at eight in the evening, and, the second hotel being filled, had to take up our quarters for that night at the first, which "is the dearest hotel in Europe," and the hotel in Europe, so far as I have seen, where there is the least human comfort. I had to make tea from an urn the water of which was certainly not "as hot as one could drink it;" the cream was blue milk, the butter tasted of straw, and the "cold fowl" was a lukewarm one, and as tough as leather. After this insalubrious repast — which the Stimabile, more easily pleased than I, pronounced to be "infinitely refreshing, by Jove!" — finding that, beyond sounding the depths of vacuum, there was nothing to be done that night, I retired to my bed. The windows looked over house-roofs and the sea, so I hoped it would be quiet; but, alas, there was a dog uttering a volley of loud barks, about once in

the five minutes; and rousing up what seemed to be a whole infinitude of dogs in the distance! Of course, fevered and nervous as I was at any rate from the journey, I could not sleep at all; I do not mean that I slept ill, but I have absolutely never been asleep at all the whole night! So you may fancy the favorable mood I am in towards Ryde this morning! I feel as if I would not pass another night in that bed for a hundred pounds!

Nor shall I need. Clark has been out this morning to seek a lodging; and has found one, he says, very quiet, quite away from the town. If I cannot sleep there, I will return to my own red bed as fast as possible. I did not bind myself for any specified time. To Helen I said I should most likely be back in three or four days; but in my own private mind, I thought it possible I might make out a week. It was best, however, to let her expect me from day to day; both that she might get on faster and that she might suffer less from her apprehension of thieves, for she flattered herself nobody would know I was gone before I should be returned. I left Elizabeth with her, with plenty of needlework to do; alone, she would have gone out of her senses altogether, and most probably succeeded in getting the house robbed.

And now let me tell you something which you will perhaps think questionable, a piece of Hero-Worship that I have been after. My youthful enthusiasm, as John Sterling calls it, is not extinct then, as I had supposed; but must certainly be immortal! Only think of its blazing up for Father Mathew! You know I have always had the greatest reverence for that priest; and when I heard he was in London, attainable to me, I felt that I must see him, shake him by the hand, and tell him I loved him considerably! I was expressing my wish to see him, to Robertson, the night he brought the Ballad Collector; and he told me it could be gratified quite easily. Mrs. Hall had offered him a note of introduction to Father Mathew, and she would be pleased to include my name in it. "Fix my time, then." "He was administering the pledge all day long in the Commercial Road." I fixed next evening.

Robertson, accordingly, called for me at five, and we rumbled off in omnibus, all the way to Mile End, that hitherto for me unimaginable goal! Then there was still a good way to walk; the place, the "new lodging," was a large piece of waste ground, boarded off from the Commercial Road, for a Catholic cemetery. I found "my youthful enthusiasm" rising higher and

higher as I got on the ground, and saw the thousands of people all hushed into awful silence, with not a single exception that I saw — the only religious meeting I ever saw in cockneyland which had not plenty of scoffers hanging on its outskirts. The crowd was all in front of a narrow scaffolding, from which an American captain was then haranguing it; and Father Mathew stood beside him, so good and simple-looking! Of course, we could not push our way to the front of the scaffold, where steps led up to it; so we went to one end, where there were no steps or other visible means of access, and handed up our letter of introduction to a policeman; he took it and returned presently, saying that Father Mathew was coming. And he came; and reached down his hand to me, and I grasped it; but the boards were higher than my head, and it seemed our communication must stop there. But I have told you that I was in a moment of enthusiasm; I felt the need of getting closer to that good man. I saw a bit of rope hanging, in the form of a festoon, from the end of the boards; I put my foot on it; held still by Father Mathew's hand; seized the end of the boards with the other; and, in some, to myself (up to this moment), incomprehensible way, flung myself horizontally on to the scaffolding at Father Mathew's feet. He uttered a scream, for he thought (I suppose) I must fall back; but not at all; I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him and said — what? "God only knows." He made me sit down on the only chair a moment; then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold, to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it; and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw, melted into one, could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live; faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. There was one man, in particular, with a baby in his arms; and a young girl that seemed of the "unfortunate" sort, that gave me an insight into the lot of humanity that I still wanted. And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course I cried; but I longed to lay my head down on the good man's shoulder and take a hearty cry there before the whole multitude! He said to me one such nice thing. "I dare not be absent for an hour," he said; "I think

always if some dreadful drunkard were to come, and me away, he might never muster determination perhaps to come again in all his life; and there would be a man lost!"

I was turning sick, and needed to get out of the thing, but, in the act of leaving him — never to see him again through all time, most probably — feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another movement of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would, though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers! No, not that; but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in remembrance of me, and having bethought me of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, I drew him aside and put it in his hand, and bade him keep it for my sake; and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation! Had you any idea that your wife was still such a fool! I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get him another presently, and then laid the medal into my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep; the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Mathew's smile; and even next morning, I could not anyhow subside into my normal state, until I had sat down and written Father Mathew a long letter — accompanying it with your "Past and Present!" Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted Gomeril I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do, *Ich konnte nicht anders.*

When you write, just address to Cheyne Row. I cannot engage for myself being here twenty-four hours longer; it will depend on how I sleep to-night; and also a little on when I find Elizabeth Mudie will be needed in Manchester. I must be back in time to get her clothes gathered together.

Bless you always. Love to them all.

Your J. C.

I began this in the hotel; but it has been finished in our lodging, which looks quiet and comfortable so far.

(Notes of a Sitter-still.)

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: *Sunday night, July* 11, 1858.

Botkin (what a name!), your Russian translator, has called. Luckily Charlotte had been forewarned to admit him if he came again. He is quite a different type from Tourgueneff, though a tall man, this one too. I should say he must be a Cossack — not that I ever saw a Cossack or heard one described, instinct is all I have for it. He has flattened high-boned cheeks — a nose flattened towards the point — small, very black, deep-set eyes, with thin semi-circular eyebrows — a wide thin mouth — a complexion whity-gray, and the skin of his face looked thick enough to make a saddle of! He does not possess himself like Tourgueneff, but bends and gesticulates like a Frenchman.

He burst into the room with wild expressions of his "admiration for Mr. Carlyle." I begged him to be seated, and he declared "Mr. Carlyle was the man for Russia." I tried again and again to "enchain" a rational conversation, but nothing could I get out of him but rhapsodies about you in the frightfulest English that I ever heard out of a human head! It is to be hoped that (as he told me) he reads English much better than he speaks it, else he must have produced an inconceivable translation of "Hero Worship." Such as it is, anyhow, "a large deputation of the Students of St. Petersburg" waited on him (Botkin), to thank him in the strongest terms for having translated for them "Hero Worship," and made known to them Carlyle. And even the young Russian ladies now read "Hero Worship," and "unnerstants it thor — lie." He was all in a perspiration when he went away, and so was I!

I should like to have asked him some questions; for example, how he came to know of your Works (he had told me he had had to send to England for them "at extreem cost"), but it would have been like asking a cascade! The best that I could do for him I did. I gave him a photograph of you, and put him up to carrying it in the top of his hat!

I don't think I ever told you the surprising visit I had from David Aitken and Bess. I was so ill when I wrote after that all details were omitted. Charlotte had come to say one of the latch-keys was refusing to act. I went to see what the matter was, and when we opened the door, behold, David at the bottom

of the steps, and Bess preparing to knock! "Is this Mrs. Carlyle's?" she asked of myself, while I was gazing dumfoundered. "My goodness!" cried I. At the sound of my voice she knew me — not till then — though at my own door! and certainly the recognition was the furthest from complimentary I ever met. She absolutely staggered, screaming out, "God preserve me, Jane! That you?" Pleasant! David coming up the steps brought a little calm into the business, and the call got itself transacted better or worse.

They were on their way home from Italy. Both seemed rather more human than last time, especially David, whose face had taken an expression of "Peace on earth and goodwill unto men." Bess had lost a tooth or two, was rather thinner, and her eyes hollower; otherwise much the same.

They invited me very kindly to Minto, and he seemed really in earnest.

July 16.

Surely, dear, the shortest, most unimportant note you can write is worth a bit of paper all to itself? Such a mixed MS., with flaps too, may be a valuable literary curiosity "a hundred years hence," but is a trial of patience to the present reader, who, on eagerly opening a letter from you, had not calculated on having to go through a process like seeking the source of the Niger, in a small way.

For the rest, you don't at all estimate my difficulties in writing a letter every day, when I am expected to tell how I am, and when "I's ashamed to say I's no better." Dispense me from saying anything whatever about my health; let me write always "Notes," and it would be easy for me to send you a daily letter. As easy at least as it is to be lively with the callers, who go away in doubt (like George Cooke) "whether I am the most stoical of women, or whether there is nothing in the world the matter with me?"

But you want to be told how I sleep, etc., etc.; and can't you understand that having said twice, thrice, call it four times, "I am sleeping hardly any, I am very nervous and suffering," the fifth time that I have the same account to repeat, "horrible is the thought to me," and I take refuge in silence. Wouldn't you do the same? Suppose, instead of putting myself in the omnibus the other day, and letting myself be carried in unbroken silence to Richmond and back again, I had sat at home writing to you all the thoughts that were in my head? But that I never would

have done; not a hundredth part of the thoughts in my head have ever been or ever will be spoken or written — as long as I keep my senses, at least.

Only don't you, "the apostle of silence," find fault with me for putting your doctrine in practice. There are days when I must hold my peace or speak things all from the lips outwards, or things that, being of the nature of self-lamentation, had better never be spoken.

My cold in the meanwhile? It is still carrying on, till Lonsdale coom, in the shape of cough and a stuffed head; but it does not hurt me anywhere, and I no longer need to keep the house; the weather being warm enough, I ride in an omnibus every day more or less.

All last night it thundered; and there was one such clap as I never heard in my life, preceded by a flash that covered my book for a moment with blue light (I was reading in bed about three in the morning, and you can't think what a wild effect that blue light on the book had!). To-day it is still thundering in the distance, and soft, large, hot drops of rain falling. What of the three tailors?